PICTORIAL REVIEW

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It is a far cry from $8,000 paid to college men seven years ago to $500,000 which will be paid by Pictorial Review to college students in 1925. But the progress in this department of our work is simply in keeping with the strides the magazine has made in other departments.

From the beginning it has been the policy of The Pictorial Review Company to exercise the greatest discrimination in selecting students for scholarships. Pictorial Review from the beginning has realized the responsibilities placed upon it by the college men who are depending entirely on their earnings during the Summer vacation to enable them to go to college. It accepts that responsibility and has built up an organization of experienced helpers, so that it can say to every Pictorial Review college man: "Work—follow the instructions, and we guarantee you success!"

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Your co-operation with our Pictorial Review college men will be greatly appreciated both by them and by us.

July First Is the Last Date for Receiving Your Recommendation for Pictorial Review's Annual Achievement Award. See Page 22 for Further Details

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Have the Movies Changed Us?

A Brief Review of the Great Social Service the Screen Has Performed by One of the Pioneers in the Motion-Picture Industry

BY ADOLPH ZUKOR

SO MUCH has been written of the motion-picture as a fabulous adventure of youth, or as the most enormous infant industry, that I do not feel called upon to add to that particular burden of articles and books and pictorial copy. More adequate pens than mine are writing the memoirs of aged veterans of twenty-eight, and the life-stories of the celluloid upper half, and guides to the palaces of Hollywood.

Through the ministrations of its enthusiastic journalists the American public is kept pretty well informed on all the goings and most of the doings of its favorite players, and all the latest motion-picture news—for the motion-picture has come to be recognized as an omnipresent and probably permanent addition to our national life.

In our present discussion let us drop the cumbersome term "motion-picture" and substitute that purely affectionate word, "movie." I used to think "movie" a dreadful word, because it seemed both cheap and disrespectful. It was a word born in the streets, and to me it belittled the thing we were trying to do. But now I feel that it has not only the force but the love of a nation behind it; it is the word that went in by the back door, and sat down with the family at dinner, and afterward led them out to a happy evening together. It is the word that has brought the screen home to the American people, and made it part of their life's furniture. So it has arrived, and justified itself, and become permanent; it is no more elegant than a certain well-known car, but it is about as universal and in its own way as useful.

What part do the movies play when considered not as mere pastime or entertainment, but as one of the serious forces of twentieth-century civilization?

Have they fundamentally affected that civilization? Have they changed its course—led us into new ways of thinking—brought us closer to our neighbors—shortened the far highways of the world?

Have the movies changed us?

This is a question that needs to be asked seriously. It has been answered jocularly enough by our paragraphers and lengthier humorists, who are forever wearing out their pencils over the cost of production, or the leading lady's romances, or the leading man's devoted following under postage-stamps, or the outlandish adventures of the singular *cinemese* in society.

The movie is not merely a fortunate accident, a lucky invention, a mechanical trick which has made many rich and an even greater number famous.

The movie is the inevitable art of the twentieth century, which had to come for the further advancement of civilization, just as the cotton-gin, the railroad, the electric telegraph, and the iron ship appeared at the moment which destiny decreed for them—and without which the progress of social and communal life as we know it would have been retarded if not stopped altogether.

Utilities, mechanical devices, time- or labor-saving inventions, all these in their historical aspect must be considered as something beyond mechanics—as irresistible social forces. So is the movie a social force—a great social force, a most important girder in the towering structure of an industrial-mechanical-educational era.

I THINK that the historian, in summing up the various influences of our time, will consider that the screen did a greater service for the American people in enlightening them, in making them understand one another, in visualizing peoples beyond the seas, and in strengthening our bonds of national unity than it has done in merely entertaining them—tho entertainment will always be the sugar-coating over the pellet of service.

The tendency of the last three decades has been to bring city and country together. Without accomplishing this the United States could not have achieved the unanimity of progress, thought, and action which has made it the leading country of the world. Until 1890, or thereabout, we were a country of two or three cities, a few large towns, and a vast hinterland of aloof villages and farms which kept us a rural people in spite of wealth and mechanical superiority—a people insular in thought, behind the times in information, and suspicious of new ideas.

The first thing which began to weld the country into one people was the metropolitan daily newspaper, disseminated through the country districts by fast mail-trains. Then came the general use of the telephone, which made conversation possible irrespective of distance. Then came the interurban railway, and the great department-store with its out-of-town clientele.

Formerly a buying "trip to the city" twice a year had been a luxury that could be indulged in only by the well-to-do, and there were many, comparatively close to great cities, who never saw their great stores except through the pages of a mail-order catalog. Now, through better and more frequent communication, came more frequent and more judicious buying. A better standard of living came to the greater portion of our population, and personal access to the broader life of the great centers as well. Next arrived that miraculous destroyer of distance, the automobile. And finally the motion-picture.

ADOLPH ZUKOR Photo by Pach Bros.
AN OUTSTANDING FIGURE IN THE FILM WORLD

But before we consider the special and mighty rôle of the movie let us note the changes that these successive mechanical adjuncts of civilization brought about in our general life. In the last twenty years the "rube," who at one time actually existed, has disappeared—even from the comic papers. Formerly the city was looked upon with suspicion, and the country only as a place from which ambitious boys might come. To the country the typical "city feller" was a slicker, a sharper, a man who lived by his wits. A country girl was the acme of innocence and purity; her city sister, a painted female who might not be actually bad, but at least was no better than she should be.

What the country advocated, the city didn't want, and what the city believed in was false gospel as soon as the pavement ended. Now, there are no such distinctions except among the hill billies. The farmer plays golf. The cowboy plays bridge. The country girl wields a mean lipstick and swings a powerful tennis-racket. By the same token the city man has gone back to the country, and has taken up the farms that the boys of a generation ago abandoned when they went to the city. And the United States has become *one* country with *one* vast people.

But the matter of amusement, until the arrival of the photoplay, bade fair never to be settled by any of these inventive means—which in two decades had put the United States ahead of the world as far as material conveniences are concerned. And as its liberation from pioneer toil proceeds, amusement plays a larger and larger part in the life of any nation. Amusement in its larger meaning is not a physical but a spiritual recreation. Americans limbered their bodies and minds with baseball and football, but their souls hadn't learned to let go.

The drama is the greatest emotional safety-valve—more than books, incomparably more than any other form of art. And America as a whole was not influenced by the drama. Until very recent years the theater was looked upon with suspicion. There may be many reasons why this was so, but two of the best are that the ghost of Puritan influence still hung over many a countryside that had never seen a Puritan—and the average American had been too busy to consider the theater as anything except a light or sensual diversion.

The narrative picture has changed all this. It has brought an understanding of the drama, and the essentials of acting, to millions of people who had no conception of either. And all this in spite of the fact that a screen story is never purely a play, but combines narrative, drama, and naturalistic scene in an entirely new species of tale-telling art.

The social services of the movies have been beyond calculation.

THEY have completely destroyed the cheap stock company which was the only hope of the provinces, and which has always been a menace to true dramatic standards. They have made scenery out of date. Never again, even in "Big Pump" or "By Gosh," can a stock company come in with flimsy canvas "sets"—without being laughed out of town. Never again will fourth-rate actors set the standards of acting, year in and year out, in cities as big as many a continental capital.

It is the gift, but the highly fortunate gift, of the narrative picture that it is everywhere equally complete and opulent and new. The most costly production in pictures—for which was expended probably ten times as much as the cost of the richest "New York theatrical production" ever made—goes into a small sheet-iron can, and is shown not only in identical form on Manhattan Island and in Albuquerque, N. Mex., but on the same day.

Thus the motion-picture not only has everywhere the same pristine splendor, but it has what the stage drama never could have—news value. Like an Associated Press dispatch, the film story is dated, and "breaks" everywhere at once. Even in large cities the stage drama was always from six months to two years late, and, ironically, the better it was, the more successful it was, the later it had to be. This sole factor of newspaper timeliness, which is seldom if ever considered, is one of the narrative picture's greatest social services.

And, again, the enormously expensive production does not generally reflect the producer's mere barbaric taste, but his ability to procure the world's best in every department because of his picture's power of practically unlimited multiplication; instead of "presenting" one all-star cast in one theater, he may "release" two hundred and fifty all-star casts in an equal number of theaters in one day. Briefly, the film did for dramatic narrative what the invention of movable type did for the book; it gave inexpensively to the world what had been expensively possible only for the few.

The movie has been given credit as a great fashion-creator. This statement may be enormously interesting to women, but I doubt its truth. The movie is a fashion-carrier, a fashion-sheet, if you like; but, correctly and beautifully dressed as many of the screen's leading actresses are, they are followers rather than makers of fashion, as are the actresses of the stage. Fashions are still created in the

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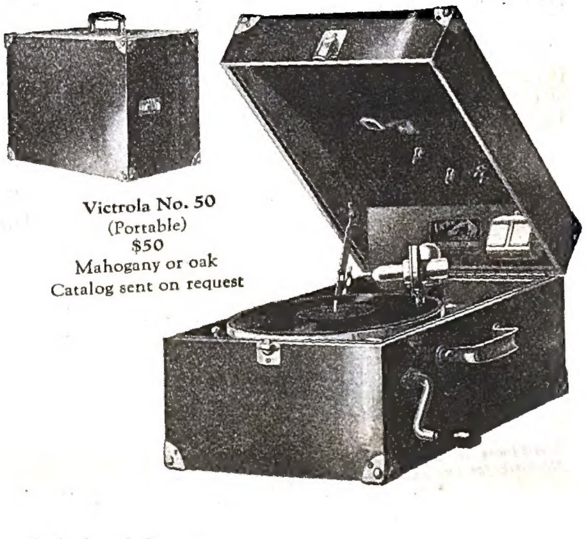

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Soap, for instance, is an exceedingly important factor in the care of your skin. Medical authorities say you can't get hygienically clean without it.

On the other hand, these same authorities will tell you that soap cannot cure your skin, nor "nourish" it, nor render it beautiful except as it makes it clean—choose your soap, not to achieve miracles, but to cleanse your skin safely. Choose it, not to "oil" your skin, for when oils are mixed with other ingredients to make soap, they cease to be oils and become soap—and soap's function is to cleanse.

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[4] To be suitable for general daily use, a soap should be pure, mild and neutral.

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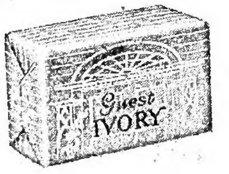

Guest Ivory, the dainty new cake of Ivory made especially for face and hands, costs but 5 cents.

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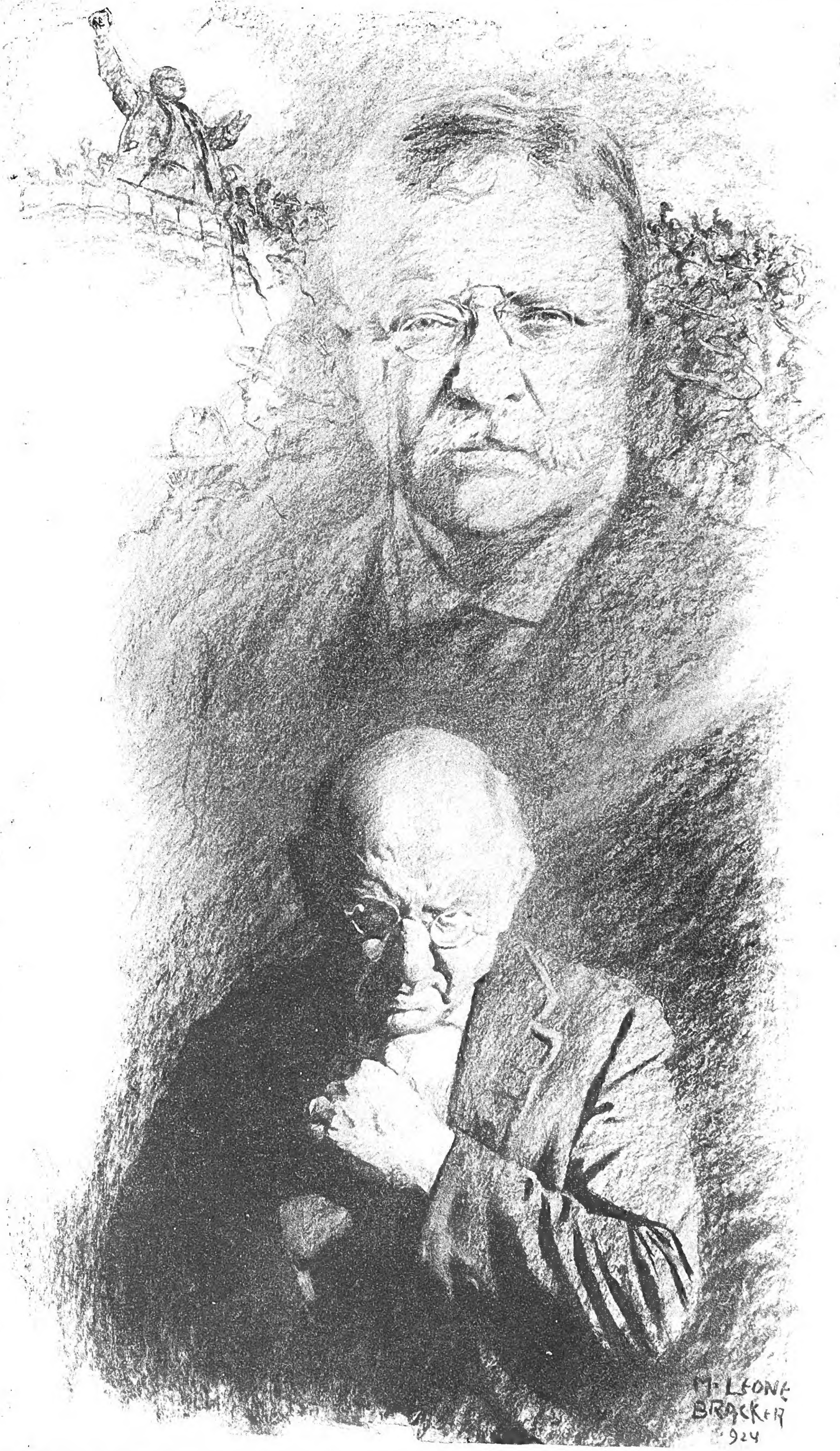
If He Can Not Take
His Own Part, Then
Somebody Else Has
to Take It for Him
—THEODORE ROOSEVELT

FEAR GOD *and* TAKE YOUR OWN PART

By Myron Brinig

Illustrations by M. Leone Bracker



"THE WORDS HAD BRANDED THEMSELVES IN HIS HEART AND SOUL. THEY HAD CONSECRATED HIM TO AN UNDYING AMERICANISM. AH, ROOSEVELT HAD FLATTERED HIM, SURELY! WAS HIS RACE REALLY SO STURDY AND FINE? HE KNEW MANY WHO WERE—JUST CHEAP"

JACOB WESTNER and his wife, Leah, had come over from Roumania in the latter part of the nineteenth century. They had heard in the old country that America was the land of opportunity, where every one had an equal chance, and where the humble and virtuous are rewarded. Jacob and Leah had rented a two-room tenement apartment in Grand Street, which Leah had found most difficult to keep clean because of the peeling wall-paper and the dusty elevated tracks not far from the windows.

In Roumania, Jacob had been a maker of wines and an innkeeper; but in New York there are no vineyards, and Jacob was compelled to find a new livelihood. He became a street pedler. Early in the morning he began his day's labor, driving his horse and wagon to the commission merchants near the water-front and buying the fruits and vegetables that the more particular retailers had disdained. Jacob drove his horse through the clogged and restless streets of the East Side, crying his few English words, "Ba-nan-nas! O-ran-ges! Vege-ta-bles! Straw-ber-ries! Fresh straw-ber-r-ries!"

"Ah, America! It is not what I bargained for!" sighed Jacob in Yiddish. "This city is a prison, Leah, and every one is trying to stamp you out. In Roumania we lived among the wild things growing. We loved the land, the soil. And I was happy crushing my grapes and making my wine. Here everywhere are buildings and hard, cruel faces. I have heard that in the West new cities are springing up overnight. There, I am told, are greater opportunities for the poor emigrant."

So, after a year, the Westners transplanted themselves into Montana, where they had heard rich copper was being dug out of the mountains and where miners were making five dollars a day. It was a long journey across the continent, and Leah succumbed to train-sickness, what with the child coming and four days' and nights' ride. Fifty years before, the pioneers had crossed the same country in canvas-topped caravans, lured on by tales of gold in California. The Westners, too, were pioneers, bringing an old faith and a new life into the crude and harsh melting-pot of the Montana copper-lands.

Jacob opened a store in which he sold heavy workmen's shoes and slickers and candlesticks for the miners. It was very hard at first. He and Leah were the only Jews in camp; and in Winter the small boys threw snowballs at Jacob and made fun of his beard.

The Westners made their home in the room back of the store; and here David was born. He was a troublesome child from the very beginning; he cried often, and several times his life was despaired of.

"How should it a son like this come by us?" Jacob asked his wife, shaking his head dubiously. "I, who was so strong when I was a boy! To lift a barrel of apples on my back was nothing. And you, also, Leah, you come from such *gesuntig*, healthy people both on your father's and mother's side."

Leah gathered the weeping child to her breast and kissed the infant's brow tenderly. "Because he is not so strong we will love him more, *nicht*, Jacob? God maybe wants us to have a hard time in our younger years. And He knows best."

"We will work and fear *Gott* and take our own part," added Jacob.

It was very hard at first. At seven o'clock in the morning Jacob placed outside his store window a "show"—a

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long board on which were displayed samples of his merchandise calculated to lure tempted passers-by within. Overalls, lunch-buckets, match-boxes, rubber boots—these and other goods were offered as bait. All day Jacob worked, and Leah helped him, carrying the wailing baby about with her as she mounted the step-ladder to look for sizes in shoes.

Jacob prospered in Montana, and he rented a small house in the poorer section of the camp, near the Great Northern Railway tracks. And it came to pass that the emigrant grew to love the mountains with their tall, rocky fingers pointing upward into the sapphirine blue skies.

In Roumania the soil had provided luscious fruits and gaudy flowers. Here, in Montana, the sulfur fumes from the smelters killed off all hints of vegetation, and only copper water looked green for miles around. But for all that there was beauty. There was beauty in the cool, tingling nights when the moon scattered its exquisite bounty of stars across the heaven's dark floor. There was grandeur in the deep, rugged gulches and red, steaming sunsets. There is always beauty under a bald, brute ugliness.

IN THE next few years David grew from a weakly babe into a thin, frail boy with a passion for music. He was always humming and singing to himself, this David. For things of a practical nature he was a square peg in a round hole.

"Papa, you buy me a piana," he begged his father. "My fingers want to make stories out of the keys."

"Aha!" stormed Jacob. "Maybe I ain't got expenses enough already? Maybe you *think* I'm a Senator W. A. Clark what owns mines and street-cars?"

David began to cry; in vain his mother tried to soothe his ruffled feelings. "If he wants by him a piana we get him one," said Leah firmly.

"What, are you *mashuga*, crazy?" asked Jacob in a dumfounded voice. "Here I'm trying to build up a business, and already my son wants to drive me into bankruptcy. *Nu?*"

But Leah was obdurate. "Don't you remember, Jacob, when my father played the violin? How you loved the music? Here, in this wild country, there is so little enjoyment to have! Maybe it ain't bad enough that we should raise our boy in a place where are only *Goyem*, Gentiles. *Oi, Gott*, if my people in Roumania should know that I eat *trafe* flesh from the Christian butcher-shops! They would die from shame! And not even a synagog in the town yet."

"But, Mama, ain't it better to be free in America as insulted by the Cossacks in the old country?" Jacob closed his eyes as if to erase from his vision the terrors of his younger days. "Maybe they make a little fun on us here. Maybe the boys throw snowballs after me and call me *Sheeny*. At bottom we're Americans too, like what they are. Ain't it much different from Roumania, where we was—dogs?"

"*Nu?*" Leah contrived to put an amazing amount of meaning into a shrug of the shoulders. "If you like America so much, maybe you'll buy David a piana?" she suggested cleverly.

"All right! If he wants a piana I buy him one. Only it's more important he should learn his lessons from the America history book."

The piano was triumphantly installed, and David commenced his musical career. And while Jacob continued to expand his business, David began to show a confused but vital genius for interpretation. After a few months the boy played simple Hebrew melodies that his parents had brought with them across the sea. When David played "*Kol Nidre*," Leah and Jacob saw again the vineyards of Roumania, the jeweled grapes that melted into ruby and diamondine wines. "Remember, Papa," said Leah, "how we used to go picking grapes together for the Passover wines? Such big red grapes, the kind you never see in this country. Here there is only smoke and ugliness. Some day, Jacob, we go back to Roumania, yes?"

"Never!" roared Jacob in sudden anger. "Never! Not so quick will I forget the pogroms and the insults. In this land, America, we will build a home for our children and for our children's children. Leah, how you talk! Just because a little music gets in your head!"

She was becoming gray; her shoulders were getting stooped with carrying and serving; her hands were no longer the soft, white hands of a girl, but they had grown rough and wrinkled from washing and scrubbing. Now, prematurely old, she slumped down in one corner of her kitchen and cried softly.

"You scold me, Jacob, because I can not forget Roumania, the homeland? You cry on me? You speak mad words? But the homeland is home no matter how bad they treat you; is it not so? The insults, the massacres even, they have nothing to do with trees and rivers and vineyards! The good and *schön* things I remember; the bad I forget."

"Ah, *zeesa*, sweet Leah!" and Jacob stroked her hair with a wistful tenderness. "I treat you hard, not? I make you to work in the store and to cook for me by the home, and no thanks you get. But, Leah, *vene nicht, mein zeesa!* Do not cry, my sweet one! In a few years, God be thanked, we'll have just so nice a garden as we had it in Roumania, and you will forget that cursed country. Our son, is he not an American? We must think of him, *liebe meina!* We send him to American schools, college, and when he is growed up he will not shame himself for us. Because we will be Americans, too. Ain't I voting for Teddy in the next election, already? Ain't I a good Republican?"

"Oh, you and your Teddy!" chided Leah good-naturedly. "Always you give me Teddy and more Teddy. Who is this Teddy that you talk from him like he was one of the Kings? Didn't I hear you arguing from Teddy yesterday with one of our best customers?"

"He is a fine President, Leah, never mind. Nobody is able to stop the fight between the Japanese and the *Russ*. And Teddy steps in and the war is over. A fine President!"

"Maybe you believe all what you read in the papers, you *schliemiehl*."

"Leah, the papers don't lie about Teddy. Do you think as the Government from America would stand for such a thing?"

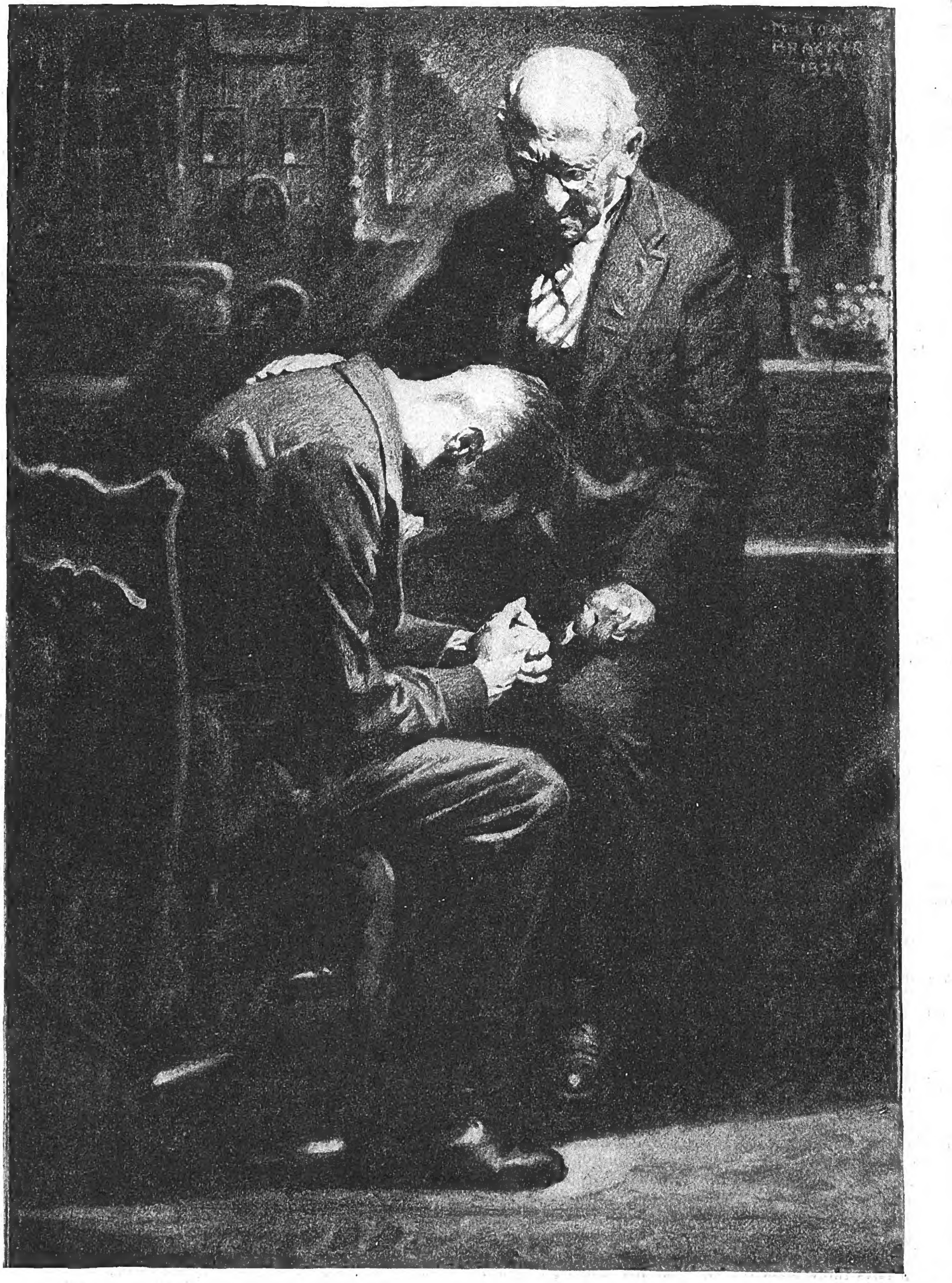
"David!" called his mother. "Stop playing now. To-morrow is another day."

"But, Mama, just a little bit longer! Please, Mama——"

"David!" ordered Jacob. "Ain't you heard your mama speak to you? Go to bed, you little *gozzlin*, you. You little devil!"

"Jacob, how you speak to my boy, how? *Gozzlin?* Is that nice language to show your own son?" Leah was immediately up in arms. "Play, David. Play '*Kol Nidre*' once more for mama, and then you go to bed, yes?"

As David touched the piano-keys into music, the Westners were transported from their new American environment to Jerusalem, to the Wailing Wall, where aged and long-bearded Jews move their heads up and down in sobbing prayer, asking forgiveness for their sins from the great Jehovah. "*Ahdenoi Elehenu, Ahdenoi Echod. The Lord our God, the Lord is One.*" For generations, their ancestors, feeling the approach of death, left the



"'CAN YOU BE A SON OF MINE?' ASKED JACOB, HIS VOICE BREAKING. 'I ALWAYS BELIEVED WHEN THE TIME CAME, MY BOY, MY SON WOULD BE THE FIRST TO GO. ARE YOU SUCH A COWARD?'"

lands of their youth and activity, and returned to Jerusalem to die, buried in holy soil under holy skies.

Sweetly and softly the old Hebrew melody escaped David's fingers, and his parents nodded their heads up and down in solemn approval. They were in America, in Montana, far away from their old haunts, their old traditions. Yet the melody their son played bore them far, far to the olive-trees of Jerusalem, to the mount where Moses had received into the keeping of Israel the holy commandments.

"Now, David, you go to bed, yes?"

"Aw, Papa——"

"And, David, next month I take you to hear Teddy when he comes to make a speech. If you're a good boy I take you."

"Will you, Papa? Teddy what wears big glasses and says, 'De-light-ed'?"

"Do you hear, Mama? Already our son is learning things like Teddy. Pretty soon, who knows, maybe David will be President from America?"

"Better I couldn't wish him," whispered Leah, bearing the boy off to bed.

IT WAS the President's first tour of the West since he had come to the White House, and the people thronged to the ball park, where he was scheduled to deliver an address on Americanism. A wooden platform had been erected in the center of the field, and the rostrum was decorated with flags and bunting that gave to the scene a colorful, patriotic air. On all sides benches had been temporarily placed, but they were insufficient to accommodate the crowds, many of whom had driven for miles in buggies and buckboards to catch a glimpse of the magnetic American at the head of their Government.

In the first row, dressed in his very best, a red, white, and blue badge pinned to his coat-lapel, sat Jacob Westner waiting eagerly for his hero to appear. Beside him, squirming in his seat, restless and excited, was David. Every few seconds the boy would inquire, "Is that him, Papa? Is that him?"

"No, you *schliemiehl!* Don't you know Teddy yet? Look for glasses and big teeth."

"Papa, what is he going to say? Why do they have so many flags?"

"Ain't you a foolish boy! *Nar!* Innocent one! The flags is there because he's boss of all the Americans," Jacob said.

"You mean, Papa, that if he said something to you, you'd have to do it?"

Jacob's eyes lit up with pride. "He could count on me any one from these days." Jacob's use of the English language was becoming studded with the very best Western slang.

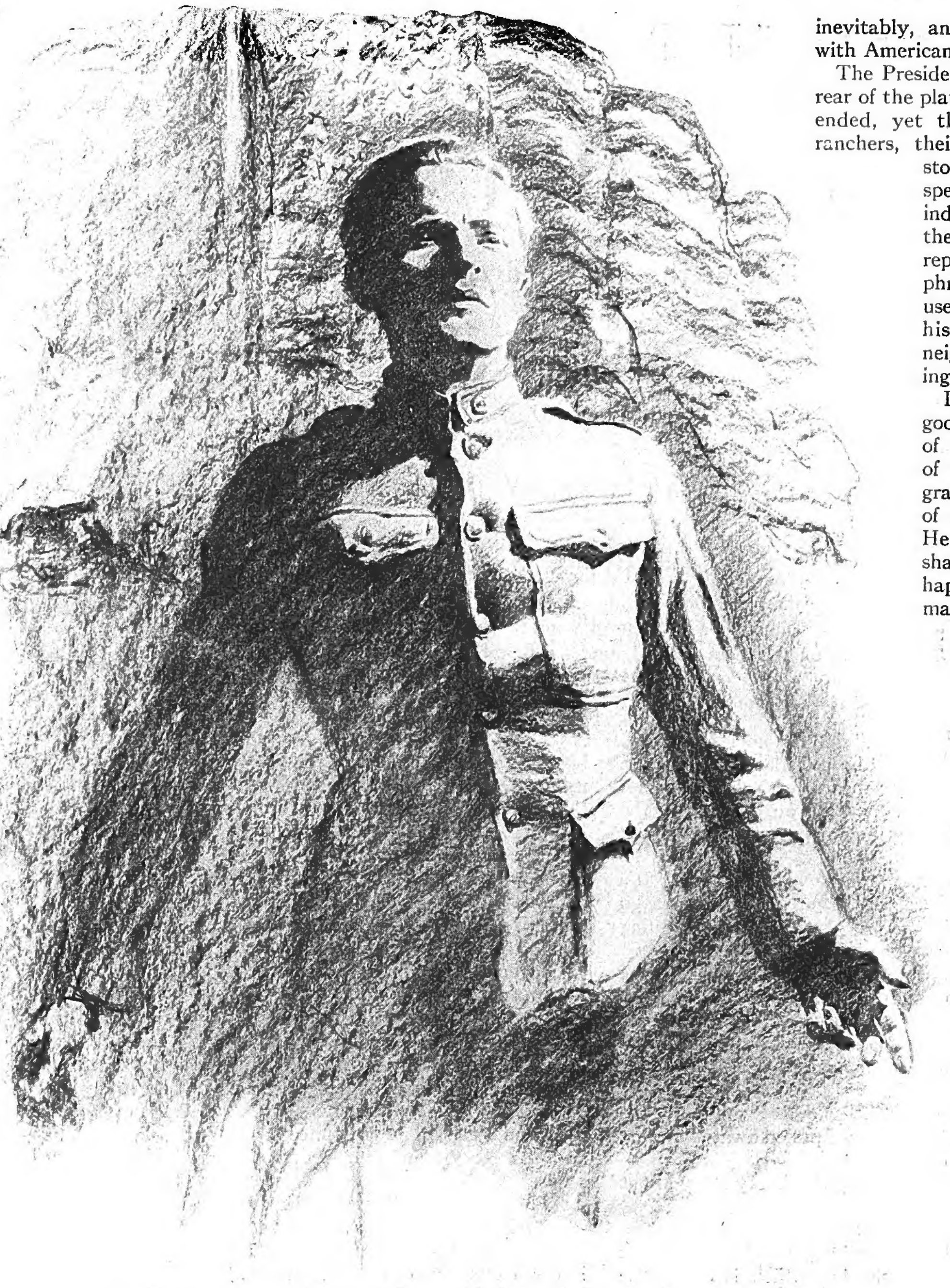
"Oh, look, Papa! That man coming on the platform! That's him! That's him! He's got glasses and big teeth!"

The strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner," as played by the Copper Mining Band, drew up, as if by magnetism, row upon row of people from their seats. They stood, thousands of them, a thick-pressed forest of humanity under the glaring heat of the sun, while the band climbed to "The la-and of the free" and subsided grandly to "the ho-ome of the brave!"

The anthem was cheered, and the President, brisk, alive, waving his broad-brimmed hat, smiling his famous spectacular smile, stepped to the front of the platform and greeted many in his audience by their first names. This was all most extraordinary to the Roumanian emigrant. Jacob had once been roughly treated in Bucharest when he had attempted to fight his way through the crowd in an effort to catch a glimpse of the King riding by in state. How different in America, where the President called out, "Hello, Larry!" "How are you, Mike?" Jacob did not know that the President was addressing the people he recalled from his ranching days in the Dakotas.

"Friends, it's bully to be with you again! I can't tell you how de-light-ed I am! De-light-ed!" This delicious beginning met with a mad, roaring response. Waves of cheers rose from an ocean of throats and beat themselves affectionately against the stalwart Rough Rider. Even Jacob smiled and laughed; and David jumped up and down, waving his hat and showing his teeth in gleeful imitation.

The President raised his hand, and the tumult subsided into an eagerly attentive silence. The famous smile was succeeded by an expression of set determination. The actions grew more grim and vehement. Often the speaker brought his fist down upon the table at his side with terrific earnestness, emphasizing a point he wished driven home.



"'I ALWAYS THINK OF MY OWN BOY AS ALIVE, GLORIOUS AND HAPPY'"

"So I tell you, my friends, we must prepare! We must be ready!" cried the prophetic voice in the wilderness. "At any time the test may come. We may live to see our friends, our sons, our loved ones marching off to some grim rendezvous! Our sons——"

"You're all right, Teddy!" bawled a voice from the crowd. "I'm for you!"

This impromptu interruption provided an exquisite comic relief, and while a huge roar of laughter raised itself over the heads of the crowd, the President paused in his speech and showered his dazzling thanks on the man who had saluted him. Extraordinary! In Roumania no one would have dared to interrupt the King in the middle of one of his speeches; but here, in America, in this pioneer community, the leader, the first American, seemed pleased with the distraction and laughed with his audience. And then his smile faded again; once more he was in grim earnest as he pounded home his points, his stedfast beliefs.

To Jacob this man was the symbol of America, full of fun and jokes, yet terribly in earnest when the occasion demanded. Energetic, vehement, tempestuous, he carried his hearers along with him through the sheer magnetism of his personality. There seemed no limit to the man's energy, no point of exhaustion. Every word, each thought was accompanied by a physical collaboration, as tho the speaker's body and blood were tightly sewn to every word he uttered. And because of that free and wide-spaced eloquence, that sincerity, he drew after him, in cheering parades of acclaim, his people.

"I am sure that if, God forbid, the time should ever come when you are called upon to defend your country, you will give to the last drop of your blood!" In the enthusiasm which followed this throbbing, thrilling close, Jacob felt himself whirled by and caught up in the contagious cheering. As if by magic, all the remaining vestments and marks of his former European tradition and servitude fell away from him, and he was thoroughly, inevitably, an American, inoculated with American ideals.

The President stepped back to the rear of the platform. The speech was ended, yet the crowds of miners, ranchers, their wives and children, stood by as tho hoping the speech would be carried on indefinitely. For hours they stood about in groups, repeating to one another phrases the President had used, relating incidents in his past life that their neighbors had heard nothing about.

By an amazing stroke of good fortune Jacob, as one of the leading merchants of the town, had been granted the opportunity of meeting the President. He would be permitted to shake Teddy's hand—perhaps speak with the great man! So now, leading David by the hand, he pushed his way through the crowd to the rear of the platform. After he had shown his credentials to the usher he was allowed to ascend to the stage, where a line of prominent citizens had already gathered. The noted visitor passed along this line, taking the hand of each person in his own and giving it a vigorous shake.

Fewer people stood between them now. The President shook each hand with a sort of vivid spontaneity, as if he tested each friendship in the red-hot instant of meeting. Jacob trembled as the great man approached. Could it be possible that he was about to meet the Teddy for whom he had voted in the last election, about whom he had heard so much? What could he say? Now there was only one who separated them, and Jacob clutched at David's tiny hand more tightly as if seeking reassurance from his American-born son. Closer—closer—and then he found himself confronted by the American boss.

"And this, Mr. President, is Jacob Westner. One of our newer American citizens. Just took out his last papers before your election. From Roumania. He runs a furnishings store. Good scout."

Jacob felt a thrill as of red flames shooting through him as the President grasped his hand strongly, vigorously. "I'm glad to see you, Westner. It's men of your type who are helping build the America of the future. Some of my best friends are men of your race. All, all good Americans! And this is your boy? Good-by, Westner. I'll remember you. I never forget a face. Never."

And Roosevelt passed on to the next man.

THE years crowded out the age of innocence. Automobiles that had first appeared on the horizon some years before, now pushed the horse-drawn vehicles off the roads. The former mining-camp became a city comparable to the more sedate communities in the East. Roosevelt passed through a triumphant second term, then gave way to Taft and Wilson, and went off seeking excitement in the wild, natural zoos of Africa and South America.

And Jacob Westner's small store had grown six floors. No longer did he personally carry out a plank every morning upon which he displayed his "show"—overalls, lunch-buckets, match-boxes, and rubber boots. Now he sat in a luxurious, thick-carpeted office, behind a gigantic mahogany desk facing a large photograph of Roosevelt on the wall. It was now the "Mammoth Department Store —Greatest in Montana," and Jacob was chieftain of a mighty organization, overlord of a small city of employees.

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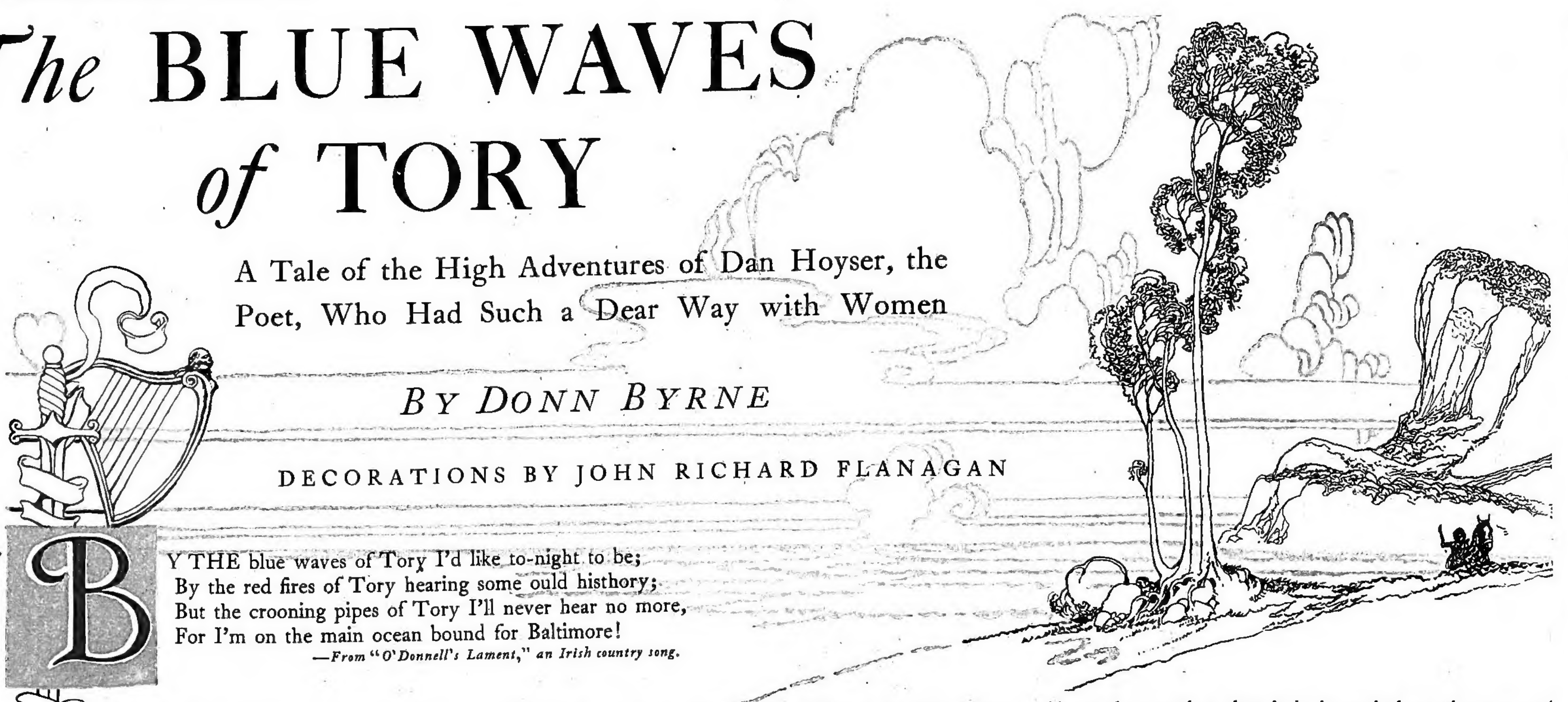
The BLUE WAVES *of* TORY



A Tale of the High Adventures of Dan Hoyser, the Poet, Who Had Such a Dear Way with Women

BY DONN BYRNE

DECORATIONS BY JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN

BY THE blue waves of Tory I'd like to-night to be;
By the red fires of Tory hearing some ould histhory;
But the crooning pipes of Tory I'll never hear no more,
For I'm on the main ocean bound for Baltimore!

—*From "O'Donnell's Lament," an Irish country song.*

"WELL," said my uncle Valentine, and he pulled at his immense red beard with his immense brown paw, "if you don't like the boat, you know what you can do."

"What, sir?"

"There's Tory Island half a mile to windward. It's calm. I'll send you ashore, and from there you can go home to your horse-racing and card-playing, and arguing as to whether Ireland is free or worse than before."

"I don't like the boat, Uncle Valentine," I said. "She is not a boat. She is a canal-barge with badly set sails. Your crew are not sailors—they are charwomen. Your cook is not a cook—he is a crossing-sweeper. And as to your own navigation and seamanship, dear Uncle Valentine——"

"Lower away aft!" he roared.

"Ah, Ronnie," he said sadly as we pulled away, "I must tell your mother about this."

"And shall I tell Aunt Rosemary the funny story about you and the barmaid in Oban?"

"You devil's pup!"

The two charwomen left me and my duffel-bag at a soft stretch of sea-meadow near the inn which is called the "King of Spain." I distributed largess among them, which is Gaelic for giving them fifty cents each, and I wished them a quick, sweet trip to the hottest port known to sailormen.

"And, begging your pardon, Mr. Ronnie, the same to you, and many of them!"

The "King of Spain" is a pleasant inn. There is one big room lit by oil-lamps, soft purple shadows, and a fire of red turf; a small bar in the corner; fine sea-sand on the floor. By the fire were five or six islanders in gray-frieze trousers and white-flannel coats, listening to the inevitable Tory Island story-teller. The owner was leaning against his bar.

"Man of the house," I asked, "is there a bed and food for me here this night?"

"There is no bed, please Your Honor, in this house barring the one the woman of the house and myself do be using. And the woman of the house is a sick woman, so that it would be a great hardship to put her out. So if Your Honor can do with three bags of fresh heather, a turf fire, and a packetful of candles——"

"My Honor can," said I; "and for eating?"

"A steak from a salmon poached in Ireland last night, to-day's eggs from the hen, soda farls, grand Indian tea, and," he waved an episcopal hand over the bar, "and whatever you want from the shelf."

"And how soon?"

"I'll get it now myself immediately. Will Your Honor drink whisky now," he asked, "or after?"

"After," I said, and I moved toward the fire where the islanders and the story-teller were—red of turf, and yellow and green of the salt in the sea-timber—fragrance of the turf, and clear, clean fragrance of the sea. The islanders and the story-teller rose courteously and named themselves.

"This gentleman," an islander explained, "is a poet and story-teller of Connemara, and he is telling us a story of Dan Hoyser, the great Irish poet, and how he met Venus in the Mountains of High Germany."

I puzzled for an instant. Dan Hoyser and Venus? Wasn't there an opera about it? And hadn't some one tried to entice me thither the evening of a big ring-fight, and been most severely rebuked? But Dan Hoyser was a German bird, not Irish, surely?

"If it is not agreeable to you," the old story-teller saw the puzzled look on my face, "we will talk about other things. About the weather that is in it, and about the crops, and about the news from Ireland and from foreign parts; but if it is agreeable to you I will go on with the story, now that I have begun." There was something very pathetic about the shy eyes and the myriad wrinkles of the traveling poet.

"It would be very agreeable to me," I bowed, and they sat down.

"Now, the fuss they made over Dan Hoyser at the Court of England was nothing to the fuss they made over him at the Court of the King of France. The Englishwomen were great fair-haired women with a shy way to them, and they would try to hide their love for him, but he would see it in their eyes. But did the women of France hide it? They did not. There were all kinds of women there: brown merry women with a languor in their eyes; dark women with dark eyes and white, slim hands; and small fair women, delicate as flowers. And when he made a poem and chanted it while the apprentice boy played the harp, it was 'Dan Hoyser, Dan Hoyser!' they cried. 'Oh, Heavens! I die!' And they unwound all the fragrance of their hair, and their eyes were moist with the tears of love, and their lips were moist for kissing.

"So that the fighting men of the King's Court grew jealous, and said: 'It is a great shame to waste all this on a poet.' But Dan Hoyser was an Irish poet, and the sword he carried was longer and heavier and sharper than most of the fighting men's. And there was a look in his eye that said: 'Ah, well, if you want it you'll get it; but what about your poor old mother when you're gone?' So that the fighting men were very polite to Dan Hoyser.

"But after a while he got tired of it all, and he said to himself: 'It's a queer thing,' said he; 'but when I withdrew to the mountains of Kerry to write my great poems I could think of nothing but women—their sweet, hidden ears, their shy feet, and how their eyes would grow deep as they looked into the fire in the evenings. And my heart used to beat in my breast like a wild bird's in a fowler's net. And now for a year I've had nothing but women, and I'm sick of them.

"'Where is the great itch that was on me a year ago? The wandering eye and the wandering foot and the adventurous mind? A little more of this,' he said, 'and my body will be getting fat, and my face satisfied-looking, and there'll be a rust on my sword,' he said, 'and the roar and fire of my verse will become a cat's purring. What life is this for me,' he shouts at himself, 'taking presents from Kings and love from a pack of women?' and he rings for the apprentice boy.

"'Put new strings on the harp, and a new edge on my sword,' he says; 'bring quills and parchment, and crush out some more ink. And get ready the horses. We're off.'

"'And where are we off to, Your Eminence?' said the apprentice.

"'We're going to climb the highest Alp,' said Dan Hoyser, 'and find a monastery somewhere with quiet monks, and there we'll stay the rest of our lives,' he

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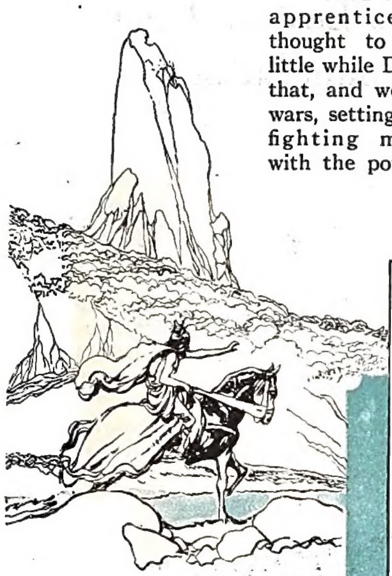
says, 'singing songs about the glory of God, and the clean joy of paradise, and against the lure of women and the pomposity of Kings.'

"'Good enough!' said the apprentice boy, and he thought to himself, 'In a little while Dan'll get tired of that, and we'll be off to the wars, setting the soldier men fighting mad with the power of verse. Oh, 'tis a great life, the life of an apprentice poet!' And he gets ready the gear, and brings around the horses, and the women begin to wail.



"'Ah, Dan, Dan Hoyser! Why are you leaving us? Why do you go?'

"'Well,' he said from the back of his horse, 'there's no lie I could think up would satisfy ye, so I'll tell you the truth. I'm sick of you. I'm sick of women. I can't bear the look of you even. I'm tired of your languorous eyes; I'm sick of your red mouths and your pale hands.'

"And then one of them, that Dan had recently a great love for, came forward: 'Dan, look at me,' she pleaded; 'how can you leave my hazel eyes, my eyebrows like the young moon?' And she sprang on the mounting-block and laid her hand on his cheek. And, reining the horse away from her, he turned and said a great poem:

A bhean lan do stuaim
Connig uaim do lamh——

O woman of the evil wiles,
Keep your velvet hand from me——

"But that," said one of the islanders, "is not a poem of Dan Hoyser's. That is a poem of the Reverend Doctor Sharoon Keating's."

"It is not a poem of the Reverend Doctor Sharoon Keating's. It is a poem of Dan Hoyser's. What, for pity's sake," asked the story-teller impatiently, "would Doctor Sharoon Keating, a clergyman and a historian, know about the wiles of women and their velvet hands?"

"That," pondered the islander, "is very true, and now I know it could not be a poem of Sharoon Keating's, and I am very sorry to have interrupted you. I have no manners at all."

"It is nothing," waved the old man magnanimously. "So Dan Hoyser left them, and went on his way, and in every town before him were welcome and jubilee, for the great Irish poet was in it, who spoke so highly of women; but there was disappointment on every one, for all Dan Hoyser would write now were hymns, and what they wanted were songs about women.

"'Let me tell you something,' says Dan Hoyser: 'when you're listening to my hymns you're listening to the finest in the world, better even than the psalms of David that you do be singing on Sundays. Give ear now.'

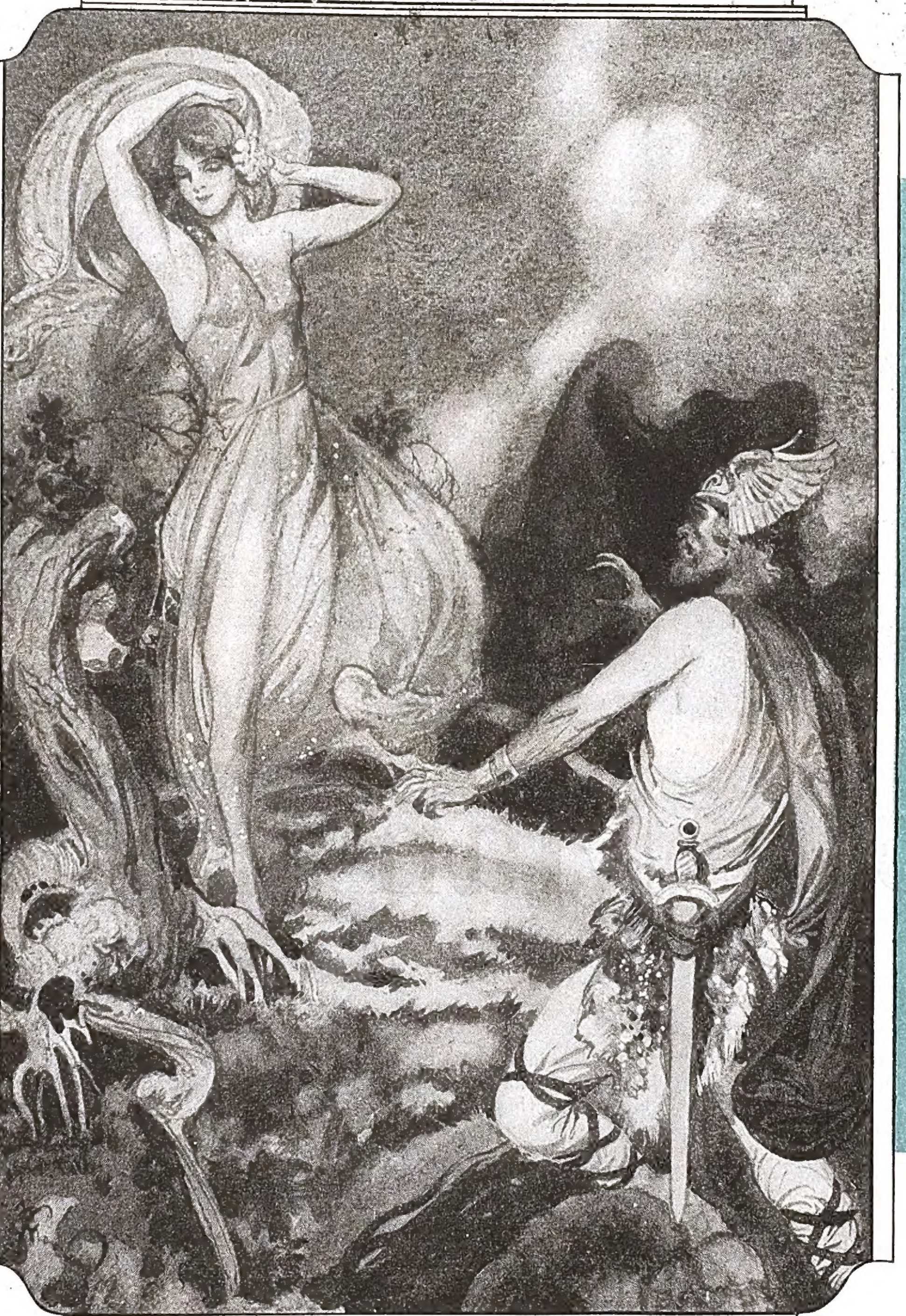
"And they gave ear, and they agreed that they were better than the psalms of David, but they were disappointed, all the same.

"And never a word did he speak to a woman, barring a poor ugly wee girl he met by the Rhine, and her tending a flock of geese on a desolate common. Barefoot she was, with thinnish, colorless hair and washed-out blue eyes.

"'Horseman,' she said, 'did you hear a word on the way of great Dan Hoyser?'

"'What about Dan Hoyser?' says he.

"''Tis how I heard that Dan Hoyser, the great Irish poet, was on his way to become a monk in the Alps,' she said. 'And a queer thought came to me and me minding the geese, and keeping the ganders from fighting. I'll never get a man,' she says, 'I'm that poor and I'm that ugly, and not strong itself, but only good for minding the geese. I'll ask Dan Hoyser to kiss me, and I'll be the last woman he kissed before he entered the silent monks. And that'll be a queer fragrant, flowering thought to me, and I in my poor ugly old age. I'll never tell it to any one, for none would believe me, but keep it to myself, or at most tell it to the trees, and they whispering with the winds of Summer.'



"'THE NAME THAT IS ON ME IS VENUS,' SHE SAID. 'AND YOU TOO ARE GOING FROM ME.' 'I AM, MA'AM,' HE SAID; 'I MUST SAVE MY SOUL.'"

"And Dan Hoyser slung his leg over his horse's head.

"'Come here, my little girl,' said he.

"And she noticed then the apprentice boy behind him with the harp slung on his back. And she understood. And a faintness took her so she nearly fell.

"'Oh, my lord!' she whispered.

"And Dan Hoyser put his arm about her and kissed her fair on the mouth. And he took from his hand a diamond ring and put it on her finger. And from his arm he took a great bracelet that had been given him by a daughter of the King of Spain.

"'Go and get yourself a husband, little lassie, and be kissed by a better man.' And he rode on.

"'Am I dreaming, Your Eminence? Or did I see you kiss the ugly barefoot girl?' asked the apprentice boy.

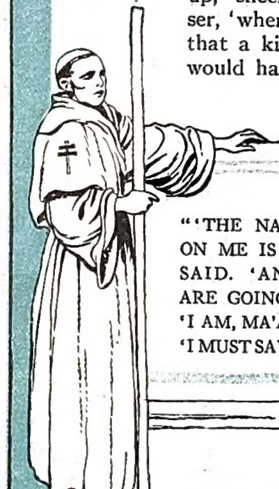
"'You saw me,' said Dan Hoyser.

"'And did I hear Your Eminence, with my personal ears, refuse a kiss to the Queen of the Lowlands of Holland?'

"'You heard me.'

"''Tis a conundrum!' said the apprentice boy.

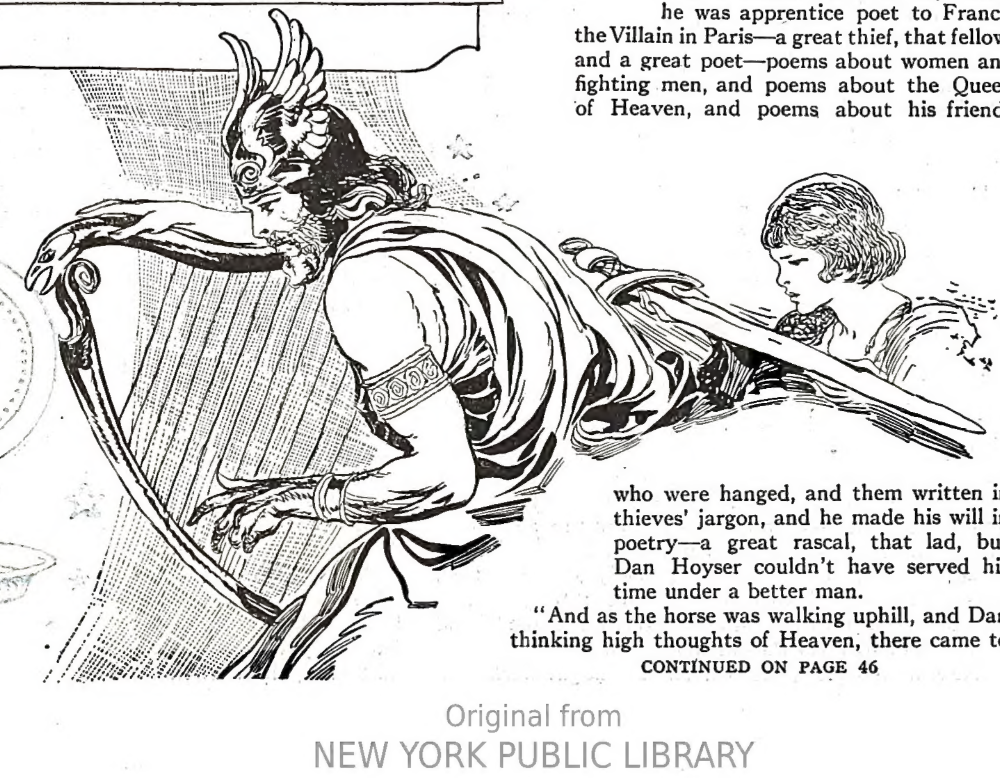
"'A great poet you'll make when you grow up,' sneered Dan Hoyser, 'when you can't see that a kiss to a Queen would have been a flip to her vanity, and the kiss to the ugly wee girl was the glory of a great dawn.'



"'Oh, right enough,' said the apprentice boy.

"And Dan Hoyser rode on, thinking in his mind how, after a life of piety, he would arrive in the parlors of Heaven, and have great discussing with the other chief poets—with King Solomon, for instance, who wrote a poem he called the 'Song of Songs.' And they would talk about their methods of work.

"'And how did you ever come to think of that likeness of this rime?' they would ask each other. And Solomon would talk of his battles and the temple, and Dan Hoyser would tell of the days when he was apprentice poet to Francis the Villain in Paris—a great thief, that fellow, and a great poet—poems about women and fighting men, and poems about the Queen of Heaven, and poems about his friends who were hanged, and them written in thieves' jargon, and he made his will in poetry—a great rascal, that lad, but Dan Hoyser couldn't have served his time under a better man.



"And as the horse was walking uphill, and Dan thinking high thoughts of Heaven, there came to

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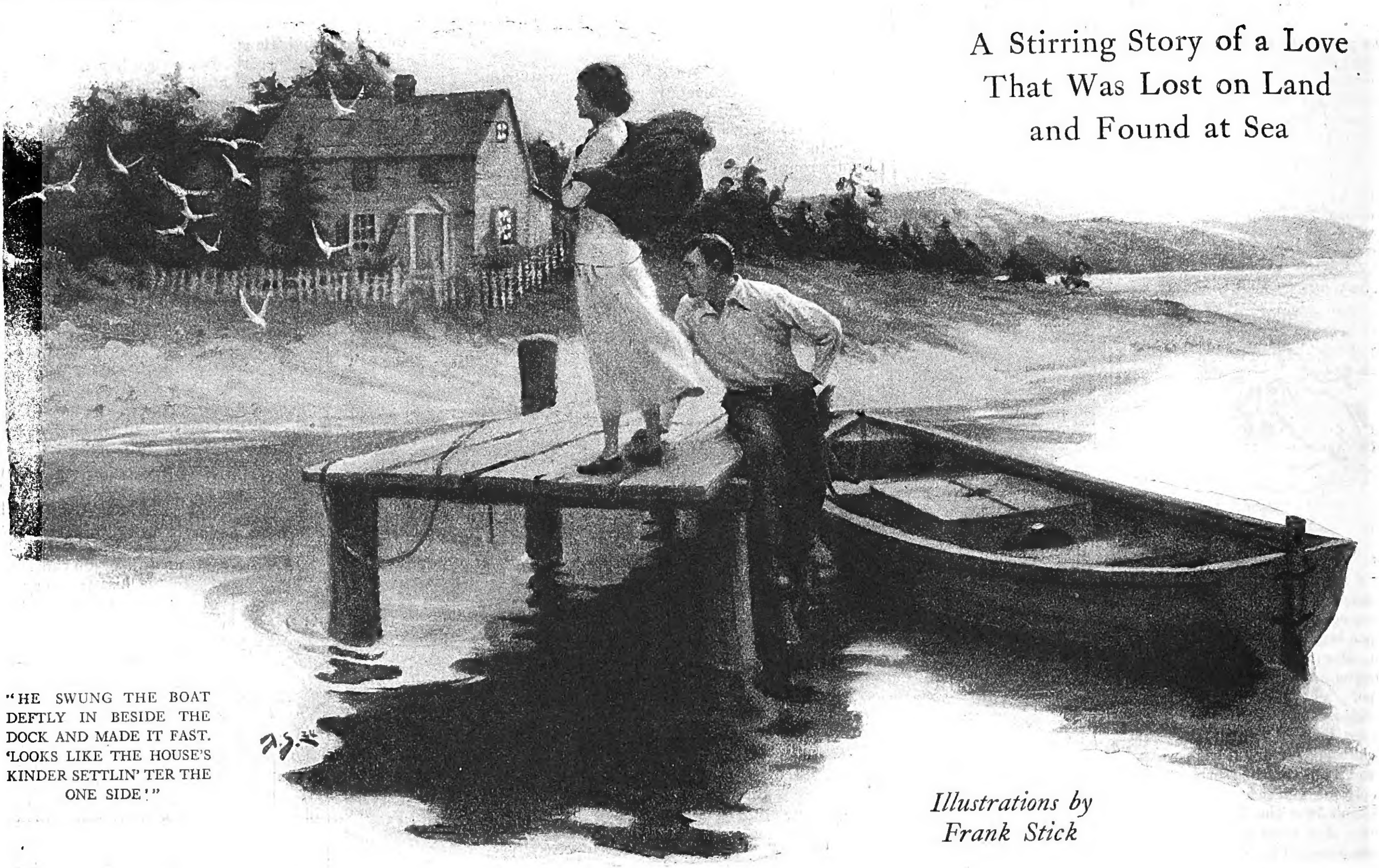
A Stirring Story of a Love That Was Lost on Land and Found at Sea



"HE SWUNG THE BOAT DEFTLY IN BESIDE THE DOCK AND MADE IT FAST. 'LOOKS LIKE THE HOUSE'S KINDER SETTLIN' TER THE ONE SIDE!"

Illustrations by Frank Stick

Old Man Ledge

BY MAY STANLEY

BEYOND Bald Head a long white curve of beach held the old house in an encircling arm. There were no other buildings in sight. A thick growth of stunted spruces ran down to a meadow covered with coarse beach-grass, and the house stood on a small rise of ground at the edge of the meadow, commanding an unbroken view seaward. On one side the foundation had rotted away, so that the gray, weather-beaten dwelling leaned slightly as tho striving to catch the faint murmur of the tides.

Out at sea the waters glowed vividly, reflecting the brilliant colors of sunset in wavering bars of rose and mauve and gold. The surface of the bay heaved gently, thrusting long rollers beneath the fishing-boat as it swung in a wide curve around Bald Head.

"Thar she is!" Orin Pettishall twitched the tiller-ropes as he spoke. The boat swung obediently toward an old dock which made a gray blot against the background of white sand.

The girl nodded. "Bigger'n I thought 'twuz," she said happily. "I wuz over here onct cranberryin' when I wuz leetle, but it's bigger'n I thought 'twuz then."

"Yeah, it's a good house," he agreed, "even ef 'tis kind uv old. Still an' all, 'tain't old when ye think they's oak beams in it. Paw says Captain Beath got some uv the beams fer his house outer his vessel—arter she wuz wrecked on Old Man Ledge out thar."

"Wonder how long ago 'tis?" Emily Widden glanced seaward. Half-tide revealed the jagged rocks of Old Man Ledge standing up sharply above the water.

"Dunno. 'Fore paw's time, fer 'twuz grampy told him." He swung the boat deftly in beside the dock and made it fast. "Looks like the house's kinder settlin' ter the one side. Hev ter straighten her up fust uv all. Come on! I got ter see how much fixin' the dock'll need."

With Emily beside him he went proudly across the dock, keeping a sharp lookout for loose or rotting boards. Reaching shore, they paused involuntarily and stood, hand in hand, looking up at the old house.

"Nicer'n I thought 'twuz goin' ter be," the girl murmured.

"Guess she's goin' ter be wuth what I'm payin' fer her." He tried to speak calmly. "Seven hundred dollars ain't sich a lot when ye think 'at they's twenty acres goes with it—all this here shore-front an' back inter the woods a piece. Paid the real-estate fellers two hundred dollars cash money, an' I got three years ter find the rest in."

Emily nodded. She had heard the story from Orin a half-dozen times to-day, but it did not lose interest with repetition.

"We kin do 'at easy," she said. "I kin hev chickens an' put in a garden. 'Twon't cost us much ter live."

"An' they ain't no reason ter put off gittin' married," he declared. "We kin git married soon ez I git the house fixed up a mite an' a fish-house built."

"Guess we kin," she assented shyly.

They went quickly up the slope, along a path overgrown with weeds and blackberry-brambles. Emily cried out with pleasure at sight of a great hedge of yellow lilies which lifted their slender stalks defiantly above the encroaching weeds. At the front of the house a bricked walk led up to a hooded doorway. High-backed seats had once stood on either side. One of them was still in good repair, but the other sagged forlornly on its broken supports.

"'Nough fixin' ter keep me busy fer a while, I guess," Orin commented as he unlocked the front door. It swung open with painful creakings, showing a square hall with doors on either side. "S'pose this must 'a' been the parlor." He led the way into a fair-sized room with windows looking directly toward sea. Now they were so dark with dust and spider-webs that little light came through. Opposite the door a stone fireplace yawned.

"It'll be nice here when we git it fixed up." Emily looked about the room curiously. "Le's see the rest uv it."

They passed through the door at the back which led into a small bedroom, returned to the hall, and inspected in turn the dining-room, kitchen, and wood-shed on the opposite side of the house.

"Le's go down in the yard an' see what the well's like," Emily proposed.

"I'd oughter go down cellar an' hev a look at the foundation," he objected. "Ef I wait any longer it'll be too dark ter see anythin'. You go an' hev a look at the well while I'm down cellar."

"A' right. I won't be long."

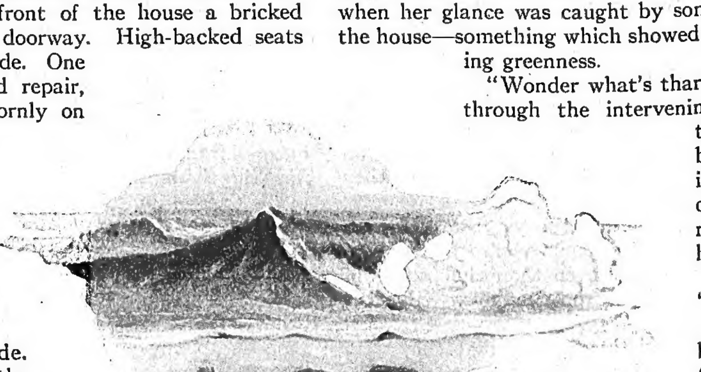
She ran down the steps, paused for a moment while her eyes searched for a path, found it, and ran lightly along, pushing aside weeds and brambles. Near a clump of spruces she saw the well-sweep and was going toward it when her glance was caught by something at the left of the house—something which showed gray in the surrounding greenness.

"Wonder what's thar?" Making her way through the intervening growth, she cautiously lifted a matted bramble, then dropped it with a startled exclamation and began to run back toward the house.

"Orin!" she called. "Orin!"

Orin came out on the back porch, his face reflecting the satisfaction he felt.

"'Tain't goin' ter be much work ter fix up the foundation. Not near so much—" He paused at sight of her white face. "What's come ter ye?"



"Thar's a grave out thar!" Her voice was trembling. "Somebody's grave! I see it when I wuz goin' down ter the well."

"Guess ye must be mistook," he said wonderingly. "Never heared tell uv nobody bein' buried here."

"I see the gravestun ez I wuz goin' down ter the well," she explained breathlessly. "It's kind uv layin' down. Ye kain't hardly see it 'ceptin' it ketches the light. Come an' see fer yerself."

She led him down the path, unmindful of the brambles which caught and tore at her skirt. "Thar 'tis!"

Orin Pettishall stared at it thoughtfully, then stooped and tried to read the words cut in the moldy stone.

"THE FISHING-BOAT SWUNG IN A WIDE CURVE AROUND BALD HEAD"

"Too dark," he said at length. "Torch's down in the boa-at. I'll go git it."

"Let me go fer it—I'd ruther."

"What's the matter?" He glanced up, conscious of the fear in her voice. "Ain't scart uv an ol' gravestun, air ye?"

"N-o. Only I'd ruther go." She hurried off.

Left to himself, the boy sat down beside the grave and gazed proudly up at the house. His house! Pretty nice to be able to buy it and move into his own home this Fall, when he and Emily were married. Pretty nice! If lobster prices stayed up he'd maybe be able to pay something more on it before Christmas. He was whistling jubilantly when Emily, hurrying back, thrust the torch into his hands.

"Read what it says!" she directed.

Holding the light close to the moldy stone, he read slowly: " 'Sacred—to the m—Nehemiah Hill—departed'—they's a big chip out uv the stone here—'May thirtieth, eighteen hundred an' fifty-two—Greater love hath no man than this'—I kain't read no more; it's chipped off some."

" 'That a man lay down his life for his friends.' " The girl finished the quotation in a hushed voice.

"Wonder who he wuz—Nehemiah Hill? I ain't never heared tell uv no Hills 'round here."

"Dunno." She rose, shivering. "Le's go back, Orin. It's gittin' late."

"I wanted ye ter see the cellar afore we go."

" 'At'll keep," she said hastily, and turned to the path which led down to the dock.

When he had started his engine and the fishing-boat was chug-chugging its way back to West Harbor, Pettishall turned to the girl.

"What come ter ye, Em'ly?" he asked. "Ye ain't said a word sense we started. 'At grave didn't upset ye none, did it?"

"Yes—kind uv."

"It don't do no hurt, fur ez I kin see." Disappointment made his voice cold. "Thought ye liked the place."

"So I do, only——"

"Only what?"

She turned to face him. "Dunno ez I c'd live whar they's a grave," she said slowly. "It's a nice place an' all, only I dunno ez I c'd live whar they's a grave."

"Dunno what makes ye feel like 'at. An' anyways we got ter live thar. I bought the place, ain't I?"

"Yes."

"Wa-al, we got ter live thar, ain't we?"

She was silent.

"We got ter live thar, ain't we? Seein' I bought it, we got ter live thar." Frustration, injured pride, bewilderment, were in the words.

"Dunno ez we hev," she retorted. "Leastways, dunno ez *I* hev. They ain't nothin' ter *make* me!"

He did not reply, but stared straight in front of him, head up and lips set in a stubborn line. She could talk like that! That was all she thought of their home, the home he was planning to get ready for her! Well, if that was the way she felt about things——

"Orin!" Her voice was timid.

"Yes."

"I ain't meanin' ter be cross ner spiteful. It's only——"

"Only ye don't like the place I bought fer us. Wa-al, guess they ain't nothin' more ter be said."

"A' right," she replied coldly, "ef 'at's the way ye feel. I ain't goin' ter stay by myself, day in an' day out, 'ith a grave ter keep me comp'ny. I'd like the place fine ef the grave wa'n't thar. Even ef we knowed who 'twuz——"

"I kain't he'p it, way things air," he interrupted. "I didn't know 'bout the grave when I bought the place, but it wouldn't uv made no diff'rence ter me ef I hed knowed. Way I see it we got ter live thar, grave er no grave."

She shook her head sorrowfully. "No, I ain't goin' ter live thar. I knowed I wouldn't soon ez ever I see the grave. I jes' kain't an' they ain't no use in talkin' uv it!"

"WA-AL," Mrs. Widden said cheerfully, "what ye think uv the place Orin bought?"

Her daughter, heavy-eyed from a sleepless night, looked up and said drearily, "A' right, I guess."

"Mercy me! Is 'at all ye think uv it?"

"Did ye know somebody wuz buried thar?" Emily demanded. "Right beside the house?"

"Mercy me!" Mrs. Widden exclaimed again. "I been cranberryin' in the medder a coupla times sense the ol' captain died, but I never seed no grave. Whose is it?"

"Dunno. Name on it's Nehemiah Hill. D'ye know who 'at is?"

"Never heared tell uv no Hills in these here parts," Mrs. Widden shook her head solemnly. "They's Hills over Lewiston way an' they's a fambily—say, Paw," as the door opened to admit Jeremy Widden's bulk, "did ye know somebody wuz buried over ter the ol' Beath place?"

"Never heared tell uv it." Widden clumped across to the sink and drank hugely from a tin dipper. "Here's Hannah Anne Pettishall comin'. Mebbe she'll know."

" 'Lo, ev'ybody!" Mrs. Pettishall panted genially. She was a huge woman whose bulk almost filled the doorway and quite overflowed the rocking-chair which Mrs. Widden pushed forward. "I'm all outer crochet-cotton," she explained, "an' I thought I'd run over an' borrer a mite ter last till I kin git some f'om Po'tland."

"Yeah, I got some," Mrs. Widden replied, "same number ez what ye're usin'. D'ye know 'bout thar bein' a grave on the place Orin jes' bought?"

"Never heared tell uv one. Mebbe 'at's what made Orin so grumpy—wouldn't say a decent word breakfus'-time." She wiped her face meditatively with a corner of her apron. "My, it's hot fer this time uv year! Ef ye hurry up an' git married, Em'ly, ye'll still hev Summer fer yer weddin'."

"I ain't goin' ter git married," Emily said dully.

"Ye ain't *what?*" her elders demanded in chorus.

"Me an' Orin hed words las' night," Emily replied in a dull voice, " 'bout 'at grave. An'—an'—we hed words."

"D'ye mean ter say you an' Orin fit?" Mrs. Pettishall demanded. "Wisht ye'd hurry an' make up ef ye did, so's he won't be so grumpy."

"I tol' him I wouldn't live no place whar they's a grave 'longside uv the house."

"Fer any sakes!" Mrs. Pettishall stared at her prospective daughter-in-law in frank amazement. "Ye don't mean ter say 'at jes' 'cause they happens ter be a grave——"

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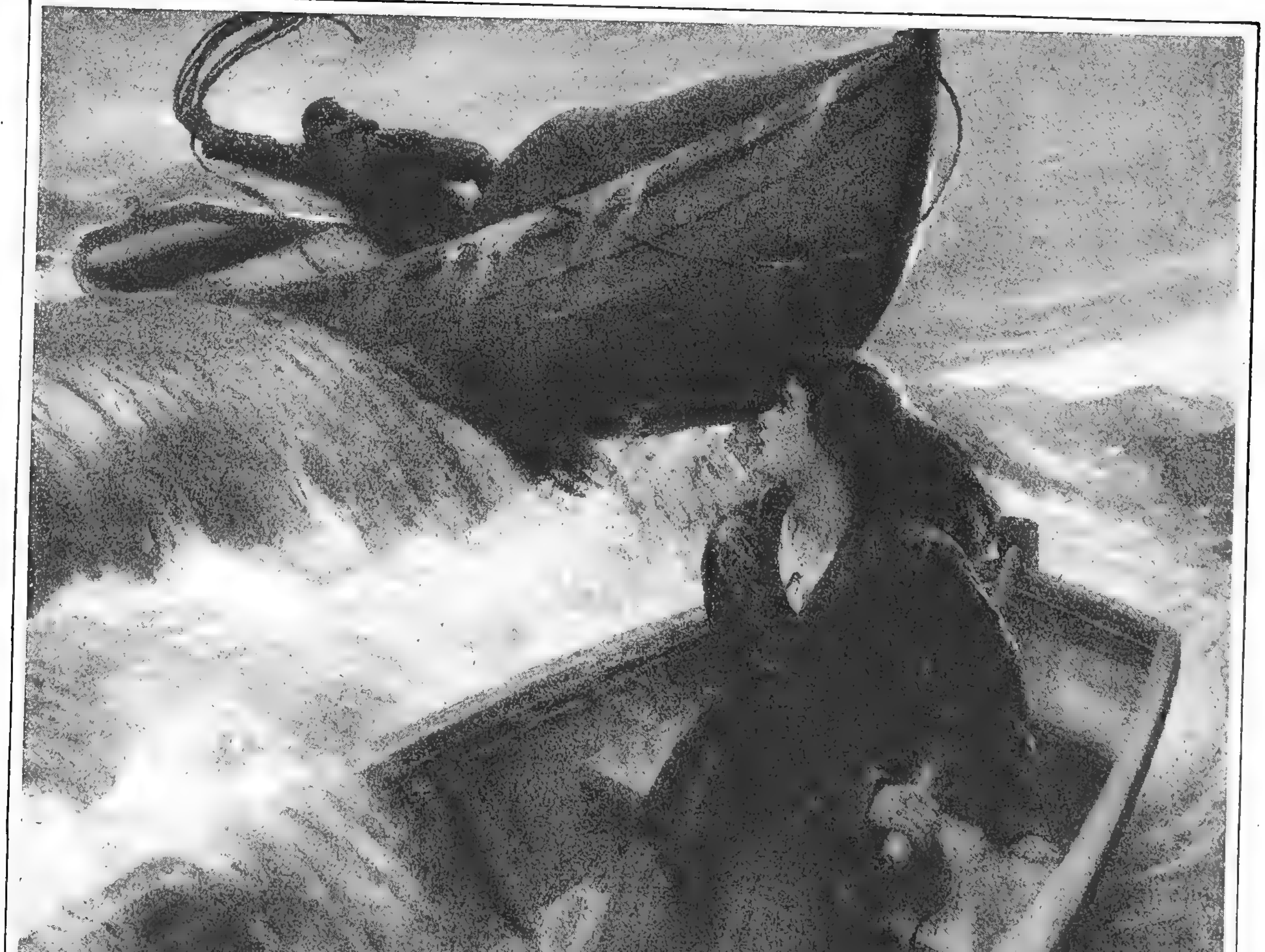
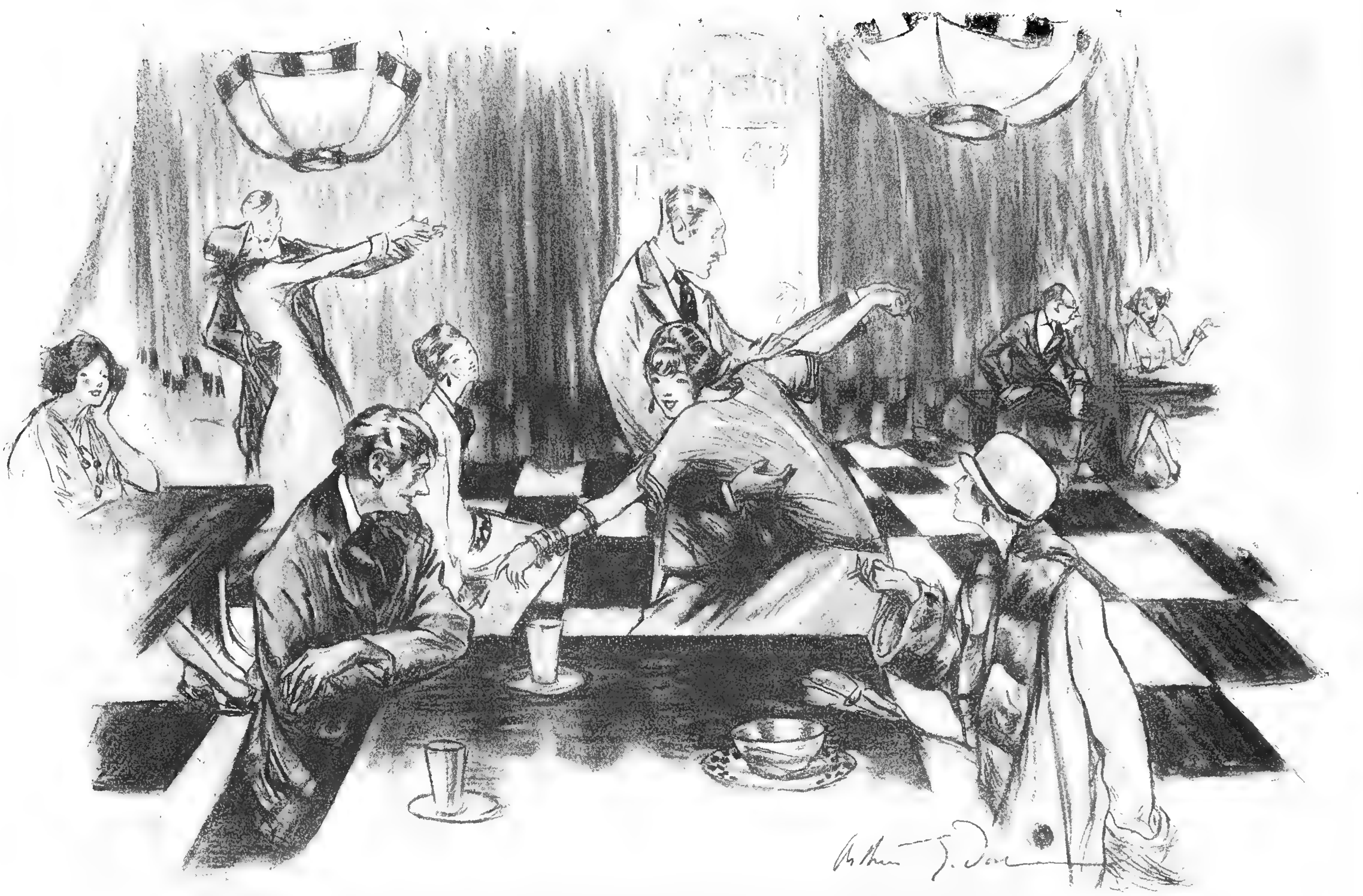


"ONLY A FISHERMAN WOULD HAVE DARED SWING HIS BOAT IN UNTIL FOR ONE GHASTLY MOMENT IT STOOD POISED ON THE CREST OF A GIANT WAVE. IN THE MOMENT HE SHOT PAST, PETTISHALL FLUNG THE ROPE OUTWARD"



"SHE WAS LEANING OUT OF HIS ARMS TOWARD A PALLID, EMACIATED FELLOW WITH RUMPLED BLACK HAIR. 'COME OVER TO OUR TABLE, PIERRE!' SHE SHOUTED IN A NEW BOLD, HUSKY VOICE. 'WANT TO SEE YOU!'"

Georgy Porgy, Prodigy

A Brief Chronicle of a Patronizing Young Man

BY LOIS SEYSTER MONTROSS

Illustrations by Arthur G. Dove

When the girls came out to play
Georgy Porgy ran away.

GEORGE MILES STANDISH patronized Chicago. Gosh, what a town! A great, sprawled grotesquery, an abortion of civilization. Wabash Avenue, where he was walking—a street of cafeterias and overstuffed davenports. Eating and comfort! A street conscious of those vulgar considerations instead of beauty and tradition and subtlety; as if not admitting its shameful illiteracy, a street making piteous overtures to culture—player-pianos and phonographs concealed in console-tables, imitation antiques, huge machine-made tapestries and factory-wrought braziers. Gosh, what a street!

George Miles Standish was walking too close to the windows now and he bumped into a profane messenger boy before he saw what was wrong. "Sorry!" he said in the English fashion as he edged his way slantwise toward the outside of the street. He had a moment of curiosity about the messenger boy, imagining how little he must know of realities like truth and tragedy and art. How little any of these people knew of the reluctant gaiety of life and its inevitable sadness!

His condescension for the street now gave way to pity. On all Wabash Avenue there was not another person thinking thoughts like these; perhaps not at this moment in the whole city—in the world. There might be in the world, but even then nobody else of nineteen could possibly be thinking them. For George Miles Standish was nineteen and he had been graduated from his university for a year.

The day had been particularly annoying, especially to Howard McPherson, usually so amiable and bland. Everybody of the firm of McPherson & Boulder had been writing advertising-copy for Hume & Hume's Katchy Klothes. Katchy Klothes were in the air, as it were, floating midway between heaven and earth, daring these distraught mortals to immortalize them with fit descriptions of their sartorial grandeur. All day Katchy Klothes had been lauded, commended, eulogized. Every other hour great bales of copy had been rushed hopefully to Hume & Hume, who only shook their irascible heads and returned the great bales firmly.

As if to free himself for the verbal combat Howard McPherson had removed his coat. He sat at his desk with heavy shoulders hunched forward, gazing in annoyance at a returned layout. His powerful neck above his soft collar was red beneath last Summer's tan. He drummed his large, blunt fingers against his desk—he who seldom made nervous gestures. His advertising agency was small—each of its few accounts was important, but Katchy Klothes was the most valuable. Were Hume & Hume really dissatisfied? Had the copy-writers, in fact, fallen down on this campaign? Lighting his pipe, McPherson began to ponder on the problem.

At this moment Persis came in. She was Howard McPherson's wife and a distracting female. She first poised a moment in the doorway, then bent slightly backward so that her exaggeratedly slim, black coat lifted from her delightful ankles. Carefully raising a trailing length of her veil, she tipped her head so that her eyes were just visible beneath the drooping brim of her hat. Six bracelets of six different colors tinkled in and out of her immense sleeve as she moved her hand.

She had a gravely wise mouth above a childish chin.

"I want," said Persis, "to go somewhere and dance."

"Oh, hello!" said McPherson. He rose and towered above her. His air in pulling forward a chair for her seemed a quaint courtesy shown to a small child. He was ten years her senior.

Ignoring the chair, she turned to the wall to study a sketch of a youth clad in Katchy Klothes.

"Why are you mad at me?" she asked in a low tone.

"I'm not," said McPherson pleasantly.

"You look at me funny."

"Just busy. And sort of tired."

She came quickly over to the desk and said again, "Let's go somewhere and dance!"

"No," he said. His refusal was without hesitancy or regret.

She took up a blue pencil and wrote on his desk-pad in round, wheedling characters, "Nice good Howard, shall we please go out to tea and maybe dance? R. S. V. P."

Vexed, yet amused, he took the pencil in turn and wrote below her invitation "Huh-uh."

Suddenly the telephone jangled. Howard turned to Persis with a gleam of hope in his eyes. "Listen, honey, I think there's a man coming. Better skip."

"I love men," said Persis, sitting down at once.

Now entered a tall, thin person in a gray English sack-suit, with a faint blond mustache and a short stick. His hair waved back from a broad white forehead and his brown eyes were very gentle and bright. He had quite an air, The naïveté of Persis vanished at once. She crossed her knees with indifferent candor and tinkled her bracelets.

The man was George Miles Standish, the son of Professor Standish, who had been in college days McPherson's revered instructor in geology. Confidently he ensconced himself in the only other chair, and proceeded to chat with ease and leisure while Hume & Hume waited.

GEORGE MILES STANDISH had gone to McPherson's office with no distinct purpose. He had just happened to drop in with a note of introduction from the old gentleman.

As he entered an elevator in the Hiller Building he wondered a bit about these harassed people dashing in and out. He would not make haste in getting a position; his allowance would tide him over for a while, and when he did go to work it would be at editing a magazine or writing book-reviews. Because of his youth people would be astounded. They would say, "Only nineteen—remarkable, isn't it? But he's always been a prodigy—entered the university when a child."

In his pocket he carried a frayed clipping from an old Chicago Sunday newspaper—a picture of an intent-eyed, thin-necked youth wearing an open collar in the fashion of Rupert Brooke. Below it said, "Enters University This Fall at Fifteen." There followed what George modestly termed rot about his exceptional tutoring and all the Greek and Latin he had known when he was only five.

He thought of life as a race in which he had been given a very long head-start. He was almost at the goal while others were still running off handicaps. Sometimes George even resented the ease of education and envied his fellows their fighting and scrambling. In London with his parents last year he had felt that way. But no matter where he went it was just the same: the tremendous asset of youth was with him, and he thought a little sadly that he could never love Chicago because it would be too easy to conquer.

How cunningly had Fate guided his feet to Persis—a very curious coincidence! He felt an instant pain in his heart at the sight of her and the frightening certainty that she was flame to his fuel. Mysterious wisdom lay on her mouth and inscrutable secrets in her eyes. She wanted something of him—of that he was sure—but he could not ask her what. So he sat there, poised and smiling, talking to that ugly creature in his shirt-sleeves who was—how incredible!—her husband.

"I went to the Radical Bookshop this morning," said Georgy, making courageous conversation, "and I picked up a book of Arthur Machen's. Have you read him? If you haven't you must! My style is so much like his."

"Oh, I never have," said Persis, "but he sounds marvelous."

"Working here in the city, Standish?" McPherson's tone sounded almost deferential.

"No, I've just come."

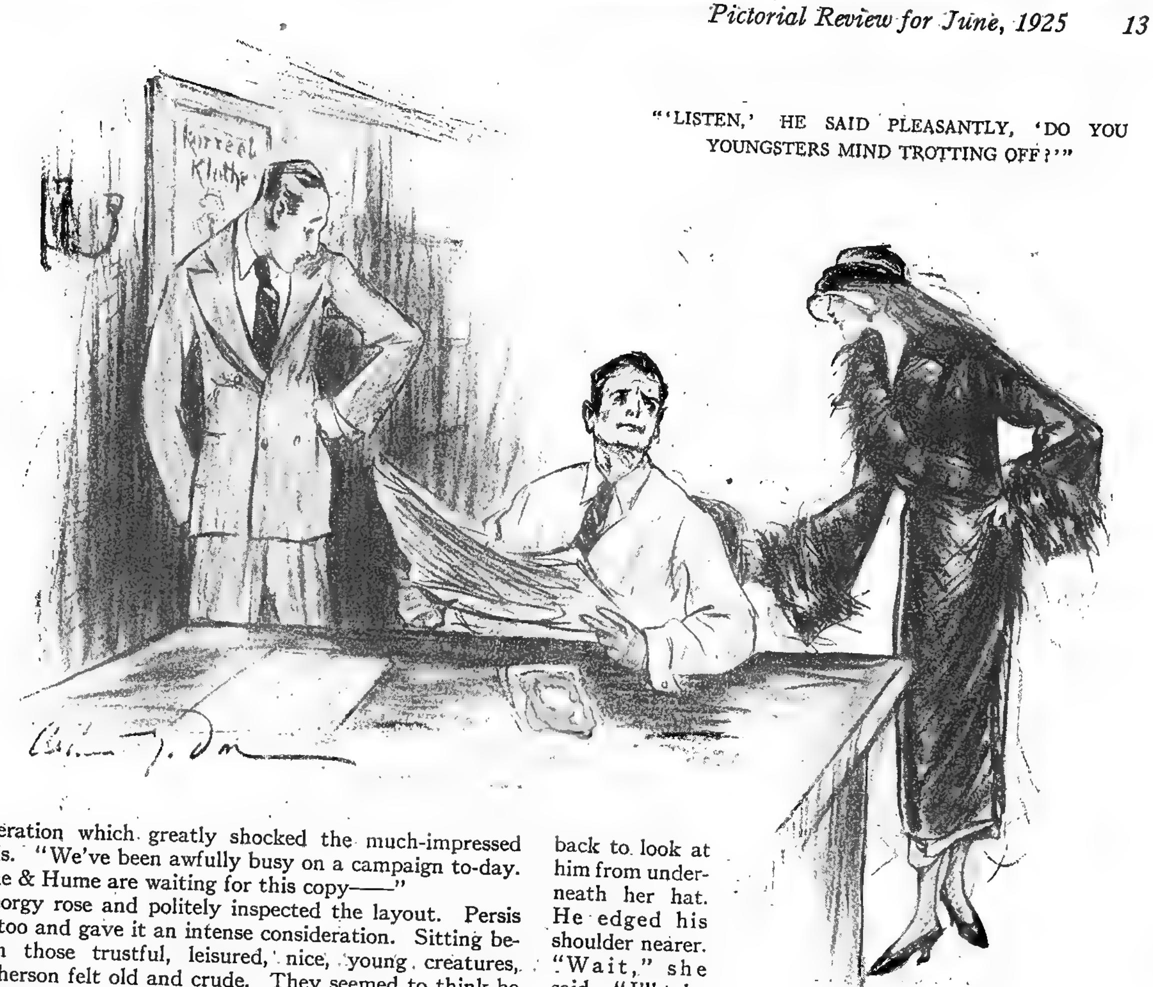
"Looking around for something, uh? Interested in advertising?"

"I'm afraid not," said Georgy indulgently.

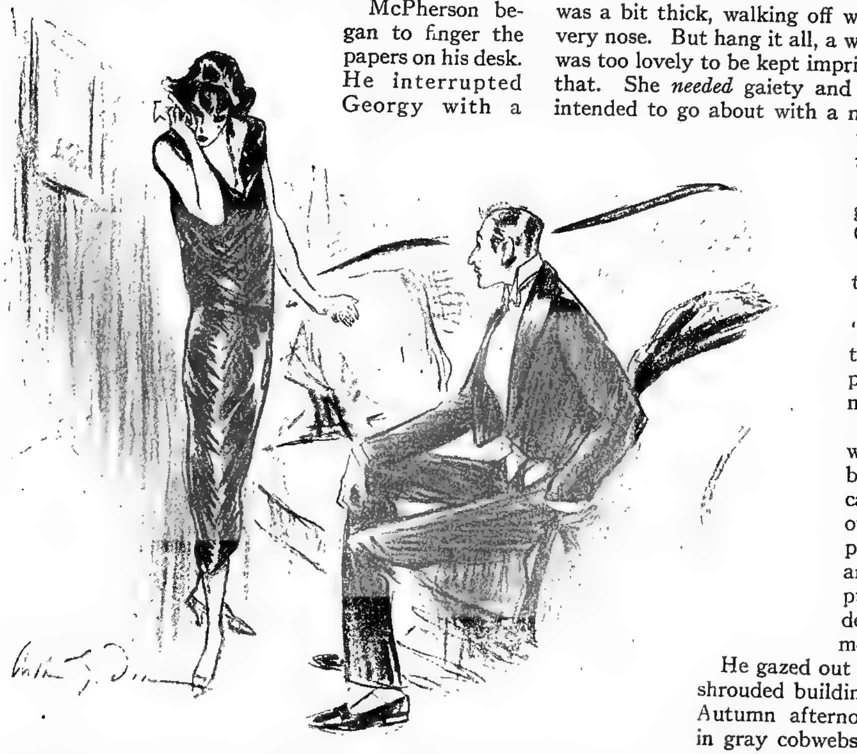
"Newspaper man?"

"No. The younger generation has but few illusions about the romance of newspapers. They rather share, don't you think, the alarming cynicism of Gautier? Do you remember the preface he wrote in 18——"

McPherson began to finger the papers on his desk. He interrupted Georgy with a desperation which greatly shocked the much-impressed Persis. "We've been awfully busy on a campaign to-day. Hume & Hume are waiting for this copy——"



"'LISTEN,' HE SAID PLEASANTLY, 'DO YOU YOUNGSTERS MIND TROTTING OFF?'"



"'YOU *ARE* YOUNG!' SHE CRIED WITH THE CANDOR YOUTH HAS FOR YOUTH. 'THAT'S ALL'S THE MATTER. YOU'RE *TOO* YOUNG! *THEY OUGHTN'T TO ALLOW PEOPLE TO BE AS YOUNG AS YOU ARE!*'"

Georgy rose and politely inspected the layout. Persis rose too and gave it an intense consideration. Sitting between those trustful, leisured, nice, young creatures, McPherson felt old and crude. They seemed to think he was exhibiting a piece of frivolity, designed expressly for their mirth.

"Oh, what a funny man!" exclaimed Persis. "Look at his legs! Just look at them!"

"I didn't quite realize," said Georgy, with forced gravity, "that they still wore suits like that over here. In London—" He gazed down with satisfaction at his own loose gray clothes.

It was now apparent to McPherson that Georgy was a very young man. Ashamed of his first, unsuspecting deference, he felt an ignoble desire to bully this paragon in gray. But with Georgy's impervious brown eyes upon him this humor left him.

"Listen," he said pleasantly, "do you youngsters mind trotting off?" He moved toward the door, piloting them gently in front of him.

They did not know they were being snubbed. They gazed delightedly at each other. Then Persis clutched at Georgy as if he were a new and lovely toy.

"We can go somewhere," she said, "and dance!"

IT WAS not hard for Georgy to still the slight feeling of compunction he had for McPherson, poor devil. It was a bit thick, walking off with a man's wife under his very nose. But hang it all, a woman like Mrs. McPherson was too lovely to be kept imprisoned in a stupid office like that. She *needed* gaiety and adoration. He had often intended to go about with a married woman. It seemed that he could do it at nineteen as well as not.

"I know where we can go," said Persis—"to the Checkerboard."

"Oh, splendid! Shall we take a bus?"

"A bus is fun," she said, "but"—happily spying a taxicab, she waved an imperative hand—"this is much cozier."

As he helped her in Georgy wondered how he could have been so thoughtless. The cab was filled with the exotic scent she used. She pressed very close to him, and he wondered if he should put his arm about her. He decided she would expect more subtlety.

He gazed out of the window at the fog-shrouded buildings across the river. The Autumn afternoon seemed thick-meshed in gray cobwebs of smoke and mist, and now the city was beginning to be strung with golden drops of light.

"Why do you live here?" he asked.

"I don't know. I just do." She leaned back to look at him from underneath her hat. He edged his shoulder nearer. "Wait," she said. "I'll take it off."

As he looked down at her short hair, tawny and straight, he wanted to put his cheek against it.

"I suppose I live here," she went on, "because Howard—you know—business, and all that. But don't think," she said, "that I don't love beauty because this is my home."

"It is a horrible place," said Georgy. He stared mournfully at the traffic moving across the taut bridge toward towers armored in fog like fantom hauberks. "Have you ever been in London? If you haven't you must."

"I suppose," cried Persis, "that you think I'm *old!*"

"Well, aren't you?" Georgy asked her calmly.

"I'm twenty-three."

For a moment he was disappointed, then he said with satisfaction, "At least that's four years older than I."

Persis shrieked.

"Why, you're—you're absolutely *precocious!*"

"Of course," he said gravely.

"You're so amusing! And you have such a funny name!"

He rebuked her gently.

"It's a very old name."

She suddenly put up her hand and felt his smooth cheek.

"Aren't you going to kiss me? Don't you want to kiss me?"

"Yes, I do."

By trying very hard he kept his voice from sounding tremulous. Then he kissed her.

"It may be illusion," he murmured in a low, exultant tone, "but that moment was like some exquisite silver flower swirling a moment in the eddy of a stream that will soon bear it away. Perfect as that. We fall back with empty hands and see the little flower borne away, but nothing can steal our memory. It is best to be content with a perfect memory. I don't think," he said dramatically, "that I shall ever kiss you again."

Persis was obviously piqued.

"But you must," she protested. "Everybody does."

They were nearing the Checkerboard, and Persis began retinting her cheeks and dabbing intently at her mouth with a little red-and-gold stick. "How *is* my face?" she asked anxiously.

"Your lips are certainly not 'pale lost lilies,'" said Georgy with candor. As he paid the chauffeur he surreptitiously counted his money.

THE Checkerboard had a parquetry floor of black and white and the curtains were black, with medieval figures picked out in tiny white squares. Along the wall stretched black, upholstered seats facing long, lacquered tables that bore black-and-white-checked tea-sets. There was a smell of sandalwood and tobacco and Turkish coffee.

"I wonder," said Georgy as soon as they were seated, "if it is best to be content with a perfect memory. One might, if one tried, discover another silver flower——"

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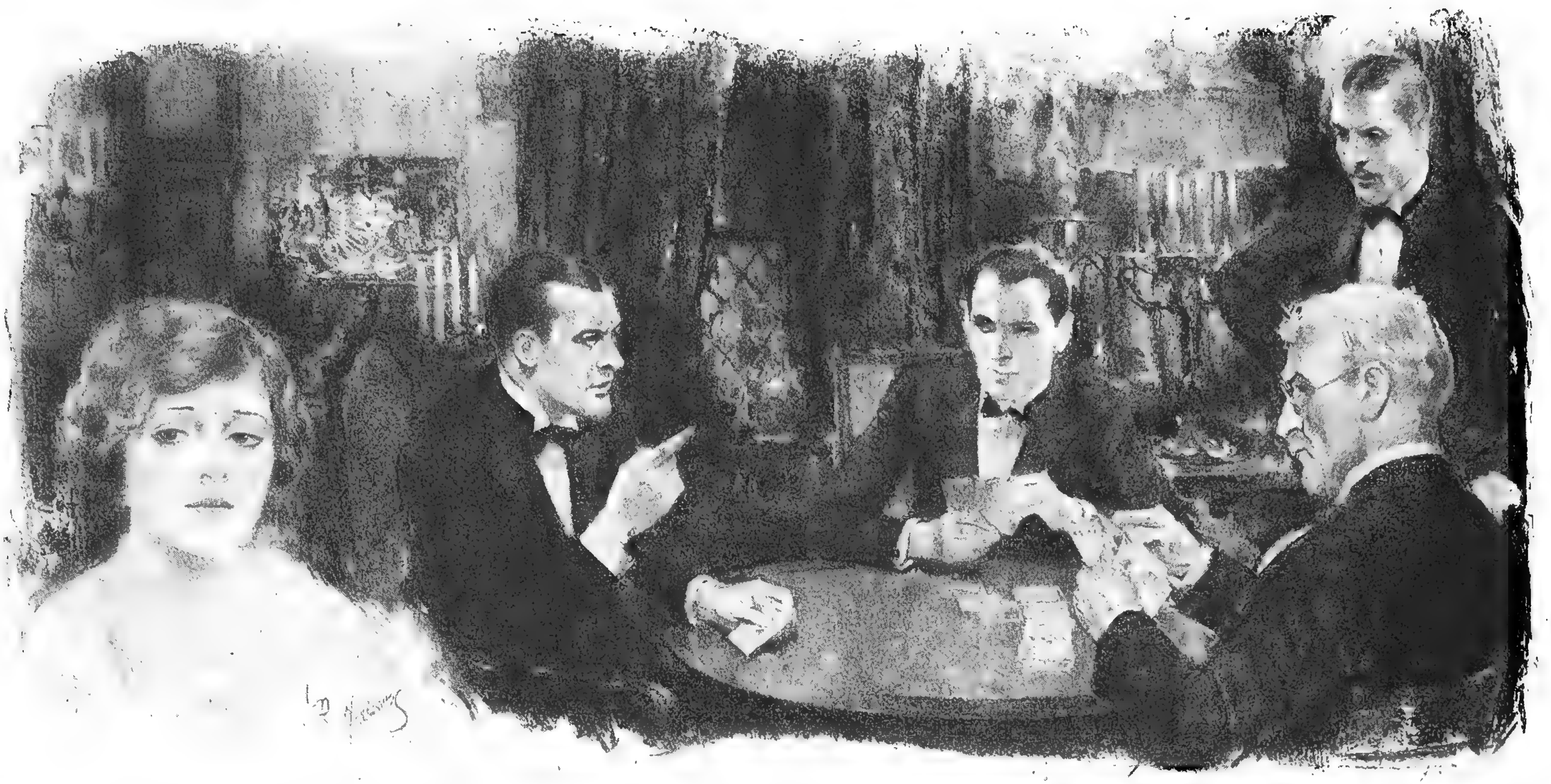


"THE PLAY OF THE FIRST FEW HANDS SHOWED THAT CHUFF'S MIND WAS NOT ON THE GAME. MINE WAS NOT, EITHER, BUT RAILTON'S CONCENTRATION ON THE CARDS WAS UNCANNY. WHEN CHUFF WAS DUMMY, AND MADE AN ATTEMPT TO LEAVE THE TABLE RAILTON POLITELY BUT FIRMLY OBJECTED"

The Man Between

What Fate in One of Its Odd Twists Did to a Man Who Tried to Be His Own Law, His Own Judge and Jury

BY FRANK E. VERNEY

Illustrations by C. D. Williams

RAILTON, calm and unruffled, walked down the steps just as my taxi braked to a silent halt at the edge of the Harley Street sidewalk. He was punctual to the second. The only question I asked as he opened the cab door was, "Straight to the station?"

"Waterloo," he instructed the driver, and took his seat beside me. A jerk, and the taxi gathered speed down that famous London street of surgeons and specialists.

Without speaking, Railton settled himself comfortably on the car's cushioned seat and produced his cigaret-case. With care he selected a cigaret, and as carefully tapped it on the back of the gold case. When he had shaken the tobacco down to his liking, he replaced the case in his pocket and withdrew his match-box; and with the same cool deliberation proceeded with the rest of the process.

The hand which held the match was as steady as the brass handle on the cab door; not a tremor or a ripple of life showed under its smooth, yellowish skin. His keen-featured face behind the cigaret was impassively saturnine. Crossing one knee over the other, he leaned back in an easy position, and watched idly, with his reddish-black eyes, the unimpeded progress of the taxi through the quietly dignified streets that separate the professional districts from the rush and bustle of the great shopping arteries.

As we swung into the roar and life of Oxford Street, and got held up in a traffic block, and looked upon the sidewalks, black with shoppers and hurrying pedestrians, his unnatural silence became too much for me.

"That reminds me of Fifth Avenue, or Broadway," I remarked.

Railton exhaled from his lungs a cloud of pungent smoke, and turned to me with lower jaw slightly outthrust.

"Harding, you've a good nerve."

"One respect in which we are not unalike," I retaliated.

"What I mean is," he explained, "there are few people I know who could have received a man straight from such a consultation without displaying an infernal curiosity."

I smiled involuntarily, and thought it was still more remarkable that any man should come from a sentence of death—as I expected was the case with Railton—as tho he had just come out of his club, and then begin analyzing his companion's nervous system.

"Well?" I queried.

"Well," he repeated the word; "the sphere of my activities has been enlarged."

The statement seemed to give him satisfaction, but for a moment caused me surprize. I concluded the specialist had discovered a loophole.

"You misunderstand me," explained Railton; "I shall be a dead man inside six months—with care. Two months without care."

"Well," I ventured, "that's bad luck—but—we've all got to come to it sooner or later. At any rate, you have the advantage of a few months' warning."

Railton's sardonic grin recalled certain phases of his past that were known to me: prolonged orgies in Algeria that were the gossip of the North-African coast; a villa on the Bosporus that was the talk of the cafés, seraglios, and bazaars from the Golden Horn to the Circassian Mountains. A man can not live as he had lived and reach old age.

Surveying the profile of his hard but sensuous face, I wondered if this verdict of the great specialist would break any hearts. I knew of no man who would be greatly troubled. Railton had always been unlovable. But what about Lady Frances, his wife, the girl who had striven to keep his name in honor during those secret expeditions, who had played the game as few women could in such circumstances?

He laughed suddenly. "I think I've had about as much out of life as there is to be got, and another two months will satisfy me. It should be an interesting period. A definite date of dissolution gives a man quite a lot of latitude; he can be so confounded thorough in anything he chooses to do and not care a cent for anything or any one."

"You are talking nonsense, Railton," I commented sharply. "There's Frances—your wife—to consider."

He turned and looked at me. "My wife," he repeated. "Yes, there certainly is my wife. As a matter of curiosity, how exactly ought I to consider her?"

"A little differently from what you have done in the past," I criticized.

"Change the 'how' to 'why,'" he qualified. "The unusual experience I have just enjoyed seems to have gone to my head. For once I am curious to hear an outside view of my matrimonial obligations."

"Why!" I reiterated, with some impatience, "you married her, didn't you? I suppose you were in love with her once; love her now, if you've a spark of decency in you, and know the value of what is yours."

"Love!" laughed Railton. "Love, my dear chap! I was a millionaire before I left Harvard. Unlimited dollars and ten years' experience of the world showed me the manufacturer's initials on the bottom of the love-fetish—and every other. Like some of those brass jujus that the poor devils of negroes worship in the African bush, the educated eye can see the trade-mark of commerce on the back, and sometimes the price. That kind of inscription has been visible on every woman I've ever come across—and on every emotion."

"That's an abominable thing to say of any woman, and a damnable thing to say of Lady Frances," I rapped out.

"Sentimental humbug, my dear Harding. As you infer, I may be an abominable husband, but I am excellent as an investment—which Frances no doubt realized as well as her father."

"Railton," I said quietly, "you always did have a rotten kink in you, and I suppose you always will have."

He smiled ironically. "That attractive candor again! I've always liked it about you. Lack of humbug is so infernally rare."

When we reached Waterloo station, Railton, at my request, attended to the transport of our suitcases to the train while I visited the book-stall for some papers. My real objective was the telegraph office, for I had no intention of allowing the specialist's sentence upon Railton to be sprung upon Lady Frances with the brutal cynicism which her husband would probably employ. I sent a telegram to a woman friend and neighbor of the Railtons', and asked her to prepare Lady Frances for the bad news.

When I joined Railton on the platform, I found he had reserved a first-class smoking-carriage, as was his custom when traveling. I regretted this, for I had no wish to spend several hours in his solitary company in the present circumstances. But a corridor train carrying a luncheon-saloon was something for which to be thankful.

I have seen death in many shapes during the War, but the grim finality of it never struck me so vividly as, in that great London railway-station, alive with the good-humored bustle and rush of peaceful citizens, I took my seat at the side of a man whose movements were so soon to stop forever.

As the guard's whistle sounded, and our express slid into motion, "Nails" Railton, smoldering cigaret in hand, settled himself comfortably along the seat, selecting a magazine with the casual care of a person who has nothing more serious to think of than whiling away, as pleasantly as possible, the tedium of a railway journey.

I picked up a newspaper, but failed to concentrate upon its contents. My mind was too busy with Railton; and with Frances, his wife; and the remark he had made in the taxi: "A definite date of dissolution gives a man quite a lot of latitude: he can be so confounded thorough in anything he chooses to do." What did he mean by that? His whole life had been spent in doing everything he wanted to do. Money and a complete disregard of public opinion had given his actions an almost unlimited radius. What greater license did he require that he had not always possessed? What act was he meditating which was not open to him before the specialist's verdict?

My glance flickered toward him as he rustled the pages of his periodical. Long-limbed, sinewy, perfectly groomed, self-efficient, but unobtrusive; a man with that quality of appearance which always holds attention, but is completely undefinable. As a boy this same intrinsicality of the unusual had attracted me to him when we first met in the woods of Connecticut which joined our respective homes. It persisted at Harrow, where we both went to school and where we were both called "Yank"—tho my father was English and had been educated at Harrow, and his mother was English, with brothers who had been brought up at the same school.

Once I rescued him from a severe ragging, caused by his own violent temper and disregard of public-school code. Circumstances formed a kind of bond between us, but I never really liked him. He was so infinitely selfish. Tho I developed a sense of responsibility for him, at the same time I felt that he asked for, and deserved, all his unpopularity.

I HEARD of him occasionally after we left school, but never met him until twelve years later, in London, during that season when the Earl of Montsaye—known generally as "Mortgage Monty"—annoyed all his creditors by giving an extravagant ball for the début of Frances, his only daughter. We were all crazy about her. Her beauty, charm, and innocence were unique.

Railton married her. Presumably his masterful dash and dark good looks, and reputation of having done everything on three continents that was to be done, no less than his expertly tempestuous wooing, made him an attractive figure to a girl of her type. His great wealth certainly caused old "Monty" to open his doors very widely to Railton, and possibly also to exert a little pressure upon Frances.

I left England soon after the wedding, and two years later was in a stern-wheeler on the River Niger at the conclusion of an expedition on Lake Chad, when a native dugout approached from a riverside village with a message that there was a white boss "plenty sick" in the chief's house.

We went ashore and found Railton —with black-water fever.

The strenuous efforts and skill of our doctor got him over the danger-line in a few days, and he was ordered to proceed home at once unless he wanted to die in West Africa. Railton in his characteristic way invited the doctor to go to ——. The doctor and the expedition continued their journey to the coast, and I, for Frances's sake, remained behind with Railton and a medicine-chest.

A week later, when the little launch that had been sent back steamed alongside, I paid off Railton's retainers, and got him on board by force.

On the way down river he amused himself by sitting in the bow of the boat with a small-bore repeating rifle, shooting birds. Once I saw him fetch down, at a hundred-and-fifty-yards range, a bird that was not much bigger than the palm of my hand. I mention this to show his marvelous physical control as a sick man more than to note his skill with firearms.

Finally, just over a week ago, I met Frances and Railton in town, and succumbed to their desire that I join a small house-party at Montsaye Castle in Devonshire.

Now, after a two days' return visit to town, I was taking back to Frances a doomed husband.

We had been traveling a couple of hours when Railton, who seemed to be dozing, abruptly turned to me and asked:

"How long have you known Chuffleigh?"

"Chuffleigh?" I repeated in surprize. "What an extraordinary question!—he was at Harrow with us."

"Yes, I know that," he answered impatiently. "But how long have you known him privately, away from school?"

"We used to exchange visits in the holidays, as you must have known, and as he mentioned in your hearing, round your own gun-room fire, a few days ago. If you were thinking of offering him a job," I added with a smile and a touch of satire, "'Who's Who' will tell you that Viscount Chuffleigh did splendid service in the field, and is now doing equally good service in politics—in fact you might find a reference to him in one of those papers as the next British War Secretary."

He laughed. "A very attractive personage—compared with mine—and a —— Englishman into the bargain—guaranteed to have good manners and to behave himself."

"My dear Railton, you are talking a lot of rot, and we had better get along to the restaurant-car and have an *aperitif*. A drink will do us both good."

"But," he continued, "there is one thing I have always done which your paragon has not—I have always respected other people's property."

"You have," I commented. "You have always been so occupied with your own—er—extensive estates that you have no time for other people's. But what are you driving at about Chuffleigh? What's he done to you? I don't quite gather the applicability of your innuendo."

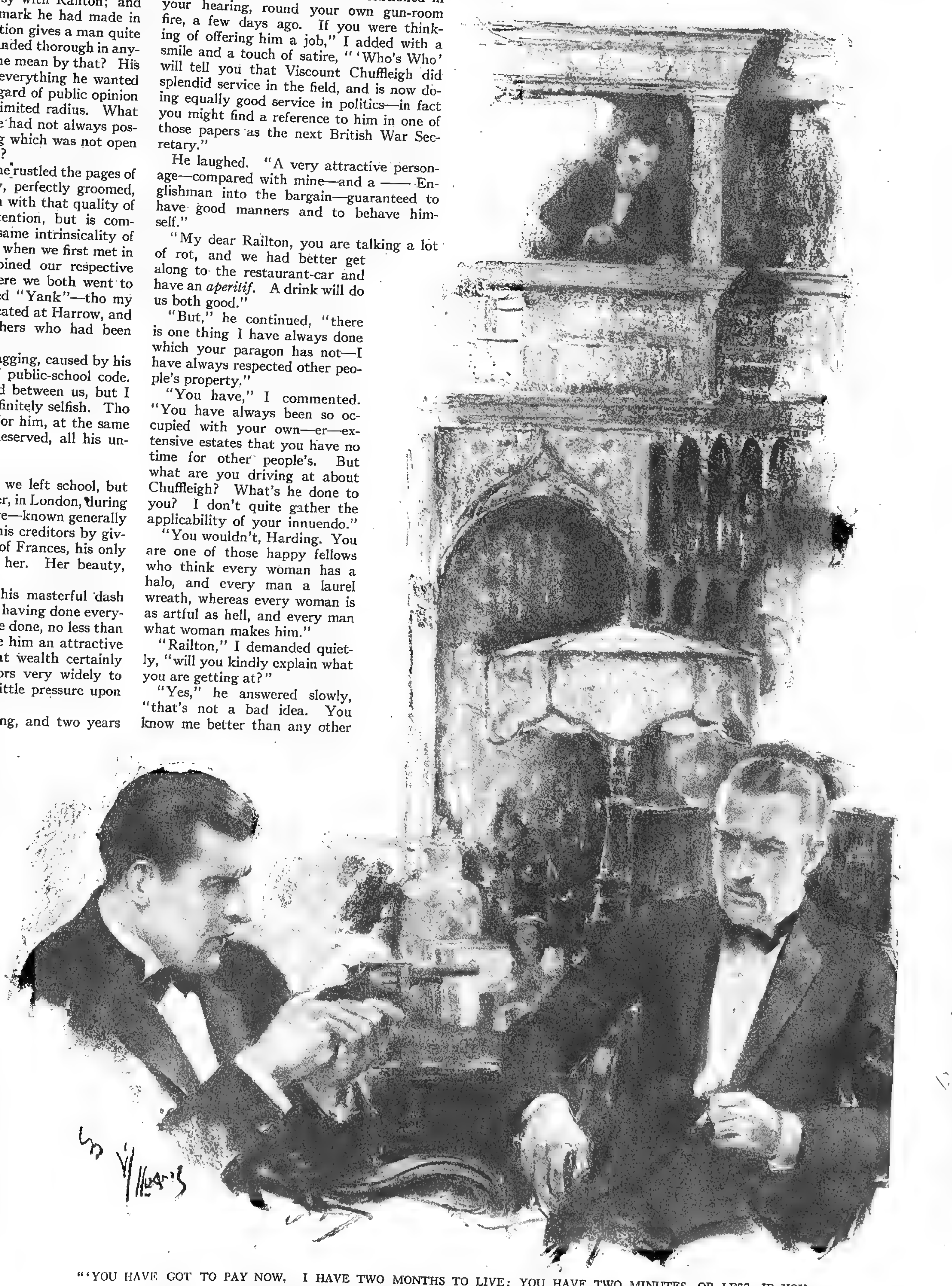
"You wouldn't, Harding. You are one of those happy fellows who think every woman has a halo, and every man a laurel wreath, whereas every woman is as artful as hell, and every man what woman makes him."

"Railton," I demanded quietly, "will you kindly explain what you are getting at?"

"Yes," he answered slowly, "that's not a bad idea. You know me better than any other man—or woman"—his face hardened at the word "woman"—"you know me, you know Frances, you know Chuffleigh——"

"Yes," I interrupted, "I do know your wife—and I know Chuff, and I also know you—but carry on."

"Another thing I know," he pursued; "I know that Chuffleigh has been inveigling my wife—you appreciate what I mean by that—or she him, and I have no time, or taste, for the divorce court. Also, now that my time on this earth is limited, I have less respect for laws than I ever had, and no need at all for them. I can be my own law, my own judge and jury. The brief period of absolutism I am about to enjoy should prove an interesting experiment, and provide a new sensation."



"'YOU HAVE GOT TO PAY NOW. I HAVE TWO MONTHS TO LIVE; YOU HAVE TWO MINUTES—OR LESS—IF YOU MOVE. I WILL SPEND THAT TWO MINUTES IN TELLING YOU WHAT WILL HAPPEN'"

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I rose to my feet in the swaying carriage, and stood over him, looking him straight in the eyes.

"Railton," I said, "if it were not for the fact that you have no sentimental horror of death, I should think that the verdict of your doctor had scared you out of your senses. Do you realize what you are saying? The damnable rottenness of such statements about Frances: your knowledge of human nature alone should tell you that Frances is the last woman in the world to accuse of that sort of thing—as you should be the very last person to do it; and if she were that kind of woman you are the last person to resent it."

He met my gaze squarely, and laughed, his expression changing to one of cynical curiosity. "One might imagine, from the fervor of your championship of Lady Frances," he remarked slowly, "that Chuffleigh and you had more in common than the qualities you enumerated a few minutes ago."

For a moment there was silence but for the rattle of the coach over the rail-joints and the distant roar of the engine. To avoid striking him I turned and left the compartment, making my way along the corridor to the luncheon-car. When Railton joined me there later, there were two other passengers at the table, so our conversation was, therefore, confined to the generalities usual in such circumstances.

Back again in our compartment preparatory to detraining, we mutually avoided the subject we had in mind, Railton resuming his somber reserve. In fact, his hard and characteristic casualness became slightly accentuated in subconscious revocation of his lapse to the confidential. This suited me. Now that I had the key to his mind, I wanted nothing more. In an elemental crisis words are a waste of energy, particularly with a man like Railton, who was never to be deterred from any action or suspicion, by argument or reason.

By the time we had descended from the train at Ilfracombe, I had decided that whatever Railton's views might be with regard to an extension of my stay at his place, I would not depart until I was satisfied that he could do no harm, or until he had time to find out the terrible injustice of his suspicions. I would not leave Frances at the mercy of Railton in his present frame of mind.

Our return was not expected until the following day, but Railton disapproved of my suggestion that we should telephone for one of his cars, and insisted in traveling the six miles from the station in one of the open pair-horse coaches that are still in use on the steep hills and in the deep combs of North Devon.

GRIM and gaunt as one of the rocky outcrops by the roadside sat Railton, eyes fixed straight ahead of him, white teeth tenaciously gripping the butt of his cigar; giving never a glance at the tall white cliffs that flanked our one side with somber grandeur; not even a look at the glowing golden pathway which the moon was flinging across the shimmering waters of the Channel that lay far below us. To be truthful, I registered these features of beauty but mechanically myself, tho previously they had never failed to remind me of a drive I knew in Connecticut, along one of the arms of Long Island Sound.

The occasional flutter of an alarmed bird in the bushes, the scutter of a rabbit across the white road, and the fascinating murmur of wild night life distracted my attention very little from the problem of the man at my side.

My mental uneasiness grew with his increased calm and continued silence. I concluded that one vital necessity was to keep Chuffleigh away from Montsaye Park. A meeting between him and Railton must be prevented at all costs for as long as Railton was capable of physical violence and as long as he was able to give effect to his vindictive desire of adjusting his imaginary grievance.

At any chance encounter, Chuff's unawareness and his certain anger at the first hint of the suspicions held by Railton would precipitate an immediate tragedy.

As the hoofs of our steaming horses scattered the gravel at the top of the long, wooded drive, and our carriage swung into the great oval space in front of the massive entrance to Montsaye Castle, we found ourselves blinking in the beams of the two great headlights on the front of a long white car. It was Chuffleigh's "60" tourer!

With a sudden sense of crisis I looked slowly at Railton, anticipating I don't know what.

His face showed not a hint of feeling.

As our conveyance drew into the space between the car and the doorway, a figure detached itself from the rear of the car-lights. It was Chuffleigh's chauffeur, and in his hand was a leather suitcase. The way in which coincidence allied itself with Railton's suspicions was devilish. Recognizing us, he put down the suitcase, and sprang to open the carriage door, standing respectfully aside for us to descend.

"I don't think you were expected, sir," he said with an apologetic glance round in search of one of the footmen who ordinarily would have been there to receive us.

"I am inclined to agree with you," commented Railton pleasantly as he stepped out. The man's decorous laugh at the joke of a superior faltered a little, for there was now a grim expression on Railton's face and a suggestion of remorselessness in his manner, which forbade even formal humor.

PRAYER FOR A LITTLE GIRL

By CLEMENT WOOD

DEAR God, whose face I can
not see,
But whose still, small voice speaks
in me,
Hear as I pray by mother's knee.

I pray for grace in speech and deed;
For hope, as much as is my need;
To know, and, when I know, to
heed;

To joy in work, and play, and rest;
In small and great things do my best,
And gaily meet life's every test;

And that all children everywhere
Live gladly, and grow sweet and
fair:
And may I help to build this prayer.
Amen.

Railton turned, and nodded his head toward the bag which lay on the ground at our feet.

"Our friend carries his visiting-cards in a large case," he murmured maliciously. "Perhaps the halo is there, too."

I retorted deliberately: "I am glad Chuffleigh was able to meet me here to-night. I was afraid he had not been able to manage it."

Railton's teeth showed as he laid his hand on one of the folding doors. "Harding, I have always said you were a —— good friend, but you are a—— poor liar!"

"Don't be an ass," I answered sharply in an effort to carry through my subterfuge. "I tell you he is here at my request. I telephoned to him from Waterloo."

"You would tell me that—in the circumstances," he observed dryly. "Pardon my going in first." And we were in the main hall before I could add any further remonstrance or gain more time.

The stately feudal apartment was untenanted except for an ancient red setter who snuffled a wheezy welcome from the comfortable warmth of the bearskin rug on the polished parquet in front of the great stone fireplace.

Railton turned toward the gun-room on the extreme left. It was the chapel wing of the great hall, screened to comfortable seclusion by heavy tapestries, hanging from huge arches of century-blackened oak that were carved by craftsmen retainers of the Montsayes in the middle ages. From beyond the partly open curtains came the faint murmur of voices, in which I could distinguish Chuffleigh's clear bantering tones.

Neither Frances nor Chuffleigh observed our approach. Frances, in a simply cut white dinner-gown, sat on a low couch in a recess flanked by two vizored suits of armor, and Chuff was bending over her, talking with some earnestness.

"Mr. Railton and Captain Harding," I called out gaily, in imitation of an announcing butler, as we moved forward.

Chuffleigh swung round, and Frances looked up in a startled manner, her exquisite face slightly pale, her manner somewhat strained.

"Hullo!" drawled Chuff cheerfully, "the wanderers have returned from the frivolities of town."

Frances's lips curved into their customary smile as she greeted us and inquired how we had got up from the station.

"In a fly, sweetheart—the only available method of transportation provided by local enterprise," Railton replied in ordinary tones, sitting down in the place she had vacated.

"Why didn't you telephone for a car?" she questioned concernedly. "It's an awful journey in one of those cabs—and you are not very fit."

"I wanted to give you a pleasant surprize, dear—I hope I have succeeded. Chuffleigh, I am delighted to find you here. I trust you are not thinking of returning to-night!"

"Well, thanks very much, Railton, I—er—" began Chuff, and I interposed immediately with: "Chuff, I was afraid you would not be able to get here. I hope my urgent demand did not cause you to break a more important engagement. I could not hear you very clearly on the telephone."

He glanced at me quickly and then inquiringly at Railton. "The telephone! Oh, yes, of course. I got the message all right. I've only just arrived, tho."

Frances looked from one to the other of us, a shadow of uneasiness in her face at the undercurrent in our conversation. Railton observed us all closely, laughed with satirical amusement, and helped himself to a cigaret from a silver box that stood on a small table.

"Anyway, you are here," he said genially. "That is the great thing. You have come at the psychological moment. In fact, my dear Chuffleigh, you have never been more welcome. And now that you are here, we will keep you, and make a night of it. A small but pleasant family party, understanding each other—by virtue of the things we have in common. We will play 'fizz' poker, and tickle the recollections of our ancestors by high play. We will not be able to follow the Montsaye precedent of staking our respective estates, because in the present circumstances they—overlap—yes, 'overlap' is right."

Both Frances and Chuff looked at him: Frances's brow slightly furrowed; Chuffleigh a little uncomfortably.

"Not poker," she protested. "You know I hate it being played here. Besides, I have asked old General Manning over this evening, and he always wants bridge."

"HEAR, hear, Lady Frances," exclaimed Chuffleigh, "I am all for bridge myself. Poker is out of my line—too expensive for a poor man."

"Strange, Chuffleigh," remarked Railton, "I should have thought that you had all the qualities of a successful poker-player. Bluff is a great asset at the game." He turned his gaze on his wife: "Surely, Frances, the General would not have been able to indulge his favorite pastime had not Harding and I arrived."

"You know, he loves a three-handed game when he can not get a four, Payne," she replied. "I rang him up this afternoon, just after Chuff telephoned to say he was coming." She looked at her watch and added: "He is late, but he has a long way to come."

"Did you ask *him* to stay the night?" inquired Railton.

"Of course," assented Frances. "He always does."

Her reply seemed to amuse Railton. He glanced from her to Chuffleigh, and then at my perturbed face, and remarked dryly: "The old General is a most admirable person for a chaperon, don't you agree, Harding?"

"Chaperon!" repeated Lady Frances. "You are talking very strangely to-night, Payne. What's the matter?"

"Surely that is a natural remark, my dear," he said with suddenly assumed joviality, "since Chuffleigh apparently came prepared to stay the night."

"I am afraid, Railton," observed Chuffleigh lightly, "that Lady Frances was not aware of my excellent staff work. One gets into the habit of bringing a bag when one comes to your hospitable roof."

"One would be a silly ass not to," I interrupted. "One never knows what the weather is going to be like on these moors—a heavy mist, and there is no moving."

At this moment Surgeon-General Manning entered, followed by the butler, bearing a tray with bottles and glasses.

With the arrival of the General and the cocktails, Railton reverted to the manner of a normal host, and the conversation became ordinary.

After a while Frances left us, with a smile at her husband, and a few words that went to my heart in their innocent ignorance of Railton's thoughts and purpose. Railton emptied his glass, and with a word of apology to the General and Chuffleigh exclaimed:

"Harding, we had better get into our dinner-clothes. The others have the advantage of us." And he strode out of the room.

As there was no immediate opportunity of a private word with Chuffleigh, and it was nearing dinner-time, I followed Railton's example.

I had finished dressing, and was just about to leave my room, when I heard Railton's voice addressing some one in the corridor, and caught the reply: "Her Ladyship, sir. Lord Chuffleigh asked me to bring it."

"Give it to me," ordered Railton. "I will take it to Her Ladyship."

I switched off the light and opened the door. A footman was retiring toward the main staircase, and Railton was reentering his own room, next to mine. In his hand was a letter. Lady Frances's rooms were at the other end of the corridor.

At dinner that night, in my anxiety to keep the conversation on a normal plane, I talked foolery and nonsense with such success that Frances asked the cause of my high spirits—high spirits, by Jove!

Railton himself was gay to hilarity, and was drinking heavily. I noted this with uneasiness, for he was not the man to disguise his real feelings in consideration for the susceptibilities of others.

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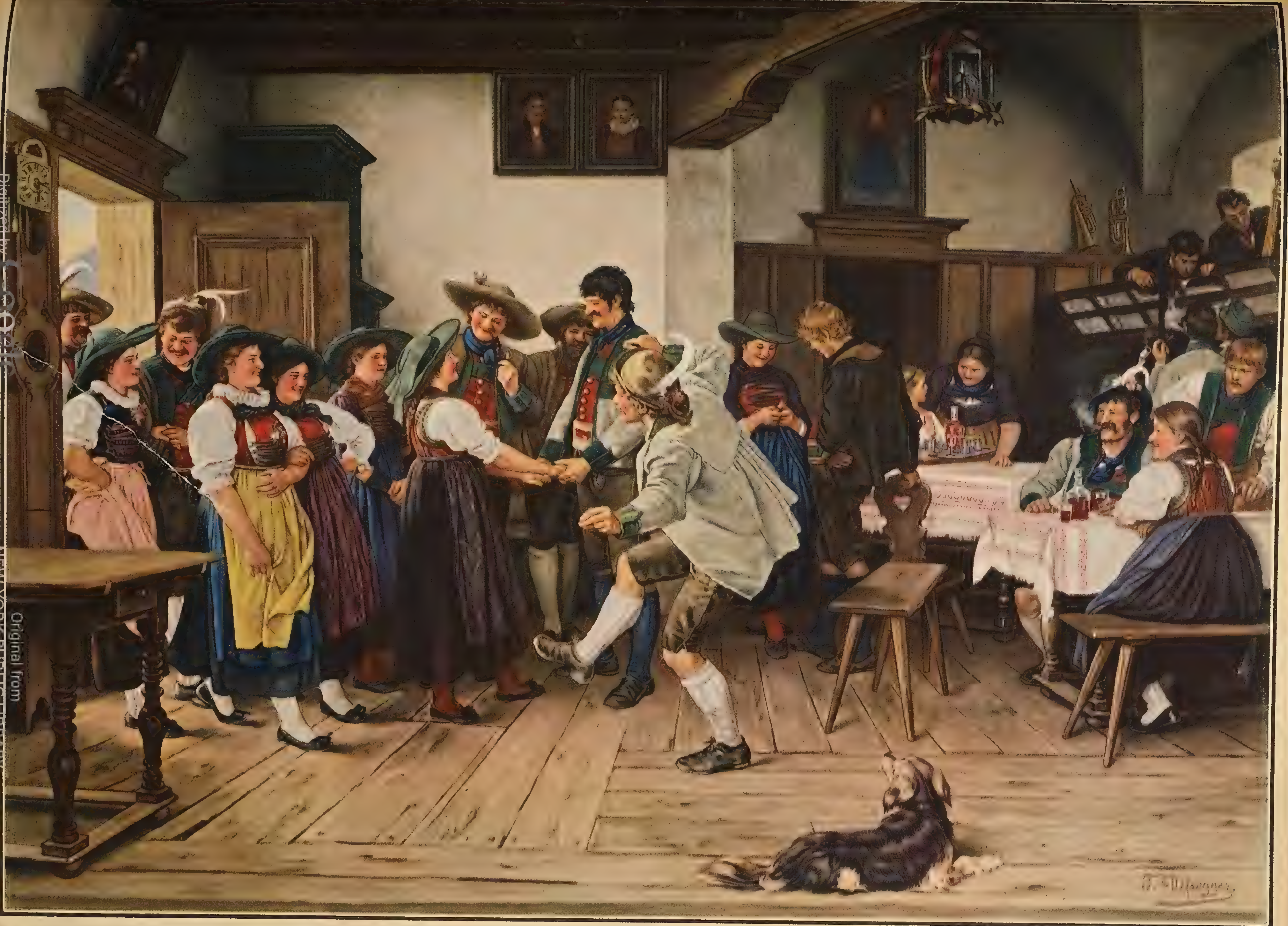
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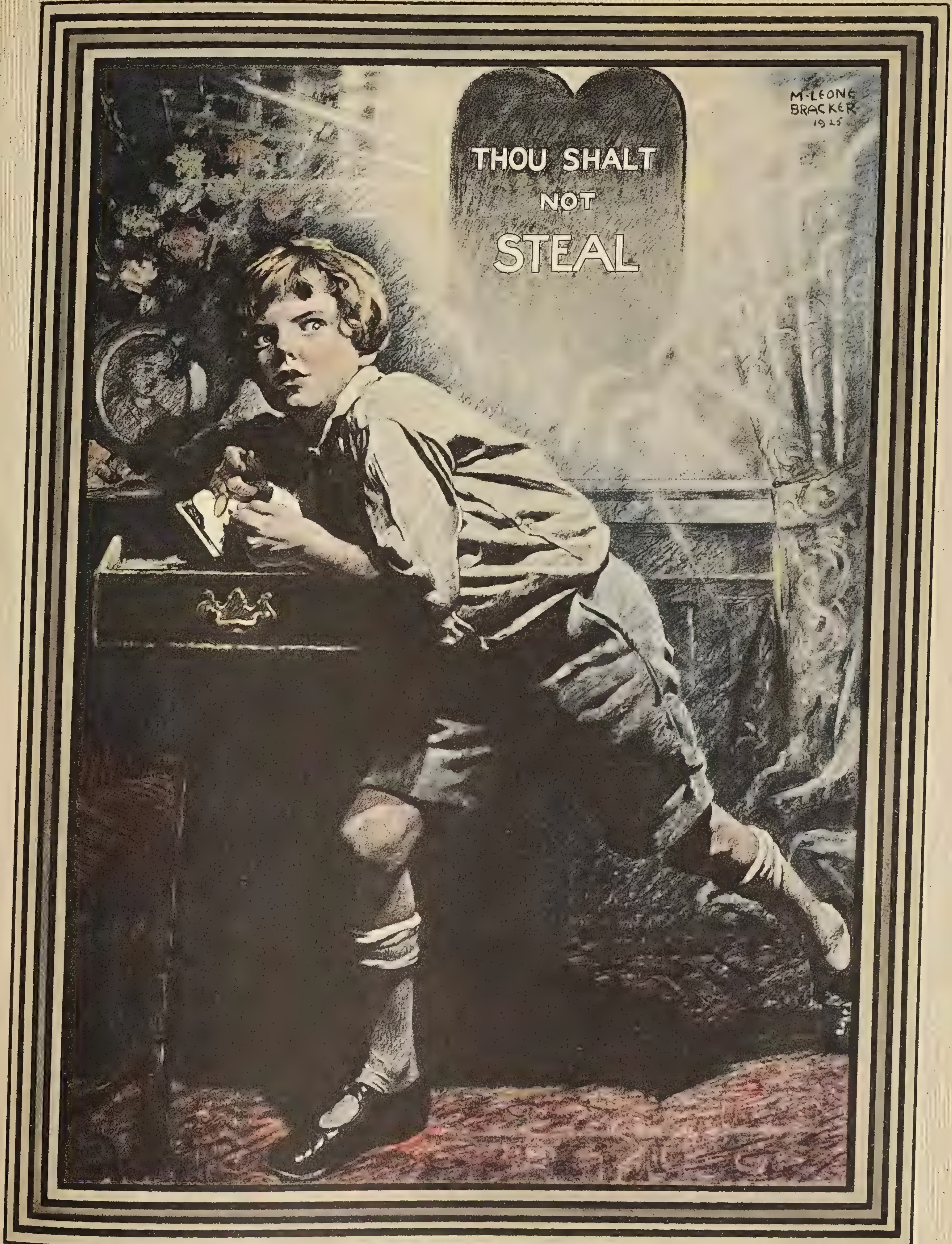
THOU SHALT
NOT
STEAL
M·LEONE
BRACKER
1925

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS
"Thou Shalt Not Steal"
EIGHTH COMMANDMENT

Drawn by M. LEONE BRACKER

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Unfinished Business

An Editorial by Ida Clyde Clarke

WOMEN represent half of the human race. In some respects at least we think we are the more important sex, despite a fairly well-accepted opinion to the contrary on the part of some members of the opposite sex.

We select the food for the family, even when man pays for it, and it is prepared by us or under our supervision. We can put a spider in the dumpling if we want to, and, having paid the bill for it, man would eat it obligingly. The home economists tell us that the kind of folks we are depends largely on what kind of food we eat. As a man eateth so is he, is what they would have us believe.

We buy most of the family clothing. If we only realized it, a single gesture of woman's white-gloved hand would settle definitely some of the most momentous and tortuous questions that are continually agitating the public mind, cluttering up the cables, and filling the public press. If several million of us would say with one voice through a single organization that we want our waist-line high and our neck-line low, think how many long, anxious weeks of watchful waiting could be saved!

Why, if we would do that the really creative minds of Paris would be set free to work on such problems as the war debt and the protocol. And what might not Premier Herriot do if he had the imagination of the milliners and the couturières to help him! After all, it does require imagination to plan present policies for the good of future generations. If there is one thing the politicians lack it is imagination. Their own noses usually mark the limit of their vision—their own noses and their own terms of office.

Women Have Their Say, but Not Their Way

WE WOMEN have the very first chance at the children—the chance to guide their physical, mental, and moral development. We are responsible for the first habits they form, for the first words they speak, for the first ideas that take root in their minds, and for the first ideals that fix themselves in their consciousness. The food we furnish for the child's body, his mind, and his soul determines what manner of man he will be.

The Ten Commandments

"Thou Shalt Not Steal"

EIGHTH COMMANDMENT

THE beneficent influence of early teaching can not be over-estimated. Many a man in an hour of trial has been saved from temptation by the recollection of some precept acquired in childhood. Instilling in the child-mind the consequences of wrong-doing will in after years help to guide the footsteps of the adult. The sudden remembrance of the Eighth Commandment and all that it means is what Mr. Bracker so eloquently portrays in his modern interpretation on the preceding page.

Next Month the Ninth Commandment

We women nearly always decide whether the family shall live under a gable roof with dormer-windows or a flat roof covered with tiles. It is up to us to say whether the furniture shall be Early Coney Island or Late Grand Rapids or Mid-Hollywoodian. Why, they are now telling us—the statisticians—that we even have the say in sixty-seven out of every one hundred cases as to how many cylinders our automobile shall have and whether it shall be a roadster or a sedan.

Yes, we have untold power so far as the selection of all of the commodities of life are concerned—unless one considers husbands as commodities. In this field we have to wait to be asked, and we may only choose from among the men who ask us to look after the life processes for them and see that things run along smoothly while they earn the money with which to pay the bills.

Now, with all of this power in our hands we could turn many a wheel of progress if we would. Since we buy eighty-seven per cent. of the world's goods we could have something to say as to how they are produced and marketed. We could set the styles in food, furniture, and clothing. We could start a fad for anything and wake up a few mornings later to find the men all ready to sell to us the article we had decided that we wanted. Men are very obliging that way. They work themselves to death trying to please us. They spend millions of dollars trying to educate us as to what we should buy.

If we choose to walk up and down the aisles of the shops, after the men have manufactured the things they think we ought to want, and turn up our noses at them, then they have to bear the brunt of it and try out something else on us. We make no prepromises as to what we will buy. And, my, how we do worry them! It is perhaps no exaggeration to assert that at least three-fourths of man's creative genius is expended on trying to think of something that he thinks we will buy. Then he manufactures it and tries to persuade us that we need it.

If We Knew We Wouldn't Tell

WHAT power we have if we want to exercise it! How imperialistic we could be about it all if we wanted to be! But we seem to like to keep the men guessing. We like to provide for them the eternal mystery that makes life entertaining, to represent for them the constantly recurring question-mark. If we knew exactly what kind of clothes and what kind of furniture and what kind of houses we want, and if we told it all to the men, life would not be half so interesting as it is now.

Now, women never will be able to agree as to the location of the waist-line or the cut of the neck-line. We know that these may move up and down, within reason, without affecting human progress or human morals in the least. But we have learned that underlying the life processes are strong currents that do influence the direction of the stream, and it is in these that we are most interested and upon which we are most united.

It was futile for women to try to make a program while political and economic freedom was still denied to them. Nor was it possible for a program to crystallize amid the confusion of the early days of freedom. All of our ideas and ideals, all of our wishes and longings, all of our prejudices and passions, were held in solution—bottled up tight within our multiplying organizations. But within the past club year a precipitate was formed, and the same substance was found at the bottom of every organization. And out of this substance a woman's program seems to have been made.

According to the best students of the times, and the best feminists we have, the fulfilment of the following program is the wish that is nearest the heart of the composite American woman: To open wide the doors of opportunity for women; to help in extending the blessings of home into community life; to insure a sound body for every child; to eliminate illiteracy; to promote general happiness and prosperity; to make human life safe.

But these are very general statements indeed. We disagree as to *how* the doors of opportunity should be opened to women. No

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The CRYSTAL CUP

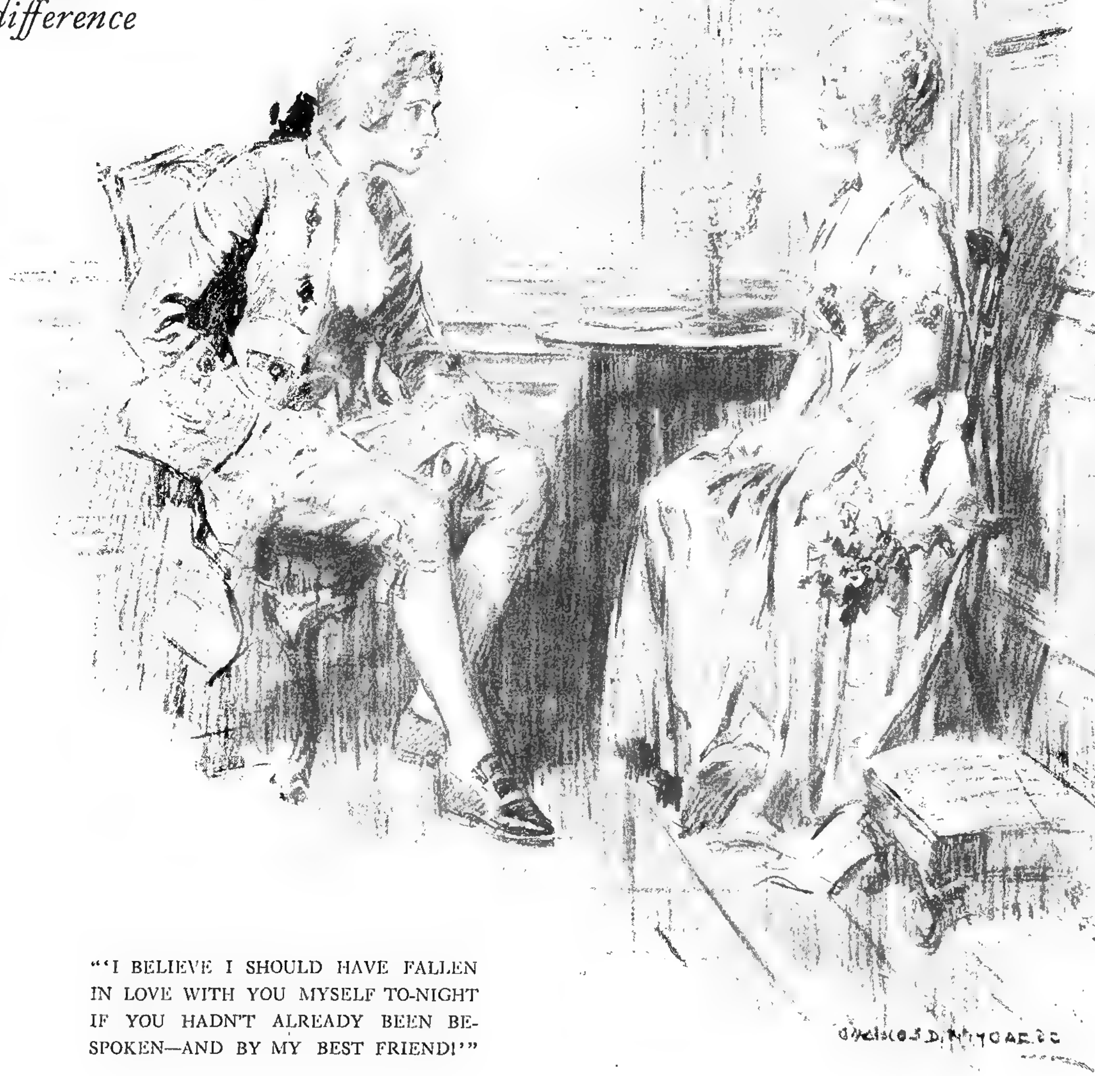
A Great American Novel, the Central Figure a Beautiful Young Woman Who Treats Love and Romance with Disdainful Indifference

By Gertrude Atherton

Author of "Black Oxen"

Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell

In Four Parts—Part Two



"'I BELIEVE I SHOULD HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOU MYSELF TO-NIGHT IF YOU HADN'T ALREADY BEEN BESPOKEN—AND BY MY BEST FRIEND!'"

The Story Began

AFTER the death of her mother Gita Carteret went to live with old Mrs. Carteret, her grandmother, in the manor-house in Atlantic City. Grandmama was rich and important and on the last lap of a fatal illness. Gita was beautiful and young—independent in spite of her poverty. In the company of a dissolute father, whom she abhorred, and a delicate mother, whom she adored, Gita had for years been dragged all over Europe.

To protect herself from the unpleasant advances of her father's dissipated friends she had adopted the dress and manners of a boy, and any attempt on the part of her grandmother to make her over into the Carteret mold Gita hotly resented. In fact, her quiet life during her grandmother's illness had been productive of nothing but restlessness and boredom.

The day of her grandmother's funeral Gita learned that the entire estate reverted to her—house and lands, priceless furniture and precious jewels, the family pocketbook and the family portraits. But she was alone in the world. What was to become of her? Her only friends, Elsie Brewster, a clever young widow, and Polly Pleyden, a pleasure-devotee, became obsessed with the idea that she should develop into a society butterfly. But Gita thought she hated men and a festive life and wished to preserve her particular identity.

Her clothes were their first concern. Her old wardrobe was discarded at once and Gita was fitted out with fluffy ruffles and the family jewels. Dressing for her first dinner-party, Gita melted to her reflection in the mirror. Was it strange that her first fuss and feathers should have this effect upon her? In her pretty clothes she was a radiant beauty. What would be the result of a social career?

And Now

GITA, who was on her knees in the garden planting carnations, her favorite flower, but keeping one eye on Andrew and the new gardener, prepared to act summarily at any sign of violence on the old man's part, turned her head as she heard a taxi rattle up the avenue. Then she sprang to her feet and ran toward the house. Her morning visitor was Elsie Brewster.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked anxiously. It was only ten o'clock and Elsie had never even accepted an invitation to luncheon. No man in Atlantic City was more sternly devoted to business between the hours of nine and five than the capable Mrs. Brewster.

Elsie's face, usually as placid as the pool in the woods, was flushed a bright pink and her eyes sparkled with excitement. "Something wonderful has happened!" she exclaimed. "And I had to come over and tell you at once."

"Don't tell me you are being sent to Europe!" Gita had a sensation of blank dismay at the prospect of separation from this resourceful and interesting friend, the only one whose constant companionship she had ever craved.

"That wouldn't excite me the least little bit. But don't try to guess. I'll tell you. Come into the library where it's cool."

Gita ripped off her gauntlets and threw them on the floor of the hall. Her broad-brimmed hat followed a yard farther on. "What on earth can it be?" she demanded impatiently. "Don't tell me you're engaged." She glared at Elsie, who had removed her hat and thrown herself into one of the deep chairs by the window.

"No, no, my child, it's not that or I shouldn't have dared to face you. I'd have prepared the way by a note——"

"Well! What is it? What is it?"

"Did I ever tell you that I have a brother? I've hardly dared mention the word 'man' in your presence."

"Your mother once said something about a son out West somewhere, and of course I assumed that those pictures all over the house of a young man in khaki were his. Not bad-looking, as men go. Has he struck it rich?"

"I shall begin at the beginning." Elsie had labored too long at craftsmanship to tell a story haphazardly. "You know his medical course was interrupted by the War, and when he came home he returned to Columbia to finish. He hated to have me work, but mother's income had diminished like that of every one else, and he knew he could do far better by us later if he had a profession than if he chucked it and took a job with little or no future in it. Besides, he was always mad on the subject of surgery. He went to war and got the *croix de guerre* for operating under fire when the surgeon in charge of the hospital had been killed, and then coolly loading the patients into an ambulance and driving it off as the Germans rushed the town. When he came back he went to Butte, Mont., with a fellow graduate, whose father had offered him the position of assistant surgeon in his hospital. And there he was, pegging away, when what do you think happened?"

"How on earth should I know?" asked Gita crossly. "I suppose he married a rich patient."

"Not he. He's worked too hard and he's too much in love with his profession to have a thought to spare for women. No! A great surgeon, one of the greatest in New York, Dr. Gaunt, under whom he had served for a time in France, invited him to come to New York. Of course Geoff accepted at once. When he descended on us this morning he told us the whole story. Dr. Gaunt will pay him a salary until he is assured of stepping into the personal practise of the man who was former associate."

"Fine!" said Gita, as she sprang to her feet with a little squeal of delight. "Now you won't have to work any more and can devote all your time to writing." She did not kiss Elsie as another girl would have done, but seized her hand and pumped it up and down. "Oh, I am excited. It's too wonderful!"

"That's it, my dear. After I had got over being exultant for Geoff, who told me to go straight to the store and hand in my resignation, I'm bound to say I forgot him and was filled with an entirely personal excitement. I never felt so happy in my life."

"I should think so. I know what it is to be free."

She looked at Elsie's flushed face and sparkling eyes. "I suppose you'll give yourself up to an orgy of writing now," she said. "Get to work on that novel and be famous this time next year?"

"I'LL write it anyhow. Oh!" Elsie sprang to her feet and lifted her arms. "Oh! To know that I may have a career! A career! Whether you fail, or set the world on fire, can not make so very much difference if only you have the opportunity to try for it, to work for it, to think of nothing else! You can't imagine what it means."

"Yes, I can," said Gita sharply. "And it makes me feel like ten cents. I went to work in the garden this morning because I had nothing to do. I'm sick of the board walk, and I can't read all day."

Elsie came down from the empyrean and regarded her charge anxiously. "You're not getting bored? You!"

"Well, who wouldn't be, in this house all alone? I think I'd have enjoyed it if you and Polly hadn't put a lot of ideas in my head, for then I'd have been full of my new independence and freedom from sordid worries, and I always wanted to put in a lot of reading. I used to get a lot of gratification out of brooding and glooming. No doubt it's that I miss."

"Well! As long as you are honest with yourself you won't come to much harm. But you'd have ended by being a sulky old maid—or worse. Stable endocrines can be unbalanced in time. But I should think your hours would be pretty well filled. You have this house to run, you ride, walk, swim, read, and see a good deal of your friends. Later, New York will be furiously interesting. I really don't see what you have to complain of."

"Well, what does it all lead to? It's all very well for you to be in love with life and dance about and spread your wings. You've a gift, and a career in prospect—full of variety and suspense. The truth of the matter is, I suppose, that my nature craves drama. In a way I've had it all my life. Ugly business, most of it, but with all sorts of climaxes and uncertainties, and a tremendous amount of personal effort and strife. D'you think I'm cut out for a society woman? Just about as much as I'm cut out for a husband and babies. Just about!"

"But, Gita! Surely you are enjoying this new life of yours? And you do fit it, and you do manage to get a great deal out of it."

"Oh, yes, that's true enough. I only go off at a tangent once in a while. But, you see, I've done hard thinking all my life, and I simply can't help wondering every now and again what I'll do when the novelty has entirely worn off and I'm bored stiff. I'm not really bored yet. Just looking ahead."

"Well, just remind yourself that you are now in a position to command a good deal of novelty. This is only the prolog. Life takes care of the changes when one is free on the surface, not burrowing in one of the ruts. Even then things have been known to happen. Of course you'll never fall in love, so you'll probably miss the most exciting experience of all. But life, when you are fairly launched in it—oh, wait, my dear! Just wait!"

Gita shrugged her shoulders. "I'm waiting! All you say sounds very fine, but it's just glittering generalities. However, I *am* ungrateful and I'll think no more about it. You'll stay to lunch?"

But Elsie rose and put on her hat. "Not to-day. To-morrow, if you'll have me. But this is Geoff's first day home in over a year. I wish you'd dine with us to-night. Can't you forget that Geoff is a man and merely think of him as my brother? After all, when you come out you'll have to meet endless men, and talk to them, too."

Gita gave her a hard stare. "If I thought——"

"Oh, no!" Elsie gave her rippling laugh. "I'm no matchmaker, and if I were you'd be the last person on earth whose love-destiny I'd dare to have a hand in. I'm not sure you'll even tolerate Geoff because he's my brother. He's rather silent, even with us. Women don't interest him and he makes no effort to talk to them. But I'd like to have you meet him simply because he is my brother, and you have become a part of my life."

Gita kissed her for the first time. It was a peck, but it meant as much, Elsie knew, as the remark that followed. "I'll come, of course, and I'll try not to hate him."

ELSIE had never been able to refurnish her old house, but she could have pink lights in the dining-room and a bowl of pink roses on the table to draw attention from the worn linen and serviceable plates. Colored servants had long since relieved Mrs. Pelham of the "fine china" and Bohemian glass of palmier days.

There was a fifth at the table, for Geoffrey Pelham had met a friend on the board walk and brought him home. Neither of the men wore evening clothes, but Mrs. Pelham, whose austere face shone with light, wore her best black satin, bordered at the neck and wrists with Irish lace. Elsie's gown of "Caribbean blue" deepened the hue of her eyes, and the revealed pedestal of her neck gave her head a more girlish beauty. She looked barely twenty and her cheeks were very pink, her eyes very bright.

Gita, acutely conscious of her own bare neck and arms, with a rosy glow on their ivory surfaces, tried to concentrate her mind on the excellent food, and answered in monosyllables the occasional remarks addressed to her. It was the first dinner she had attended for over three years, and in San Francisco she had persisted in wearing uncomely little dark frocks with elbow-sleeves and a neck-curve that fitted the base of her throat.

THE conversational ball rolled between Elsie Brewster and Eustace Bylant. Mrs. Pelham merely beamed on her son, who devoted himself to his dinner and rarely volunteered a remark. Gita, who was appreciative of good looks, remarked that Geoffrey Pelham had the outlines of his mother redeemed by a keen intellectual life of his own, and a high head with an abundance of fair hair, properly cut at the back but indifferently brushed. His eyes, like Elsie's, were gray-blue, but darker, widely and deeply set, and he showed his battle with fortune, his ambition, and his devotion to his chosen science in a certain set grimness of mouth and nostril.

But altho Gita inferred he might be found attractive by women if sufficiently responsive, she dismissed this gift as negligible and concentrated her admiration for a moment on his brow. Like his sister's, it was high and full and had the same expression of intellectual nobility. A man of a single purpose, no doubt of that. Well, surgery could have him.

She turned her eyelashes on Mr. Bylant, who was still talking to Elsie.

Eustace Bylant was a novelist of considerable distinction, thirty-eight in years, but his undiminished curiosity, the activity of his mind, and his genuine interest in current life and thought enabled him without effort to be as modern as the younger generation. Sometimes more so, for the youngsters were often ingenuously medieval.

And his religion was art, words his flexible tools; he could create a living picture of dire offensiveness without an offensive word. An inexorable realist, he scorned to introduce beauty where beauty was not.

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Bylant had never made an effort to repress the mobile play of his features, and looked less than his thirty-eight years. His long nose was sharp and investigating, his mouth would have been sensuous but for an almost rigid firmness of the lower lip, and his lively gray eyes sparkled with tolerance and good humor. He wore an infinitesimal mustache and short, pointed beard. He was always meticulously groomed and radiated good health; his large, firm hands were as carefully tended as a fastidious woman's.

Gita, who had arrived early by request, and spent half an hour in Elsie's bedroom, had listened none too patiently to a brief biography of the distinguished guest. "I've not seen so very much of him, considering he's a great friend of my brother," Elsie had rattled on, "but he always calls when he comes to Atlantic City; and he has known from the first that I am the occasional 'Elizabeth Pelham' of the magazines. Shortly after my début as 'E. B.' he introduced me to Susan Forbes, who steered me into the haven of the Lucy Stone League, where cognominal transitions from father to husband are sternly tabu. Do I look all right?"

Gita had assured her she looked lovely, and they had gone down-stairs arm in arm.

Aloof and apparently absorbed in her Maryland chicken, she wondered apprehensively if Bylant were in love with Elsie, and decided he was not. His eyes were merely bright with interest as they discussed current tendencies and sophisticate personalities. He had darted a curious glance at herself once or twice in the parlor, and there had been a sudden glow in his eyes when they were introduced, but he had favored her with his notice no farther.

At this point it occurred to her that she was acting like a "cub." Here she was not only the guest of honor, but the only other girl present. She made a wild dive among the shades of her ancestors and suddenly she became Miss Carteret of Carteret Manor. To behave like a sulky outlaw and cast a shade over the feast would no longer be tolerated. Gita imagined with a shudder the cold disapproval of Mrs. Pleyden if she sat like a sphinx at her table with a picked man on either side to entertain. She might as well begin now.

She turned to Dr. Pelham and asked a tentative question: "Are you glad to be home, to have seen the last of the West?"

Pelham smiled slightly. "Oh, I rather liked Butte."

"Mining town, isn't it?"

"Rather." He was in no mood for small talk, for his mind was full of his suddenly dazzling future, but he was host and he recognized his duty. "A very noisy town. There are three shifts, you know, and groups of miners on the street-corners at all hours of the day and night. The city never seems to sleep."

Gita turned to him squarely. She felt no repulsion toward individual men as long as they were impersonal, and Butte roused her curiosity. At the same moment Dr. Pelham was enabled to observe that she had the largest and fiercest black eyes he had ever seen and quite the most remarkable eyelashes. "Please tell me something about Butte," she said eagerly. "I have lived in a good many places, but never in a mining town. I always thought I'd like to go to Johannesburg, but I never heard of Butte until to-day."

"The two cities are said to be much alike." And he launched into a description of the stark hill, once known as Perch of the Devil, for extremely good reasons, where the inhabitants walked over copper-mines a mile in depth and sometimes found outcroppings in their back yards. He was grateful to her for introducing a subject which cost him no effort. His sentences were brief and unadorned, but it seemed to Gita that she had a complete vision of that unique "camp" in the Rocky Mountains with its sinister and unsleeping life underground and its scarred and feverish surface.

"I'll go there some day," she said, and not merely to be polite. "It would be a new sensation to telephone to New York in a comfortable office a mile underground."

Bylant and Elsie had fallen silent and were listening, the latter with intense approval. Geoffrey was exerting himself to entertain a woman, and Gita was hanging on his words. Then Elsie frowned. What Geoff needed was a good old-fashioned wife, and whatever else Gita might become she would never be soothing and adaptable. Eustace Bylant might manage her. But the distinguished author so far had not manifested the slightest interest in Gita Carteret.

Then Elsie became aware that while leaning toward Geoffrey, Bylant was covertly watching her friend. There was a curious expression in his eyes—not admiration—not even speculation—not dubiety. Gita, now that she had abandoned her pose, more especially when she wore soft and luminous satin and a rope of shimmering pearls, did not look in the least like a boy. She was still more handsome than beautiful, perhaps, for there was no trace of softness in her spirited features, and had it not been for her eyelashes she would have resembled too closely the eagle-like countenance of her grandmother. Elsie almost lost her breath as the expression in Bylant's eyes deepened to an inner certainty. Expectancy. Hope. She had watched it dawn out of a stare of keen appraisement, as if his critical faculty were determined to make no mistake.

Then she saw him shrug his shoulders, shift his gaze, and give his full attention to Geoffrey. A few moments later, to his friend's manifest relief, he took over the burden of conversation and talked of old and abandoned mining towns he had seen in Nevada, and told stories, both orthodox and unusual, that clung to them.

This time Bylant included Gita in the conversation, as he did Mrs. Pelham, and with equal and charming politeness; and nothing more. Gita went home with the sense of having had an agreeable and instructive evening, and of enjoying it more than she deserved. Far more important, she had pleased Elsie and was not compelled to anathematize herself as a boor. Topper had been ordered to call for her in a taxi, lest Elsie should insist upon her brother's escort. Dr. Pelham, much relieved, pronounced her a sensible young woman, and looked astonished when his sister went off into a paroxysm of laughter.

GITA was walking in her woods. She had had a canter on the beach and a swim and was full of exultant life. The mood of two mornings earlier was forgotten. She had come into the woods because there was no one to see her if she looked as pagan as she felt, and she loved these beautiful silent pines more than any of her possessions. Occasionally she danced, and kicked the pine-needles and fallen cones about. She wondered if she had been a dryad in a former incarnation, or if she were merely being young for the first time. She also wondered if she would ever have been unhappy, even under the shadow of her father, if they had lived in the country. In these pine-woods with their brooding but intimate silences, their pungent fragrance and lovely solitude, she had a sense both of space and friendliness, of stateliness and simplicity.

And they were hers! She had never taken even Elsie into them. She had a fancy that these straight, slender trees had, perhaps a million years ago, lived as men and women and that they recognized her as an old playmate and sheltered her jealously when she found her joy in their shade. She picked up a cone and flung it into the arbors above, resenting even the presence of a squirrel in her secret domain, and gave a whoop of delight as it scampered angrily across its branch into another tree.

And then she came face to face with Eustace Bylant.

"You look like a woods nymph," he said, lifting his hat, undisconcerted by the fierce blaze of her eyes. "For the moment I hesitated to break the spell."

Gita was speechless with amazement and wrath. She felt an impulse to chase him out of her sacred woods as she would a stray cat from her bedroom. Then she remembered her manners and said with bitter politeness, "Good morning. You startled me, but this is the first time I have ever met any one in my woods."

"Are they yours? I beg your pardon. New Jersey is covered with woods and one gets into the habit of thinking of them—well, as just woods. And I happen to be very fond of woods. But I am really sorry," he added contritely. "You looked so happy a moment ago—happier than any mere mortal has a right to look. And I think I understand. I'll go if you insist—" He broke off, but the spell was broken.

"Oh, well, as you are here you may as well stay," Gita said with no attempt at graciousness. "But I must go in presently. I have business letters to write."

"Oh, please! Business letters! What a horrible thought! How could it enter your head in these woods?"

He strolled beside her, his hands in the pockets of his riding-coat, his hat pushed to the back of his head. He had come to the woods deliberately to meet her, and find her off her guard; and he had been rewarded by a full glimpse of something he had half suspected two nights ago. She had haunting memories for him, and he was determined to study her, possibly to marry her. He had extracted something of her history from Elsie Brewster after Gita had left them, and more from Polly Pleyden, with whom he had dined on the following night. But the information had been sought less out of sheer masculine curiosity than as a means for determining his tactics.

"May I smoke?"

Gita nodded sullenly. She had behaved uncommonly well, she told herself, but if he were unable to take a hint nothing further could be expected of her. A man in her woods! But this creature did not look predatory and his cool, impersonal gaze aroused in her no sense of wary disquiet. She walked straight and silent beside him, and he talked of the dinner at the Pleyden's."

"Polly was rather huffed when I told her I had met you at the Pelham's," he said. "It seems you have refused to dine with her."

"My grandmother has only been dead three months. Polly knows quite well I don't go out. Dining with Elsie is another matter."

"Quite so. But I am delighted to hear that your period of mourning will end in the Winter and you will visit the Pleyden's in New York. It seems Mrs. Pleyden had some understanding with your grandmother."

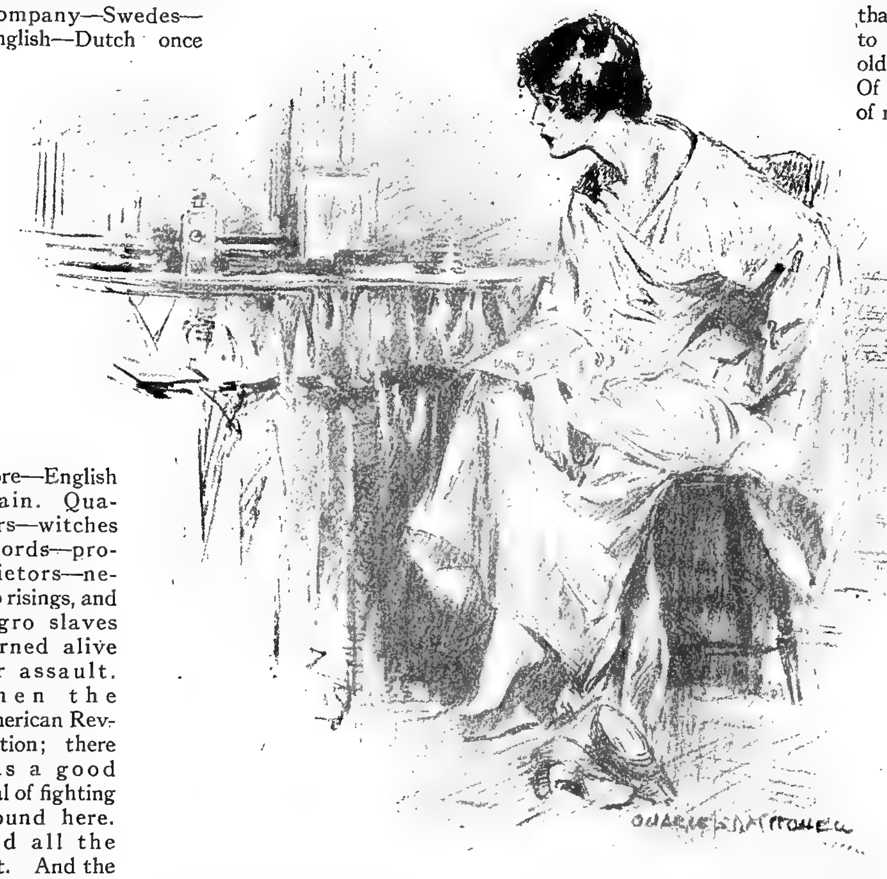
"Oh! No!" Gita's voice sounded genuine alarm. "If I've got to be introduced to this Eastern society I've got to, I suppose; but I shall live here and only go to New York occasionally. And I'll not be invited to parties because I don't dance. I don't fancy I'll be run after for dinners, either. I wish I were rich enough to have an apartment in town, for I do want to go to the opera and all the new plays. But my lawyer says I must be careful for a year or two."

"Why don't you rent the manor? It would bring you a fancy price."

Gita shook her head vigorously. "I did think of it once, but I never could do it now. It's too much mine in too many ways. I could as easily have rented out my grandmother."

Bylant laughed heartily. He had a mellow laugh and it struck no false note in the woods. "I have heard a good deal of Mrs. Carteret, and I fancy your old manor-house would appreciate the compliment. I understand exactly what you mean, for I too have an old house—in Albany—and my mother would not live anywhere else. She insisted that old houses, particularly old family mansions, had a very real and complex personality, made up not only of those who had lived there—the direct inheritors and the diverse strains introduced by marriage—but because the windows, she said, were so many eyes looking out on history in the process of making. My mother used to say that if anything could convert her to spiritualism it would be in the hope of making her old walls speak—the house had been built by a Dutch ancestor when Albany was Fort Orange, and she refused to leave it when she married."

Gita was regarding him with interested eyes. "How odd!" she exclaimed. "I've been feeling just like that lately. Been reading a history of New Jersey, and my old manor must have accumulated tomes. Primeval wilderness and Indians. Dutch West India Company—Swedes—English—Dutch once more—English again. Quakers—witches—lords—proprietors—negro risings, and negro slaves burned alive for assault. Then the American Revolution; there was a good deal of fighting around here. And all the rest. And the Carterets lived a wild life of their own. My baronial hall, as the historian calls it, has an aloof, brooding, almost intolerably self-satisfied air, as if it knew so much more than any mere mortal could ever learn. It is quite haughtily reserved and withdrawn and only condescends to me because I was born a Carteret. But it really makes me feel more at home than I ever felt anywhere else, and I'd starve before I'd have its atmospheres damaged by aliens."



"'NOW WHAT ON EARTH WAS HE DRIVING AT?' SHE DEMANDED OF HER FROWNING REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR. 'DOES HE WANT TO MARRY ME? SOUNDING ME OUT? WELL, I HOPE HE'S SATISFIED'"

"I understand perfectly." He had turned a little pale, but he continued to regard her with eyes that evinced a mere friendly interest. And as he had evidently been as devoted to his mother as she to her own, she decided to tolerate him for the morning, at least.

"I'm rather tired," she said. "Let's sit down."

They had come to the edge of the pool, an oval sheet in the heart of the woods. She propped herself against a tree and he selected one close by. "Now," she said, "tell me more of your mother. What did she look like?"

"Very much like you," said Bylant.

For a moment Gita felt more angry than astonished, and half rose. Then she settled back with a laugh. "Was she any relation of the Carterets?"

"Not that I know of, but types are not confined to families."

"I don't at all like being told I belong to a type."

"But every one does, my dear child." Bylant smiled indulgently as he took out his pipe. "It is the common lot, altho nothing distresses the ego more than to be reminded of it. But it is type accentuated, raised to the *n*th degree, that makes the individual. You are like my mother in certain respects, in others not at all, and yet you are the only person I have ever met who reminded me of her. If you had been brought up here at Carteret Manor the resemblance would be more striking still, but on the other hand, if the conditions had been reversed, I don't doubt that my mother would have been, at your age, almost precisely what you are to-day."

Gita had been introduced to a new sensation. Titillated vanity conquered pique. She had heard of the none too subtle methods of the American male and eyed Bylant warily, then concluded he was harmless, and smiled encouragingly. "I suppose, on the whole, I should be flattered," she said. "How was your mother brought up?"

"In the most orthodox manner possible. A beautiful, high-spirited, intelligent girl, she was educated partly in France, partly in New York, and came out inevitably at eighteen. She had a Winter of intoxicating belledom and then married my father, who was her complement in looks, being even lighter than I am, had that air of intense reserve that suggests unfathomable depths, and most charming manners. It was blind surrender to the race-urge, and the marriage was not a happy one. My father was dull, stubborn, and had ideas as orthodox as himself on the subject of home rule. "He was thrown from his horse and killed when I was seven. After that she devoted herself entirely to me and recovered all her old buoyancy and joy of life. Of course she had other offers of marriage, and many friends, but she was too happy in her freedom and her child to be tempted for a moment to marry again. She entertained enough to give the atmosphere of my home a certain gaiety and to initiate me into the ways of the minor world. I went to boarding-school when the proper time came, but I spent my vacations with her, and when I left Harvard and returned home with the intention of adopting the profession of letters, she became my constant companion and spoiled me for any one else. She had a wide range of interests, in life as well as in books, and magnificent spirits——"

"Well, those I haven't got, at all events. I've felt blue and cross most of my life."

"I saw you dancing in the woods. You looked sixteen—no, ageless. Your spirits were in constant conflict with your luck and boiled over into the wrong channels. If you had been commonplace your unhappy experience would have made little impression on you."

"Well, it made a lot, and if you care to hear it I'll tell you something about my own mother."

He leaned over and emptied the ashes of his pipe into the lake. When he turned to her his eyes were bright and his cheeks flushed, but his expression betrayed nothing more than kindly interest. "Please do," he said warmly. "One confidence deserves another."

"You'll not put me in a book!" There was a very faint note of alarm in her voice, and she experienced another titillation at the possibility.

"I certainly should not take such a liberty without your consent after you had given me your confidence. But just now I am only interested in discovering what has made you so different from my mother."

This subtle touch completed the conquest of Gita's jealous reserve. To her increasing amazement she found herself unburdening her soul of the poisonous accumulations of her twenty-two years. She told the chronicle from the beginning, omitting no detail. If she paused to remind herself that she was breaking the habit of a lifetime and turning herself inside out—to a man! Of all things!—she concluded that an author was much the same as a father confessor.

Bylant, overwhelmingly interested in her both as a man and an ardent psychologist, was quite aware of her attitude toward him, and altho the man in him rebelled, for he was more in love with her every moment, he consoled himself with the pregnant certainty that he was her first confidant. It was a long first step and he knew the virtue of patience.

But Gita's indifference to anything below the intellectual dome of her new friend was complete. She felt buoyant and released, as if she had suddenly been hauled out of a dungeon and introduced to light and freedom, and she felt grateful and quite willing to take him on as a doctor. He had certainly purged her soul. To talk about herself after all these years of repression had been almost ecstatic. But she concluded on a light note.

"There, you've had it all! Not a pretty story, is it? And you must be thankful I'm not your mother."

"If you hadn't been her psychological—and physiological—twin your story would have been very different and you wouldn't have told it."

GITA glanced at her wrist-watch and sprang to her feet. "A quarter past one! My old Topper will be wringing his hands. He's served meals on time for fifty years. You must come back to lunch with me. I've an excellent cook."

Bylant dusted the pine-needles from his trousers. "I'll come with the greatest pleasure in the world, for I'm both hungry and highly appreciative of good cooking; and this is a morning sternly devoted to truth."

His tone was gay and matter-of-fact. Gita shrugged her shoulders. Well, she had done the inconceivable. Why not have a man friend for a change? And an author man was far more understanding and stimulating than any woman she had known.

After luncheon they sat in the library, and for a time in silence, Bylant enjoying his cigar, his eyes roving appreciatively over the walls of books.

Gita followed his glance. "Those old tomes are pretty dull," she said with a sigh. "But I learned something of the history of each of the countries I lived in—France, Belgium, Germany, Italy; we were even in England once for a few months—and it is time I knew more. I'm frightfully ignorant. I like history and biographies better than anything, but I must say it's rather hard to lose oneself in musty pages covered with brown spots. I don't believe a Carteret bought a book later than 1830. But I peg away at it for two hours every evening and I've made a virtuous resolution not to read a novel for six months."

"I'll send you some of the modern histories and biographies. They are equally—perhaps more—authentic, and their writers belong to this generation and are more fearful of dulness than of crime."

But he had no intention of discussing books with her. It should be another bond between them in the future and the fertile cause of frequent association; but the mood of the morning was still on her, her intoxicated ego still danced in those magnificent eyes, and Gita was not slow to understand that she was a most interesting study to this distinguished novelist, and she rose to the bait.

He also gave her a more detailed account of his own life, particularly before the sudden death of his mother eight years ago; and if, when they finally parted, Gita did not feel that she knew him better than any of her many acquaintances and few friends, it was through no fault of his.

"You'll see me again in a day or two," he said as they shook hands in the garden, whither they had migrated as the sun rode to the west. "I'm going to New York tomorrow to make a choice selection among my books for your delectation. May I bring them over Friday?"

"Come to lunch if you like. It's been very jolly and I'll always be glad to see you—with or without the books." This author man had chased away her black clouds, and she felt intensely grateful to him.

He felt an impulse to ask her to meet him in the woods, but decided it would be a failure in tactics, and merely replied:

"I shall take advantage of your hospitality very often. I came to Atlantic City to get rid of a cold. But the life here has never interested me, and I'll look upon you as the best of good fellows if you'll let me come often to this delightful old manor."

"The door is always open. As they used to say in California in the old Spanish days, 'The house is yours. Burn it if you will.'"

And they both laughed, and parted, well pleased with themselves.

GITA, who had pestered Mr. Donald for money to refurnish her house, had announced some time since that she had changed her mind.

"I suppose the house has changed it for me," she thought. "I've an idea its walls would fall in if I took too many liberties with its sacred traditions."

And now that the more anachronistic of the furnishings had been banished and fresh air had exorcised the mustiness she had found so depressing, there was no question that tulipwood and hickory, spindle-legs and mahogany, carved oak and pewter, Sheraton and Windsor, brocade and damask, however little they might harmonize, were as much a part of the historic old mansion as the family portraits. Like the walls, they had been the mute companions of nearly three centuries of Carterets, and Gita, sitting on one of the faded chairs in the drawing-room, sometimes fancied there was a knowing smile on the lips of her grandmother's portrait, painted shortly after she came to the manor as a bride.

Gita had despised ancestral traditions as long as they had given her nothing, but now that she possessed an adequate and independent income and one of the most historic old properties in America, she felt as if she were being re-educated in silent communion with every Carteret that had lived here before her.

There were family portraits all over the lower floor, and their painted, unchanging faces had become as familiar to her as those of her lively and excessively modern young friends. She sat in the twilight and tried to visualize that long and vanished line that had contributed to the personality of the house even if their shades did not return to haunt it.

Oh, the old house had got her! It was remaking her in a way, and at this conclusion she sometimes rebelled. She had looked upon Gita Carteret as a crystallized and unique individuality, and to be reconstructed by a combination of circumstances and ghosts gave her ego some intemperate moments; but finally she reasoned that as every one was the sum of his ancestors, what she was developing into had really composed the foundations of her being, and was now enjoying its first opportunity to express itself.

While drawing these wise conclusions she quite forgot her mother who, after all, had contributed a modicum of sweetness and adaptability—to say nothing of good manners when Gita chose to use them. No Carteret had ever been called adaptable or sweet. Their grim, handsome, hard faces were of men and women whom life had favored, not chastened, and had bred out less powerful cross-strains necessarily introduced by marriage.

Gita had forgotten Eustace Bylant almost as soon as he had left her; forgot him as promptly after each subsequent visit. As a man he was non-existent. Altho she analyzed herself ruthlessly and as often as occasion demanded, on sex—either in herself or other women—she had never wasted a thought. She might resent being a "female," but as to what it involved aside from its disabilities was no concern of hers. She had read enough to know that some women went through life as frigid as the disembodied, and she concluded, when she thought about the matter at all, that she belonged in their class. Odd if she did not, with her springs poisoned before they had reached the surface. Anyhow, it was one more matter for congratulation and pointed the wings of her freedom.

POLLY strolled in on her one day when she was standing before the portrait of her grandmother, whimsically making faces at the intolerant beauty who had harbored no doubts of *her* place in the general scheme, and laughed aloud.

"Why don't you stick your tongue out at her?" she asked. "I often wanted to when I was a kid."

Gita whirled, frowning. "I didn't hear you!"

"Glad you didn't. Caught another glimpse of your innards. Eustace Bylant would express it more classically, no doubt. Hear you've been seeing a lot of him lately. What's happened? Thought you had no use for men."

"He's brought me some books—jolly good ones."

"But he's a man, my dear. A two-legged, upstanding, at least eighty-eight per cent. man."

"Is he?" asked Gita indifferently. "What has that to do with it? I remember I told you once I'd no objection to talking to intelligent men as long as they behaved themselves."

"Oh, he's a sly old fox, but I'll wager this is the first time he's had to hold in and lay siege. Siege is generally on the other side. However, life, to say nothing of our own sweet sex, has treated him well. It would have taken a good deal to discourage him——"

"Don't be a crashing bore. He's educating me. You look lovely. Why don't blondes always wear pale yellow?"

"Like it?" Polly spun on her heel. She wore a woven silk sport suit and untrimmed felt hat of yellow the shade of her hair and looked not unlike a canary. "You'd be wonderful in yellow yourself, and I long for the time when you'll go into colors. I've thought out two gowns for you."

Gita's eyes sparkled and her faint annoyance passed, with all memory of Eustace Bylant. "I feel symptoms of taking a frantic interest in dress and wish I were rich."

"Oh, you've enough. Lots of the girls have to manage. They've got hold of a little dressmaker lately who was with Langdorf & Dana for years and has set up for herself. She'll dress you for hundreds where the old robbers would charge you thousands. And as Mr. Donald is dying to get rid of you he'll not lecture you on extravagance—and that brings me to the object of this morning's call. Mother is frightfully upset."

"Is she? What's the matter with her?" Gita was sitting on a low crinoline chair, looking up at Polly, who had begun to walk restlessly about the room.

"Have to come out with it, I suppose, as I offered to take on the job. She and Mr. Donald had a long powwow yesterday, and the upshot was they decided you must have a chaperon-companion."

"Chaperon? I?" Gita sprang to her feet. "Are you raving?"

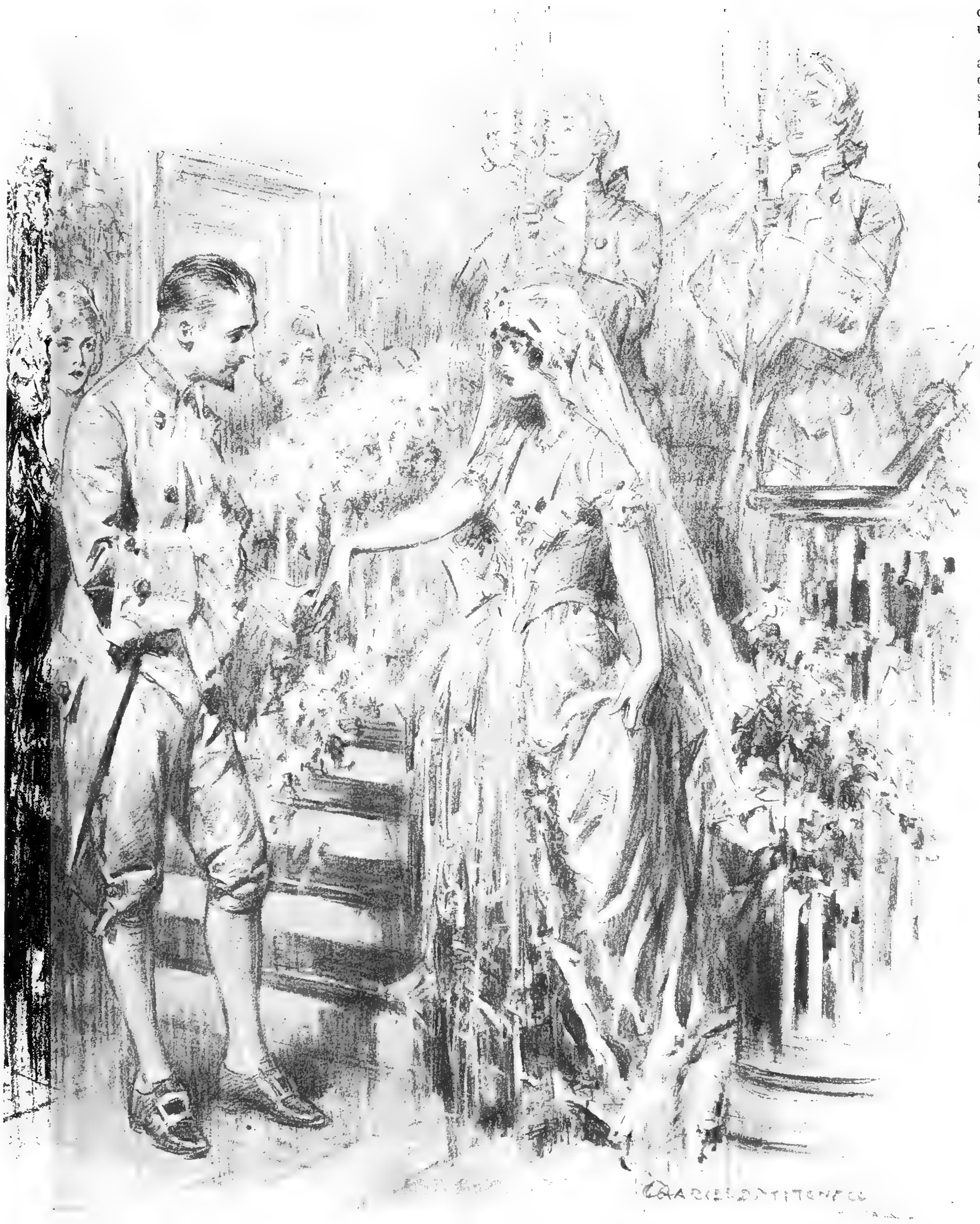
"Oh, come now, Gita; you've seen a good deal of the world, first and last. You know perfectly well that girls of our sort don't live alone. Neither mother nor Mr. Donald thought it worth bothering about because you were you. They never for a moment imagined you'd be receiving young men alone?"

"I'll not let him come here again. I shouldn't care if I never saw him again."

"Poor Eustace! But the harm's done, my dear. All Chelsea is buzzing——"

"Your crowd, you mean! They're nice ones to talk. I thought they'd forgotten the meaning of the word 'chaperon.'"

"Ah, but we never live alone, my dear. To be really



"THE STATELY TRIO REACHED THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS, AND EUSTACE TOOK GITA'S HAND AND LED HER FORWARD. ONCE HE FELT HER HAND TWITCH AS IF SHE WOULD SNATCH IT AWAY, BUT HE HELD IT FIRMLY"

free you must observe certain conventions just as you must wear the proper clothes. We'll have to find a respectable companion for you——"

"No, you will not! I love living alone and doing just as I please. And no companion would stay with me a week, I'll tell you. And if I have to choose between your stupid old society and my complete independence I won't come out. I could get a lot more out of New York by myself, and if I want to know people Elsie will take me among her sophisticates. You know perfectly well I'd be a failure in society, anyhow."

Polly was dismayed. She had watched the evolution of Gita with satisfaction and mirth, and was convinced that when she had shed the last of her bristles she would be a regular girl, not quite like any one else, perhaps, but amenable. But this was taking freedom altogether too seriously. She gathered her forces and she was a hardy antagonist.

"Know what will happen?" she demanded, seating herself and lighting a cigaret. "Some of the men of that sophisticate crowd will take liberties. Pretty mixed crowd; not all gentlemen. I've sneaked out and gone to several of their parties with Eustace. They don't drink any more than we do, but our boys know how to treat us—have the same code—some of those men do not. And they'd assume you were a *blasée* rich girl out for larks. You're a beauty in your own fierce way, and you'd have trouble with them. Neither Eustace nor Elsie could protect you——"

"Shut up! Shut up!" Gita stamped her foot. Her black brows were an unbroken line and her eyes shooting sparks. "Don't you suppose I know how to take care of myself? I've had enough experience and I'm not afraid of those sophisticates; they're probably babies beside European men, and if they were as bad as you make them out, I'd keep them in their place."

"Quite right, my dear. But you're not their sort, so they won't bother you——"

"You just said those other men were not my sort, either."

"More so, for they have brains and they'd go crazy over you. You'll only be safe with us, my dear, and nowhere else."

She had played her first strong card and was wise enough to break off and open her vanity-box, while Gita strode over to the window and stared moodily at the calm old oak on the lawn.

"I needn't go into that crowd, either." Gita broke the silence after Polly had powdered her nose and lit another cigaret.

"Oh? Sure? You forget you've learned what companionship means, and I doubt if you could do without it. Eustace must have taught that hungry mind of yours a few things. Hasn't he?"

"Well, according to your own account, I'd not find any of his sort in your set."

"But I have a plan, if you'll sit down and look at me. A real inspiration. Eustace is the only man I happen to know in that crowd; he's a second or third cousin, and mother used to visit his mother in Albany. But I'll take him on as a partner to make our house interesting to you. He'll bring as many of his friends to us as he thinks worthy the honor of meeting you, and will give parties at his rooms, handpicked. That way you'll have the cream of both worlds and can enjoy yourself without wondering what will come next. I sha'n't object a bit myself, for novelty is the only thing to live for; and as for mother, she adores Eustace and wouldn't mind a bit if I married him——"

"Why don't you? He's a gentleman, has plenty of money, and an occupation that would keep him out of your way most of the time."

"I believe in mixed colors if not in mixed races. A brunette for mine. Not dark enough to be greasy, but a nice, pale brown or olive. A man as blond as I am would make my skin crawl. Now, if you were to marry Eustace that would settle our problem nicely."

Gita deigned no answer.

"NOT for a year or two, really," continued Polly. "I want you to find out what it is to be a girl first. But isn't mine the perfect plan?"

"It sounds better than it may work out."

"It appeals to you, and you can't deny it. And that brings us back to the main point. You must have a companion."

"That I won't."

"Your voice has lost its emphasis. You know that you must. There's an aunt of mother's, poor but proud. She wears caps, and takes nice little mincing steps——"

"Good Heavens!"

"Well, how about Mrs. Brewster?" Polly tightened the corners of her lips as Gita dropped into a chair and stared at her.

"Elsie! What an idea!"

"Fine idea. She would do for the rest of the year, and you're coming to us in January."

"Elsie? She's about the only person I could live with. But—if she'd come."

"She will when I put it up to her. I've only met her twice, once here, and the other night at a dinner Eustace gave, but I'd like an excuse to call on her, and if you say the word I'll tackle her to-day."

"She can't work anywhere but in her study."

"That's the way Eustace talks. But she could write at home and spend the rest of her time here. That mother of hers wouldn't miss anybody from all accounts."

"Well—if Elsie'll come I'll have her, but no one else,

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mind you. And you mustn't call on her in the morning. She doesn't let any one disturb her."

"Then I'll stay to lunch and see to it that you don't change your mind."

Elsie, after a long and sweeping talk with Polly Pleyden, accepted the invitation. Both agreed that Eustace Bylant was the husband for Gita—eventually. And, as it was out of the question for her to live alone any longer, Elsie was the one to clear his path.

"Not that I'll say a word to her. I told her once I'd never dare meddle with her sex-problems, and I meant it. But if she can fall in love with Eustace Bylant, it would be an ideal marriage for her. He's everything she is not, and yet the differences are not the sort that antagonize, but complement. And he's just the guide she needs. An impetuous man would repel her from the start. There is a subtle bond between them, quite aside from books; altho so far, of course, Gita regards him merely as a walking intelligence."

"Oh, let him do the job," said Polly lightly. "You just stick round and play long-distance propriety. But if he says anything to you, tell him to go slow. I want to see first what Gita's like when she's racketing round with us. But I don't fancy he'll rush her. Knows that patience is his long suit. If he loses his head some moonlight night—well! I'd like to be there to see the explosion. But I fancy he'll watch out. Must make himself as indispensable and familiar as the old furniture and Topper. And then sort of propose without actually proposing. Get my idea?"

"Oh, yes, I get it!" Elsie gave a faint sigh of envy. This radiant, assured young person had evidently never met defeat in her life. But she was the more ready to assist in the achieving of Miss Pleyden's latest whim because on the only two occasions Elsie had seen her brother since the dinner he had asked abruptly after Gita. Probably those black eyes of Gita's had been haunting him! Elsie could conceive of no bond between Geoffrey and Gita, and was determined they should not meet again if she could prevent it. No doubt Bylant would succeed in his suit before Gita went to New York for the Winter. Elsie sighed. She had her own day-dreams.

She moved over to the manor next day. "I know at least one novelist," she told Gita, "who writes every new book in a new place. Finds fresh associations stimulating. So, if you'll give me a quiet corner——"

Gita, delighted, gave her a room off the library that had been used as an office by her grandfather, and the experiment was a success. The social gods were placated. Elsie wrote from six until noon, while Gita either amused herself alone or with Eustace Bylant, who was the most complacent of the trio.

He never deluded himself that he had struck a spark from his own steady flame, but she depended on him increasingly; she did not wince, at least, if he touched her hand or shoulder, and he had the field to himself. He still had four months, for the Pleydens did not move to New York until January, and he was determined to marry Gita as soon as he had worn down her defenses.

THEY were strolling on the board walk one Sunday morning and commenting on the lack of feminine beauty in the American masses after the first flush of youth.

"No wonder the girls come here in the hope of picking up a husband," said Bylant. "This has always been a great marriage mart even in the days when visitors were practically all of one class."

He glanced out of the corner of his eye at Gita, who shrugged indifferently.

"Don't your fellow mortals interest you in the least?" he asked.

"Rather."

"But not the question of marriage?"

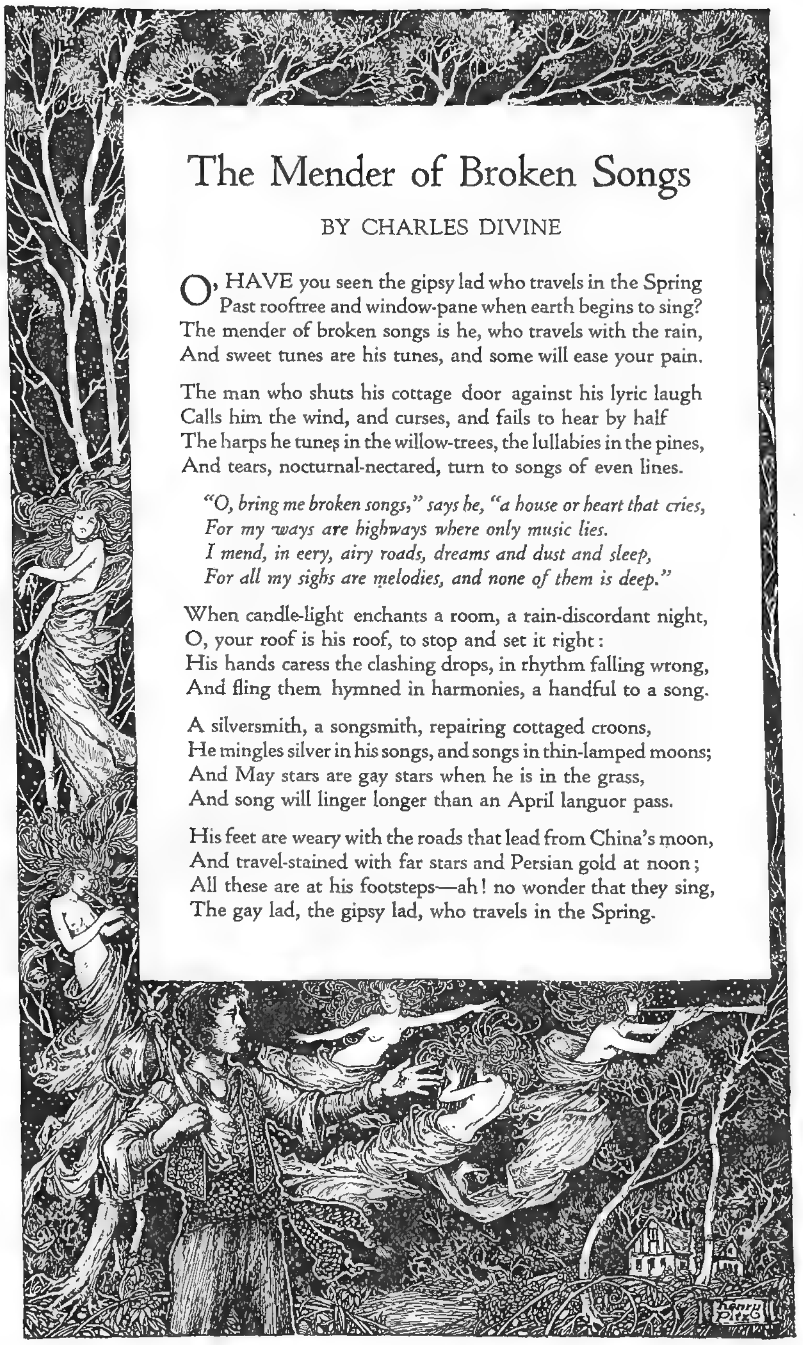
"Not a bit."

"But would you like to think that all these pretty girls could never find a mate—and fulfil their destiny?"

"I always hope women will get everything they want, and if they are silly enough to want husbands, let 'em have 'em, by all means."

"But, my dear Gita, is it possible you do not realize that woman's one chance of authentic happiness lies in love and mating?"

"I know they think it does—because they've been fed on traditions and are the slaves of custom. They'd be a long sight better off by themselves. Love is nothing but a cherished superstition."



The Mender of Broken Songs

BY CHARLES DIVINE

O, HAVE you seen the gipsy lad who travels in the Spring
Past rooftree and window-pane when earth begins to sing?
The mender of broken songs is he, who travels with the rain,
And sweet tunes are his tunes, and some will ease your pain.

The man who shuts his cottage door against his lyric laugh
Calls him the wind, and curses, and fails to hear by half
The harps he tunes in the willow-trees, the lullabies in the pines,
And tears, nocturnal-nectared, turn to songs of even lines.

"O, bring me broken songs," says he, "a house or heart that cries,
For my ways are highways where only music lies.
I mend, in eery, airy roads, dreams and dust and sleep,
For all my sighs are melodies, and none of them is deep."

When candle-light enchants a room, a rain-discordant night,
O, your roof is his roof, to stop and set it right:
His hands caress the clashing drops, in rhythm falling wrong,
And fling them hymned in harmonies, a handful to a song.

A silversmith, a songsmith, repairing cottaged croons,
He mingles silver in his songs, and songs in thin-lamped moons;
And May stars are gay stars when he is in the grass,
And song will linger longer than an April languor pass.

His feet are weary with the roads that lead from China's moon,
And travel-stained with far stars and Persian gold at noon;
All these are at his footsteps—ah! no wonder that they sing,
The gay lad, the gipsy lad, who travels in the Spring.

"Oh, no, it is not! It's the deepest and most inalienable of human instincts."

"Instinct is nothing but memory."

"Possibly. We'll call it by another term—imperative impulse. And the sex impulse has its birth in the generative cells. It has nothing to do with tradition."

"I know that well enough. But you were talking of love. What has that to do with sex-cells?"

"Well! More than you seem to imagine. Do you really believe that love between men and women can exist independently of sex?"

"Of course. Look at me. I love you even more than I do Elsie or Polly, and you might wear a one-piece dress for all the difference it would make."

"You don't know what you're talking about!" Bylant said. "As it happens I don't wear petticoats——"

"We don't either—bloomers."

"Oh, you are impossible!" But he was forced to laugh. He made his voice gay and challenging. "Suppose I should fall in love with you?"

"I don't see you falling in love with anybody."

"You don't?"

"I've seen too much of men. They're divided into three classes: beasts, fools, and intellectuals. You belong to the last and have a great gift besides. You've got something better to do than being an abject slave of the race—for that's what it amounts to—and your emotions are all in your head."

"And that represents your considered observation of intellectuals! Or are you the average American whose creed is: 'Things are what I want them to be, not what they are'?"

"Of course not," said Gita crossly. "I shouldn't recognize the beastliness and stupidity of human nature and of life if I were. But you are as cold-blooded as a codfish and I wouldn't like you if you were not."

Bylant nearly strangled as he passed over the diagnosis. "Like? You said just now you loved me."

"Love only means preference raised a degree higher. Stop arguing on such a silly subject, Eustace. What's come over you? This is the first time we've argued that I haven't learned something."

"Well, I've taught you nothing on one subject—that's flat. I merely wanted to sound you out on a topic of somewhat general preoccupation. Your ideas always interest me and you've been singularly illuminating this morning. Here's a tea-room. Shall we go in and have a cup? It's two hours until luncheon."

GITA had an old habit of reviewing the day as she prepared herself for the night. She and Elsie parted at nine o'clock, for both rose early, and as Gita kicked off her slippers that evening she recalled her conversation with Eustace on the board walk.

She had been by no means as obtuse as she had appeared, for love and marriage were subjects never broached by him before, and her keen ear had detected a personal vibration in his even, mellow voice. But he had talked lightly on strictly impersonal topics during the rest of the morning, and they had lunched at the Pleydens' and played tennis all afternoon.

She seized her military brushes and excoriated her scalp. "Now, what on earth was he driving at?" she demanded of her frowning reflection in the mirror. "Does he want to marry me? Sounding me out? Well, I hope he's satisfied. Eustace! What a bore—or am I to be the heroine of his next novel? Most likely."

She dropped the brushes and fell to pondering. After all, she might have expected it. He was not in love with her—how could he be, sexless intellectual that he so marvelously was? But he spent the best part of every day with her. No doubt he would like her for a permanent companion. She knew that she had an alert and possibly brilliant mind, and as he possessed his full share of male egoism, he must derive a tingling satisfaction in molding it.

She was comparatively obscure now, but she was quite well aware that after she had taken a more prominent place in her world she would be unable to spend hours of every day in one man's company—year after year—a man to whom she was not even engaged. She would be "talked about," "dropped," even in this lenient age. Or even if society outwardly condoned the friendship it would not cease from unpleasant inferences. As Gita's lively imagination projected them her blood crimsoned her face to her hair.

No, she would give him up first.

But what would she do without him?

She had been sincere in her casual assurance that she loved him. He was the perfect companion and friend. He never struck a false note; he was kind, sympathetic, and understanding—unique among men, she was convinced.

He could not bore if he made a valiant attempt, and he knew when to talk, to listen, and to ask her opinion on subjects of which even she knew more than himself. He never assumed the detestable superiority of the male and yet was never unmanly. No man could be less so. He was a virile figure on the links and tennis-court, he could outwalk her, he was a fine swimmer. In France he had served with distinction, and she knew that if the peace of his country were threatened again he would be the first to enlist. Even when lounging in the deepest of her chairs or stretched out at full length in the woods he never suggested weakness or inertia.

And his books—she had now read them all. He wrote about sex a lot, to be sure, but in the detached manner of a medical student dissecting the physical anatomy. His personal attitude to his characters no reader could guess. He was primarily an intellect, handsomely provided by nature with a sound, healthy body that it might send a stream of pure blood to his brain.

If he wanted to marry her in order to keep her for himself without scandal, that was natural enough. He had had two perfect comrades in his life, herself and his mother, and as he had lost one irrevocably it was not likely he would lose the other if he could help it.

Nor could *she* give *him* up, not even if she were obliged to marry him to save herself from being the object of suspicions and innuendos.

Well, why not? The ceremony would be a mere concession to prejudice, and they could go on as they were forever. She would have his protection and companionship, and he would have the one woman in his life who had meant anything to him since his mother's death. She would cultivate the Carteret grand manner and be one more feather in his already decorated cap. He had given

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her more than one cause for profoundest gratitude, and it would be her delight to repay him.

Gita recalled the day when she had sat on the sands after the tilt with her grandmother and reflected that she had not an illusion but a horror and hatred of life. Well, she still had no illusions, but horror and hatred had fled. And altho Polly and Elsie had contributed, to Eustace belonged the credit of completing the cure. Under his expert guidance life in all its multiform phases would unroll, for he devoted only his mornings and but eight months of the year to work; and it was quite evident he enjoyed playing his own part in life as well as in being one of its chroniclers. And he had every opportunity to live it to the full.

And she, herself, wanted to live, to see all there was to see, learn all there was to know. A girl alone had small chance of that unless she had a gift that brought the world to her feet. If she abandoned her background she became the natural prey of men. She doubted if any man would dare make love to Eustace Bylant's wife.

She determined to put it squarely to Eustace the next time he angled. Have it over. Senseless to fence when the business of life was up for settlement. She'd get more out of life as a married girl than running round with Polly's crowd. That would be seeing life through the wrong end of the opera-glass.

"So that's that." And she climbed into bed and fell asleep at once.

BUT time passed, and Bylant betrayed no part of his purpose again. He had lingered on in Chelsea, and finally announced he should make no visits that year, nor return to New York until after Christmas; and while he told Gita frankly that he was remaining on her account, he was as matter-of-fact as if he were a tutor reluctant to leave a promising pupil.

Two days after Gita had sketched out her platform Mrs. Pleyden called her on the telephone and invited her for dinner on the following evening.

"You see, my dear, it is over four months since your grandmother's death and you must be dull at times," she said with crisp sympathy. "I am sure she would agree with me that you should begin to see something of your future friends and associates, before you go to New York for the Winter. It will make things so much easier for you. And we are very informal. The men do not dress for dinner—tho of course the girls do—and when the men are let off that means we are really informal."

Gita, nothing loath, as Eustace would be there to sustain her, permitted herself to be frankly bored once a week, and made no pretense of listening to any one but Bylant, who sat always at the right of his admiring hostess. His mellow voice came to her across the excited chatter of the others, who, as she had expected, said nothing that interested her, even when she understood what they were talking about.

Bylant had his more distinguished friends down occasionally, and one night he brought three to the manor to dinner. Gita dressed herself with even more interest in her appearance than usual. At last she was to meet three of the most famous of the New York sophisticates, her future companions and friends. But one man was fat, one was bald, and one, after his second glass of champagne, fell into a sentimental monolog inspired by his wife and two children. Nevertheless, their talk at times was scintillating and provocative, and their manner to herself irreproachable. Their criticism of this author and that was given with sharp finality, and she rather admired their air of omniscience. She hoped she would acquire it herself when she was one of them. And they were rather lovable creatures, for their devastating comment was without bitterness and it was pleasant to bask in the atmosphere of people so thoroughly pleased with themselves.

It was apparent they had a genuine appreciation of Eustace Bylant's work, and took a friendly interest in Elsie's. It was quite evident that they were not averse to displaying their resources to this handsome young hostess, who hung on their words.

"I liked them all," said Gita enthusiastically to Bylant on the day following, as they sat by the pool in the woods. "I hope they'll come often. Next Summer I shall have house-parties. I'll know more of your friends by that time, and if all are as clever and convenable as these it will be like having a salon. I should feel very proud."

"Your occasional naïveté and humility are enchanting! But Elsie is going to Europe next Summer. You will have to fall back on Mrs. Pleyden's aunt."

"I might be married."

"Married!" Bylant, who had been lounging comfortably, sat up straight. "You?"

"It would be better in some ways," said Gita musingly.

"What—what—you!—" Bylant could hardly articulate.

"I think you'd do very well. What would you answer if I proposed to you?"

Bylant's face, which had turned white, suddenly looked as if the blood would burst through the skin. "I don't understand you," he stuttered.

"Mean to say you don't want to marry me?"

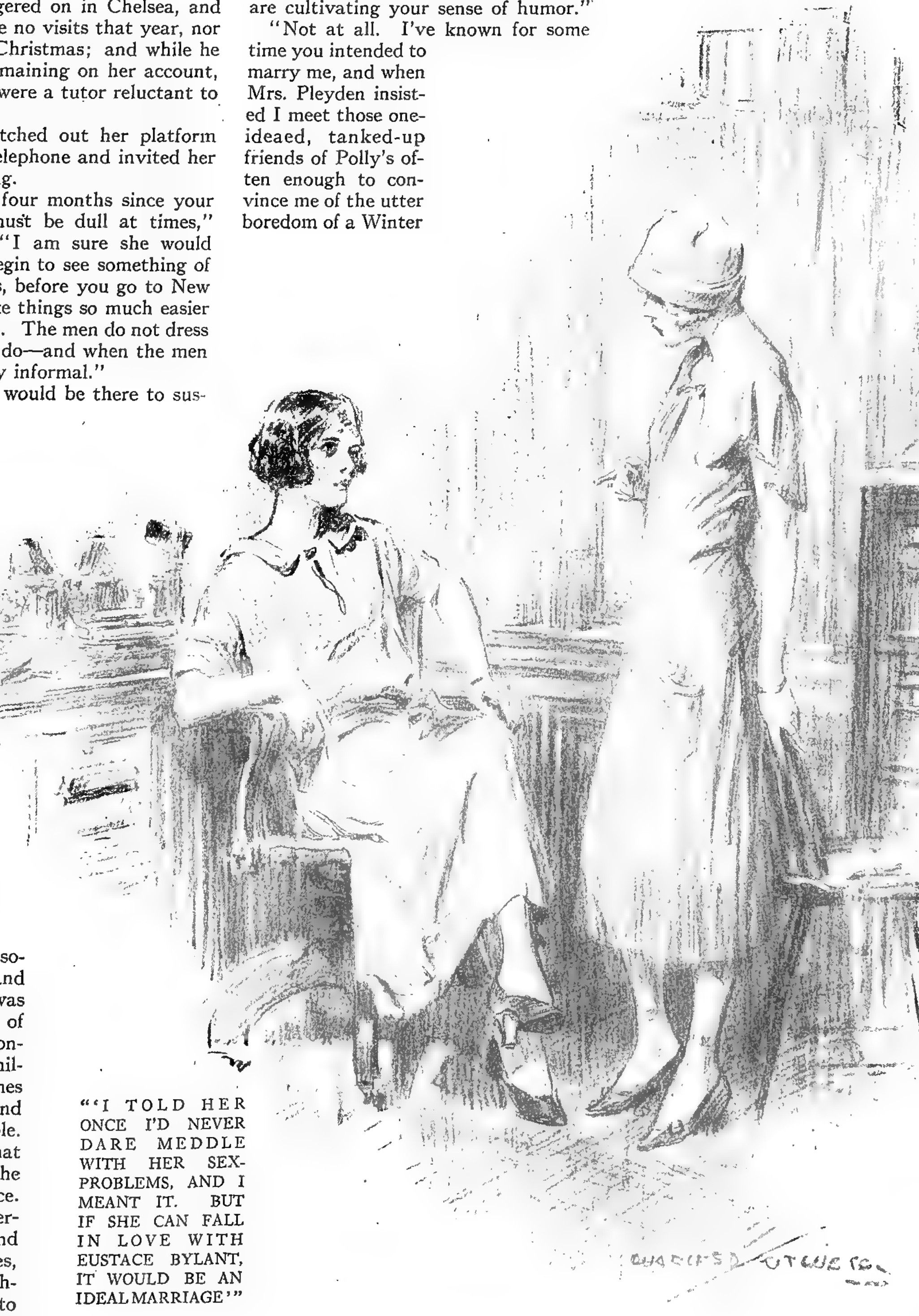
"Of course I do!" he exploded. "But how did you find it out?"

"Oh, I'm not as dense as you think. I suppose, as you're really conventional, you'd have liked to do the proposing yourself."

"Not a bit of it. I don't care—" the blood ebbed from his face and he shrugged his shoulders.

"But let us have this out," he said practically. "Unless, of course, you are cultivating your sense of humor."

"Not at all. I've known for some time you intended to marry me, and when Mrs. Pleyden insisted I meet those one-ideaed, tanked-up friends of Polly's often enough to convince me of the utter boredom of a Winter in their society, and always had you on hand to make them appear like morons by contrast, and when you trotted out three of your friends, infinitely superior, but by no means dangerous, I knew the siege was closing in. You needn't blush. I admire your tactics immensely."



"'I TOLD HER ONCE I'D NEVER DARE MEDDLE WITH HER SEX-PROBLEMS, AND I MEANT IT. BUT IF SHE CAN FALL IN LOVE WITH EUSTACE BYLANT, IT WOULD BE AN IDEAL MARRIAGE'"

"I believe you'd see through a stone wall."

"Say a gauze curtain with an arc-light behind it. I fancy I'll get a lot of fun out of life. And I'd get a lot more with you than I could by myself."

"But I thought marriage, to you, was anathema." Bylant hardly knew what he was saying. What, in Heaven's name, was this incalculable girl driving at?

"In the commonplace sense, of course. But with us it would be different. We'd just hitch up as a matter of form, and then we could be together always."

For a moment Bylant did not raise his eyes; he had kept them carefully lowered. Then he sat up and lit a cigaret. His tan did not conceal his pallor, but his eyes were as calm and steady as those hard black diamonds opposite.

"I think I'll accept your offer of marriage," he said lightly. "You quite took my breath away. I hope you didn't think me ungallant?"

"I know men are not accustomed to being proposed to even now, but since you'd take forever to summon up your courage, why not take the bull by the horns."

"Thanks!" And Bylant burst into a roar of laughter. "But, of course," he said at length, "I should have asked you to marry me in time. I was only waiting on a propitious moment."

"But you're so slow and cautious you'd have kept putting it off—you're really a little afraid of me, you know."

"Oh, I am! I am!"

"And I want to be with you next Winter, not Mrs. Pleyden. I suppose Polly has told you that gorgeous plan of hers, but it wouldn't work, not if I know Mrs. Pleyden. She lets Polly have her own way, BUT——"

"I'm not interested in Polly. I know no one better able to take care of herself. Are you giving me to understand that you want to marry me at once?"

"About the first of January. Things are all right now, and I'm safe from Mrs. Pleyden until she moves to New York. You won't mind living at the manor in Summer, I hope. And coming here off and on in Winter? I really love the manor."

"Oh, not at all! It is difficult to imagine you anywhere else. But I'll have to see about an apartment in New York. My rooms——"

Gita sprang to her feet and danced on the turf. "And we'll furnish it together! I always wanted to buy lovely things for a house."

"I think on the whole we'd better have a house."

"Why? An apartment is much less trouble."

"Well—you see—we'd each be more independent. I could have the top floor to myself——"

"I'd love to have a whole floor to myself, and I'd never go near yours."

"You will make a model wife!"

"I hate that word. We'll just be partners."

"Right." He rose also. "Let's shake hands on it."

She shook his hand heartily. Then she raised herself on tiptoe and pecked his cheek. "Now, you know I love you!" she exclaimed.

"Haven't the least doubt of it," he mumbled. "May I announce the engagement at once?"

"Do. Let's have it over. Elsie will be delighted, and so will Mrs. Pleyden. Polly won't, but Polly must find out

CONTINUED ON PAGE 57

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

Katy Leary, for Nearly Forty Years His Faithful Servant and Friend, Tells More of Her Recollections of America's Greatest Humorist

RECORDED BY MARY LAWTON

PART THREE

"MARK TWAIN" AND ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, HIS BIOGRAPHER, AT BERMUDA, 1909

Photo by Warren

AN EARLY PICTURE OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, THE NOVELIST, A LIFELONG FRIEND OF MR. CLEMENS

HENRY H. ROGERS (BELOW), WHO BECAME A STEDFAST FRIEND AND ADMIRER AFTER THE HUMORIST'S UNHAPPY BUSINESS VENTURES

Photo by Aimé Dupont

THEN things got kind of bad in the publishing-house Mr. Clemens had his money in, and Mr. Webster, he was taken sick and had to give up, and then a young fellow that was in the firm, he took charge of things, and I guess he didn't run it very good, and that was the beginning of awful troubles, and, of course, by that time Mr. Clemens was all deep in the typesetting-machine and he was putting all his money in that, so he didn't have much left to help out the publishing company. That was the beginning of the end of that venture; that's all I can tell you about the matter, anyway.

Well, now, I'll tell you about the typesetting-machine. Mr. Clemens's heart was just set on that; he believed in it so. He was expecting such wonderful things from it. He thought he could buy all of New York.

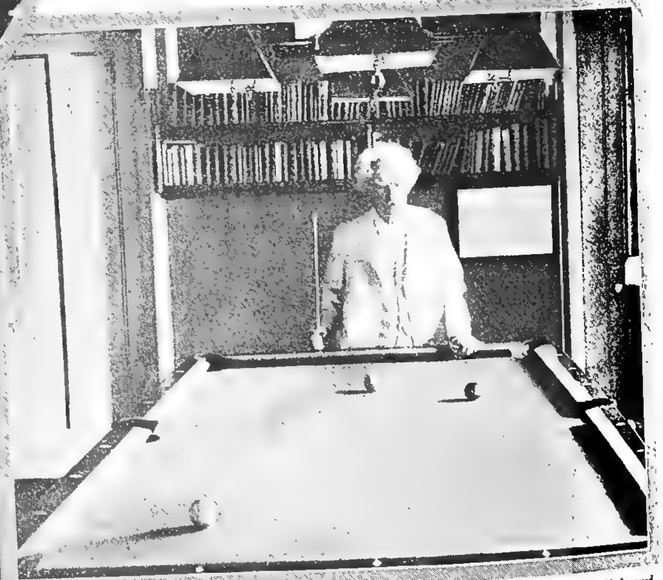
Well, that machine, it swamped more money in Hartford than I can tell you. It was invented by a man named Paige. It was a machine for typesetting—could set type and distribute it too. It would do the work of six or seven men, Mr. Clemens said. "Do it better than six men could ever do it." It worked by itself—automatic, as they called it, and he said it was the greatest invention ever contrived by Man. That's what he thought of it, so no wonder he put all his money into it. Of course they was trying to bring it to perfection and it needed a lot of money for that, so they were trying to get rich men to go in it and invest like Mr. Clemens did.

It was about this time we went to Europe because we could live cheaper over there and help save for the typesetting-machine, but Mr. Clemens never lost faith in it, no matter how much money it took and how many times it broke down—and it was always breaking down and something the matter with it.

Finally he got Senator Jones interested—Senator Jones from Nevada (they called him the "Silver King"). He was very rich, had millions and millions, and owned a silver-mine. He was a Senator down in Washington and quite a character and was very famous. He come up to Hartford several times from Washington, where he was Senator, and one time he told Mr. Clemens that a couple of men he knew would spend a couple of millions easy—"ready to put up a million," Senator Jones said, "if the thing was any good."

Then one time I heard it was arranged for some of them to come up to Hartford on a certain day to look over the machine. Paige had got it all fixed up good. 'Twas in beautiful running order just for that morning. So all them big men come up and took lunch with Mr. Clemens. He was alone at that time—the family was in Europe. He telephoned he was bringing them men to lunch and told the cook to get a very nice dinner ready, and, oh, my, she did cook an elaborate lunch for them all, and George did everything he could think of to make things homelike and cozy.

Well, they eat their lunch, and had the jolliest time you ever heard of. They both laughed and talked and eat hearty and drank (they had Roman punch for an appetizer, I believe). They had champagne, too, and after they eat up everything they went to Pratt & Whitney's factory to see the machine. And what do you think? If that —— old machine didn't break down right when those men were looking at it! It broke right down in front of their faces! The old thing busted itself and went to pieces! The machine was so fine it couldn't stand the pressure, I guess. Anyway, they all said it wasn't any good that time.



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IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM AT STORMFIELD, WHERE "MARK TWAIN" PASSED MANY HAPPY HOURS

They was all terribly disappointed and all got mad, and said they wouldn't put twenty-five cents in it, which was quite a come-down from a million.

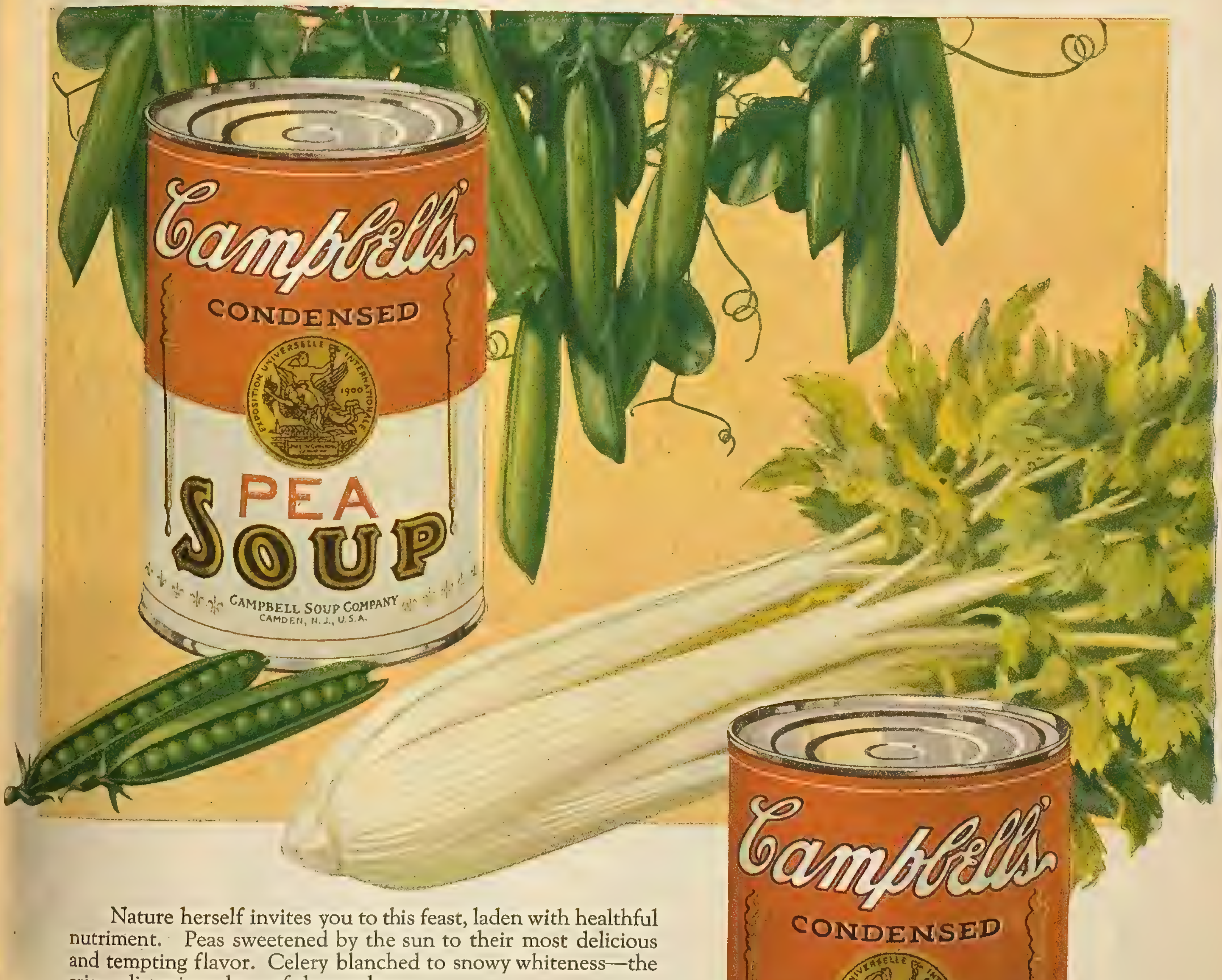
It almost killed Mr. Clemens. It was a hard blow on him, you know, to have it behave so right in front of Senator Jones and them big men. But anyway he still had faith in it. Nothing could make him lose faith in that old typesetting-machine, so he went on with it alone. Senator Jones, he got out. He never said anything more about it. He seen then, I guess, it wasn't any good. Was a pity that Mr. Clemens didn't see it at the same time.

Mrs. Clemens felt terrible too, for she had put some of her money in it; said she was afraid they'd lost so much money they would have to cut down on all their expenses.

One day she was talking to me and said, "Oh, dear! I'm afraid I'll have to lose my help. I'll have to send them all away." I said, "Oh, Mrs. Clemens, you won't have to send *me* off, for I won't go! If you just give me something to eat, never mind my pay—I'll

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

Two soups everybody should eat often!


Campbell's
CONDENSED
EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE INTERNATIONALE 1900
PEA SOUP
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
CAMDEN, N. J., U. S. A.
Campbell's
CONDENSED
EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE INTERNATIONALE 1900
CELERY SOUP
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
CAMDEN, N. J., U. S. A.

Nature herself invites you to this feast, laden with healthful nutriment. Peas sweetened by the sun to their most delicious and tempting flavor. Celery blanched to snowy whiteness—the crisp, glistening glory of the gardens.

And the appetite simply cannot resist them, in these nourishing and wholesome Campbell's Soups! Enriched with fresh country butter. Seasoned "just so".

Eat such vegetable foods abundantly. Everybody is better for them. Children especially—and doubly blessed is the home of healthy children.

Prepared with milk or cream instead of water, these two soups are even more nourishing, even more delightful to the taste. Treats you should give your family—often!

12 cents a can

Campbell's Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

Above, fried cucumber and fried squash. At the right, fried potatoes, fried eggplant and fried chicken. All cooked in the half-hour before serving. Below you will find directions for frying these and other foods.

My wholesome frying pan dinner

I SUGGEST chicken, always at its best in summer. Cut a frying chicken into desired pieces, wash, sprinkle with salt, and let stand in colander in ice box. When ready to fry, roll in flour. Into a cold frying pan of medium size put half a cup of Crisco. When the Crisco is hot, put in the chicken. Let fry slowly on one side until nearly done, then turn and finish on the other side.

You will find that Crisco fries a chicken to a crisp golden brown without smoke or odor. Crisco does not soak into the food nor does it take the taste from food. Therefore none is wasted, for what is left (and most of it is) can be strained back into the can and used again.

Delicious and unusual to serve with your chicken is fried pineapple. Peel a fresh one, cut in slices one-third inch thick, core, dust with flour, fry in hot Crisco until soft (test with a toothpick), browning on both sides. Dust with powdered sugar, arrange on a platter with chicken, as you see in the picture.

8 different ways to fry cold boiled potatoes

Of course you want potatoes with the chicken, and here are 8 ways to pan fry cold boiled potatoes.

For hashed brown, chop, sprinkle with salt. Put in cold frying pan four or five tablespoons of Crisco, and when the Crisco is hot put in the potatoes. Fry, stirring with a fork occasionally until they are partly brown, then shape into omelet form in one side of the pan and fry until a rich brown on the bottom. To keep the omelet shape, when serving place the platter upside down over the skillet, then turn both the platter and skillet over quickly.

To make Pittsburgh potatoes, add one chopped, raw green pepper to two medium-sized potatoes, and cook like hashed brown. For Lyonnaise potatoes, slice thin, add sliced onion and chopped parsley, and fry just as you would hashed brown.

To make sauté potatoes, dice them. If you like O'Brien potatoes, add to the diced potatoes chopped raw bacon, pimentos and onion. Prepare the frying pan as you do for hashed brown potatoes, and fry, stirring with a fork occasionally until brown enough to suit you.

To make Jackson potatoes, use equal parts of sweet and white potatoes diced, and fry as you would sauté or O'Brien. For German, American, cottage or home fried (all different names for the same thing) cut thick round slices, and fry in hot Crisco on both sides. For caramel sweets, cut cold boiled sweets in half lengthwise, and sprinkle generously with sugar while frying.

So many other vegetables are delicious when pan fried. If you like fried eggplant, you will like fried cucumbers. To prepare them for the frying pan, peel, cut lengthwise about one-half inch thick, salt and put in ice box. When ready to fry, drain and roll in flour.

To prepare crookneck squash and eggplant for frying we cut in round slices. If squash is large, remove seeds which leave the slices in rings. Salt and put in ice box. When you are ready to fry, put enough Crisco in cold frying pan to partly cover the vegetables when it is melted. Then fry on one side until soft, testing with a toothpick. Turn and brown on the other side. Drain on soft paper, and serve.

There are so many pleasant things about frying with Crisco. It will not smoke up the house because it fries to perfection before it is hot enough to smoke. Food fried in Crisco is never greasy. It is crisp and brown on the outside and thoroughly cooked inside.

Cakes, pies and desserts, too

Crisco makes delicious desserts, too, always light and dainty, and the most flaky, tender pastry you would care to eat—and cakes, too. You will be delighted to see what wonderful cakes may be made entirely with Crisco, and how much more economical it is.

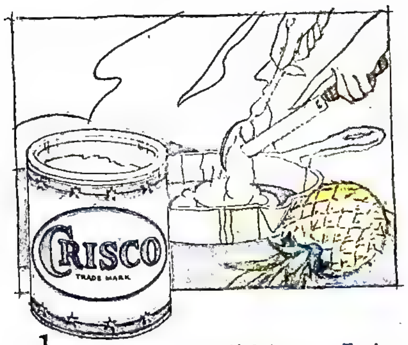
b.S.C.

Free! "Miss Olive S. Allen's 200 Tested Recipes"

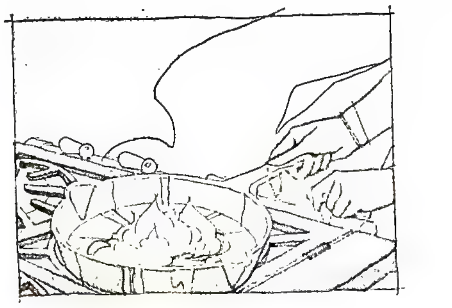
Miss Olive S. Allen, a real home cook of many years' experience, gathered and tested hundreds of recipes from all over the world, from famous foreign chefs, from old-fashioned home cooks; from luxurious hotels and little inns; even from trappers and hunters. From these many hundreds she selected the best two hundred and put them in this little cook book. To secure it free, simply send your name and address to Section N-6, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.

Crisco is the trade-mark for a superior shortening manufactured and guaranteed purely vegetable by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.

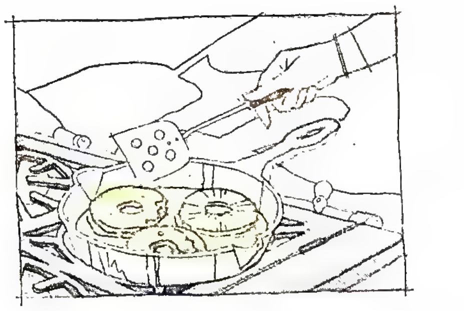
HOW TO FRY WITHOUT SMOKE OR UNPLEASANT ODOR:



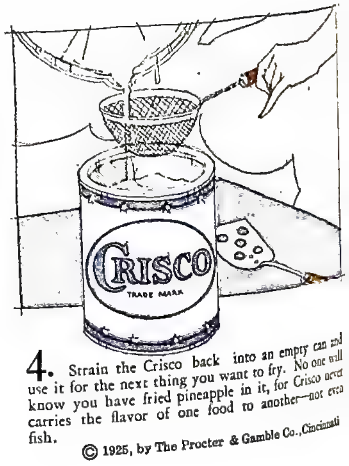
1. Put Crisco into a cold frying pan. To thoroughly cook the food (for example, pineapple) without smoke or scorching, fry slowly, using enough Crisco to partly cover it. It will not require the constant attention frying does when only a little fat is used.



2. Put frying pan over low heat. As soon as Crisco is melted put in a small piece of bread. As soon as bread starts to brown put in the pineapple.



3. Cook slowly until brown on one side, then turn to brown the other side. With plenty of Crisco in the pan the pineapple is easily turned without breaking.



4. Strain the Crisco back into an empty can and use it for the next thing you want to fry. No one will know you have fried pineapple in it, for Crisco never carries the flavor of one food to another—not even fish.

© 1925, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

stay." Then big tears came to her eyes, and she said, "Oh, Katy, Katy! How lovely! But," she says, "I hope it will never come to that—that we'll have to let you go." Well, I wouldn't go if she sent me. "*Nothing* could drive me away," I says.

It was when Mr. Clemens first lost his money that he first met Mr. Rogers—right after that. You see, so many things come out in the newspapers then, how he was so poor and how so many people wanted to help him. Everybody knew "Mark Twain" then. They were going to take up a five-cent collection all over the world for him (that was in the newspapers). Mrs. Clemens heard that and put a stop to all the newspaper talk. She had some money of her own, you know, and she didn't want them to take up a collection from all over the world.

THEN Mr. Rogers came forward to help Mr. Clemens—didn't offer Mr. Clemens money. He thought Mr. Clemens was too fine a man to offer him anything like that, but he did offer to help him take care of what he had, and invest it good, and so he done that. He invested it and took care of it for a good many years. He was a kind friend to them and a wonderful, lovely man all his life.

So then they went to Europe, as I said before, because they could live cheaper there. We all went. That was the end of the Hartford days. They closed the house, but they didn't know that it was forever. It was a sad time. They found a place for Patrick, the coachman, and George, too. He went to the Players' Club.

Mrs. Clemens said, "Katy, you'd like to go to Europe, wouldn't you?" I said, "Yes, I'd be delighted." She said, "We was talking it over last night, Mr. Clemens and I, and decided it would be best to take you. You would be a great help to me and the children and tend to packing and everything." You see, there was twenty-five trunks to pack and remember what was in every one of them! That was no small job, I'll tell you.

We all went, Jean, Susie, Clara, Mr. and Mrs. Clemens, and Mrs. Crane, Mrs. Clemens's sister. She wanted her to go too. We sailed on a French boat and landed in Havre and went right up to Paris.

Mr. Clemens was having kind of paralysis in his arms then, and thought some baths would be a good thing, and Mrs. Clemens wanted to take the baths too, so we went to Aix-les-Bains, and Mr. Clemens took the baths there. He was suffering a great deal of pain and he liked those big men that used to rub him. They put him in a sheet and brought him home in a chair, and he was very patient about those baths. They'd cover him all up with a blanket and bring him straight down to the hotel.

We stayed six weeks taking the cure, and then they planned to go hear the Wagner opera in Baireuth. We went back to Geneva where the girls were studying French in some French family, and then we started for Baireuth and the Wagner opera. It was all the rage then. We bought our tickets in America a year before (and our dinners, too!), and we started then for Baireuth. When we got there, oh, it was something awful! We couldn't get a room in a hotel, it was so full, so full of royalty. Mr. Clemens used to say, "The —— royalty gets ahead of me every time! They get ahead of everything!" It used to make him so mad.

You see, Baireuth was so full of people that it was impossible to set down, hardly. But we finally got into a *pension* (that's a boarding-house), because we couldn't get into a hotel. The royalty had got all the places, as Mr. Clemens said. Why, you couldn't hardly get anything to eat, even in a restaurant. All we could get was hot dogs! We used to get 'em on the way up to the opera. They was selling them there on the street, oh, plenty of them, and biscuits with them, you know; and if you was hungry you'd have to eat them, or nothing.

Yes, we had a terrible time, anyway, in that place, to live at all. It was just a struggle every day; but we did get to the opera, 'cause we had our tickets for that. We went to "Parsifal." They took me to that too, you know. I don't understand music, anyway, but, honest and true, when we went into that opera-house (you could hear a pin drop almost, the audience was so quiet) it was so wonderful to me. As I said, I don't understand music, but when the singing began I just took hold of the seat right in front of me to see if I was alive—it was so heavenly. Oh, it was wonderful!

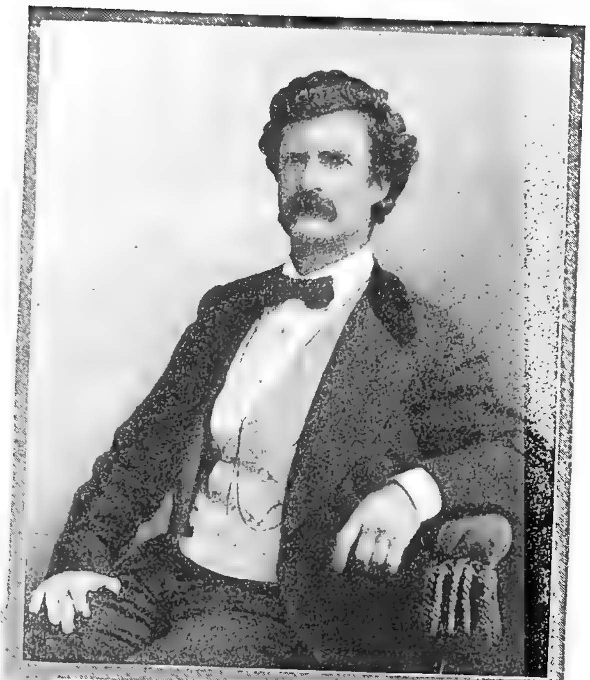


Photo by Gurney

"MARK TWAIN" AS HE WAS ABOUT 1869-70

Photo by Brown Bros.

ARRIVING AT TILBURY DOCKS, LONDON

ON THE TERRACE AT STORMFIELD, WITH DOROTHY HARVEY AND LOUISE PAINE

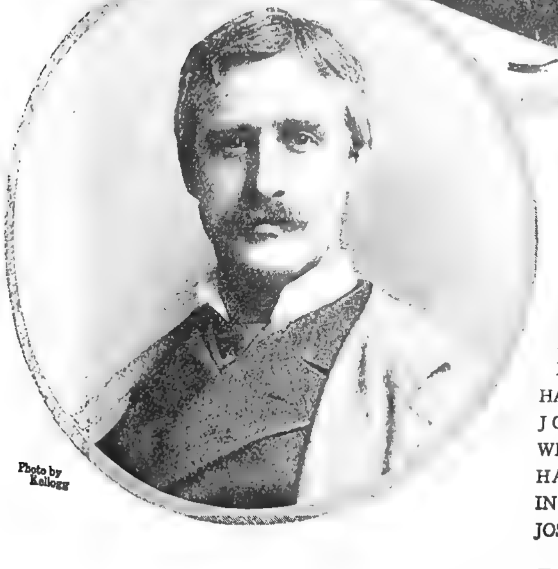


Photo by Kellogg

THE PHOTOGRAPH BEARS THE LEGEND IN "MARK TWAIN'S" HANDWRITING: "REV. JOE TWITCHELL WHEN HE WAS THE HANDSOMEST MAN IN AMERICA EXCEPT JOSEPH H. CHOATE"

ELLEN TERRY, THE ACTRESS, ANOTHER OF THE GREAT HUMORIST'S CLOSE FRIENDS

We used to go to the opera every day. They would all go, the family and Mr. Clemens. He used to go and select the places to eat, you know, during the intermission (six o'clock they had the intermission). The curtain never dropped, but there would be an intermission of about an hour to get your dinner, and Mr. Clemens would always hurry out first and get some guide that knew everything about the place, to find their dinner-places for them (you see, they bought their dinner-tickets in America).

So the guide would find those chairs and get a place for the family to set down, and we'd come and have our dinner—about the only meal we'd get! They give us a wonderful dinner in that place.

The family was just crazy about the opera, especially Clara. They liked "Parsifal," and they thought *Parsifal* himself was good, and that old *Kundry*, she was wonderful. Clara was mad about *Parsifal*. She went and shook hands with him once. Mr. Clemens went to all them operas, but I don't think he liked it very much. I heard him say once that old *Kundry* was good "if she'd only get up more and walk around." She was kind of fat too, but *Parsifal* was charming. He looked like a regular lover. Oh, he was grand! He had a beautiful shape and he dressed nice.

The family went to every one of them operas. I never heard Mr. Clemens say he was tired, but he'd be getting ready all the morning dressing himself up—trying to beat the royalty, I guess, so far as looks went!

Mr. Clemens was pretty busy on that trip because we could not locate Joseph then, the guide—couldn't find him anywhere. Mr. Clemens had him the first year he ever went abroad, then he met him whenever he'd gone over again. He was kind of waiting round for him to see if we couldn't hear from him, and then Mr. Clemens made up his mind that he'd be his own guide. He was awful mad—he was almost crazy.

He came in one morning while I was packing and was going to leave on the afternoon train. I had all the things spread around the room—all them trunks wide open—when he came hurrying into the room, and he says, "Well, Katy, you'll never get through that packing there. It'll take two days before them trunks will be ready!"

"Now, now, Youth dear, never mind," said Mrs. Clemens.

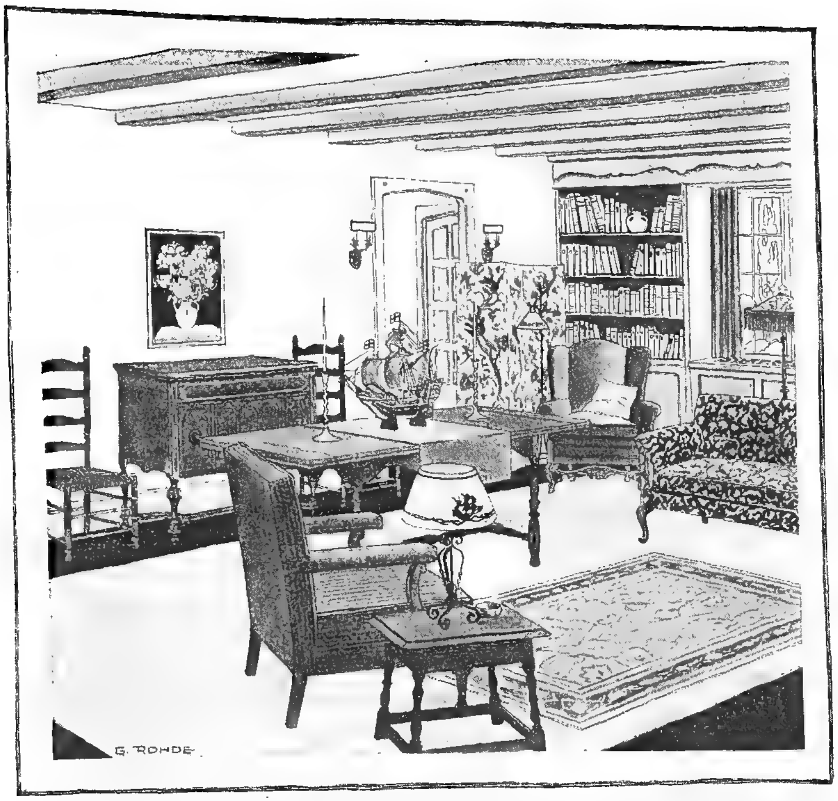
CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

BEAUTY · IN · THE · HOME

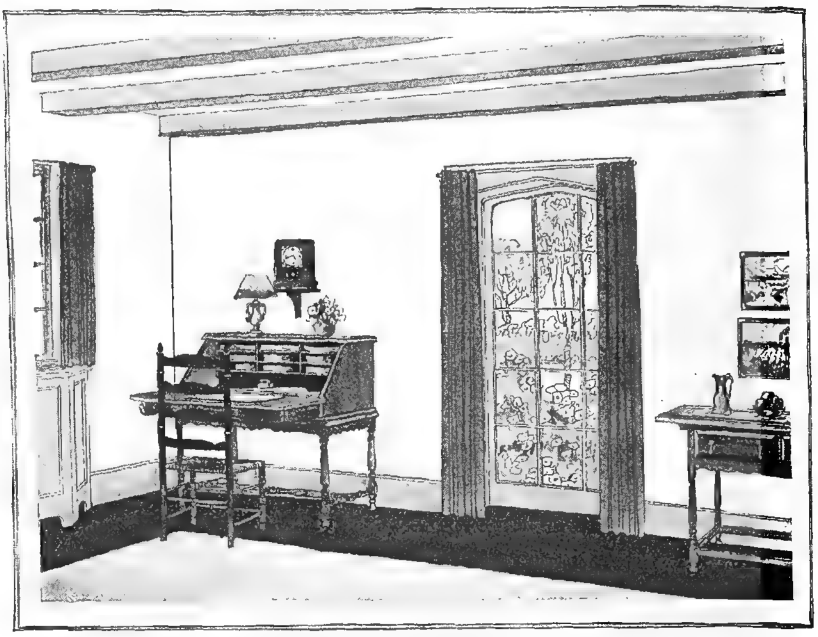
A Practical Department of Decorating and Furnishing

CONDUCTED BY WINNIFRED FALES

The Treatment of an English Living-Room



INTEREST CENTERS IN THE FIREPLACE GROUP, WHICH IS PLANNED FOR COMFORT AS WELL AS ARTISTIC BALANCE. THE TABLE EXTENDS FOR DINING.



THE DESK IS CORRECTLY PLACED WITH RESPECT TO LIGHT AND BALANCED BY A SERVING-TABLE BESIDE THE DOOR NEAREST THE KITCHEN

Editor's Note: This is the second article on decorating "The House with Three Faces," published in our May issue. This house has three different exteriors (English, Dutch Colonial, and Latin), with the same floor-plan. The English style is treated here. Suggestions for decorating the other types are available. See note at bottom of page. The original article, including floor-plans from May issue, will be sent on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelop.

LAST month we took the first step in the interesting process of turning a *house* into a *home.* Starting with the empty hall, we glazed the staring white-plaster walls with a warm brownish-yellow tint, spread on the floor a rich-piled rug of Oriental inspiration, and carefully selected and arranged some distinguished and extremely decorative pieces of furniture of Tudor and Jacobean types, together with appropriate accessories.

This month we are to create a homelike living-room, keeping in mind the Tudor English characteristics of the house while adapting the furnishings to modern requirements of comfort.

The color-scheme of dull red, green-blue, brown, gold, and mauve has been established in advance by the hand-blocked jute wall-hanging in the hall. This fabric we decide to repeat as the covering for a threefold screen to be stationed just within the Tudor-arched door-opening, where it not only will create a gorgeous splash of color, but also shut off drafts from a wing-chair in golden-brown rep, which, with its attendant lamp, we place conveniently close to the built-in book-shelves. This screen may easily be made at home, and detailed instructions for building and covering the frame will be furnished on request.

The principal furniture-grouping will naturally center around the fireplace. Every living-room needs a big, roomy table, and since the Little House living-room is planned to be used also for dining when there are enough persons present to overtax the capacity of the small breakfast-room where ordinarily all meals are served, we choose an Early American draw-top table—a type descended from Tudor days in England—with interestingly shaped underframing which repeats the curved line of the valance-like strip of wood extending across the end of the room above the built-in book-shelves at either side of the recessed window.

The table is maple, stained dark, and when extended measures thirty inches by eight feet. Set lengthwise in the center of the room, it is convenient for dining and also forms a connecting link between the small, graceful Queen Anne sofa which we station at one side of the ample hearth, and the inviting Coxwell chair opposite with its extra deep, springy seat, sturdy arms, and durable covering of striped taupe mohair woven on a gold ground. The sofa is covered with tapestry of the same general coloring as the jute-covered screen; and on the plain brown Wilton carpet-rug, just filling the open center of the fireplace group and tying its members together to form a decorative unit, is a small rug in glowing Oriental colors.

Another easy chair, in the same striped mohair covering, may stand back to back with the sofa (just out of sight in the illustration) and share with it the light of a junior floor-lamp. This chair commands the view through the front and side windows and is also within arm's reach of the right-hand set of book-shelves. With a small table placed at its "elbow," and another, with a drawer for smoking things, beside the Coxwell chair to hold a parchment-shaded wrought-iron reading-lamp, this portion of the room is satisfactorily finished.

To complete the dining arrangements, we need some side chairs light enough to be easily moved about, and of a type equally appropriate for living-room purposes. Accordingly we decide on some reasonably priced rush-seated ladder-backs in mellow brown. One of these serves admirably as a desk-chair, and partly because the house itself is of a simple, unpretentious type, and still more because of the difference in cost, we select in preference to a writing-table of Tudor oak a light and graceful desk of warm-toned maple, reproducing an Early American design. This is balanced at the other side of the door by a maple serving-table with two drawers to hold flat silver.

That there may be harmony between the opposite ends of the room, we realize the necessity of building up these two pieces of furniture in some manner which will balance the high book-shelves. Accordingly we place upon a wall-bracket above the desk a quaint Colonial clock, and on the desk-top itself a lamp and bowl of flowers, while over the serving-table are hung two of the charming series of color reproductions from Pictorial Review—"Spring" and "The First Thaw"—framed in narrow brown-wood moldings. These are "tied" to the table by means of two tall pewter jugs flanking a bowl of many-colored fruit.

Still greater weight may be given to this end of the room, if desired, by backing the clock and pictures with textile panels in self-figured cotton damask in brownish yellow a tone or two darker than the walls and defined by narrow bindings of greenish blue. These will give a sense of height and solidity to the furniture-groupings without being at all aggressive.

With the reading and conversation groups completed, and conveniences provided for writing and dining, to what better purpose can we devote the long side wall between the openings to the hall and breakfast-room than to music? Whatever is placed here must be narrow in order to leave an ample aisle between it and the big table, so our choice falls upon a console cabinet which houses a combined phonograph and radio outfit. Above it a framed flower-print makes a spot of brilliant color, and at either end is space for a dining-chair.

The question of window- and door-hangings has been left until almost the last so that they may be chosen to provide precisely the note of color which will most successfully complete the scheme. We find that there is already an abundance of warm hues, and therefore decide upon a deep greenish blue which contributes dignity and accent as well as a compensating coolness. The material is sun-fast poplin of moderate price, the hangings being arranged with cords and pulleys to be drawn at night. Owing to the interesting view glass-curtains are omitted.

Only two considerations now remain: the problem of lighting-fixtures and that of the final small accessories. The first is happily solved by the discovery of some inexpensive wrought-iron wall-brackets of Tudor design, and the second by a deep mauve pillow for the wing-chair, wrought-iron ivy-stands to flank the fireplace, and a dull-gold damask runner, a ship model, and a pair of Jacobean candlesticks to grace the draw-top table.

Our New Service for Readers

Let Mrs. Fales help you solve your furnishing and decorating problems. *This service is free* when you enclose a stamped, addressed envelop.

Also in *Service Leaflet No. 2* (10 cents post-paid) is shown the English fireplace and decorating schemes for the Latin and Colonial living-rooms.

In *Service Leaflet No. 1* (10 cents post-paid) are the Latin and Colonial schemes for the halls.

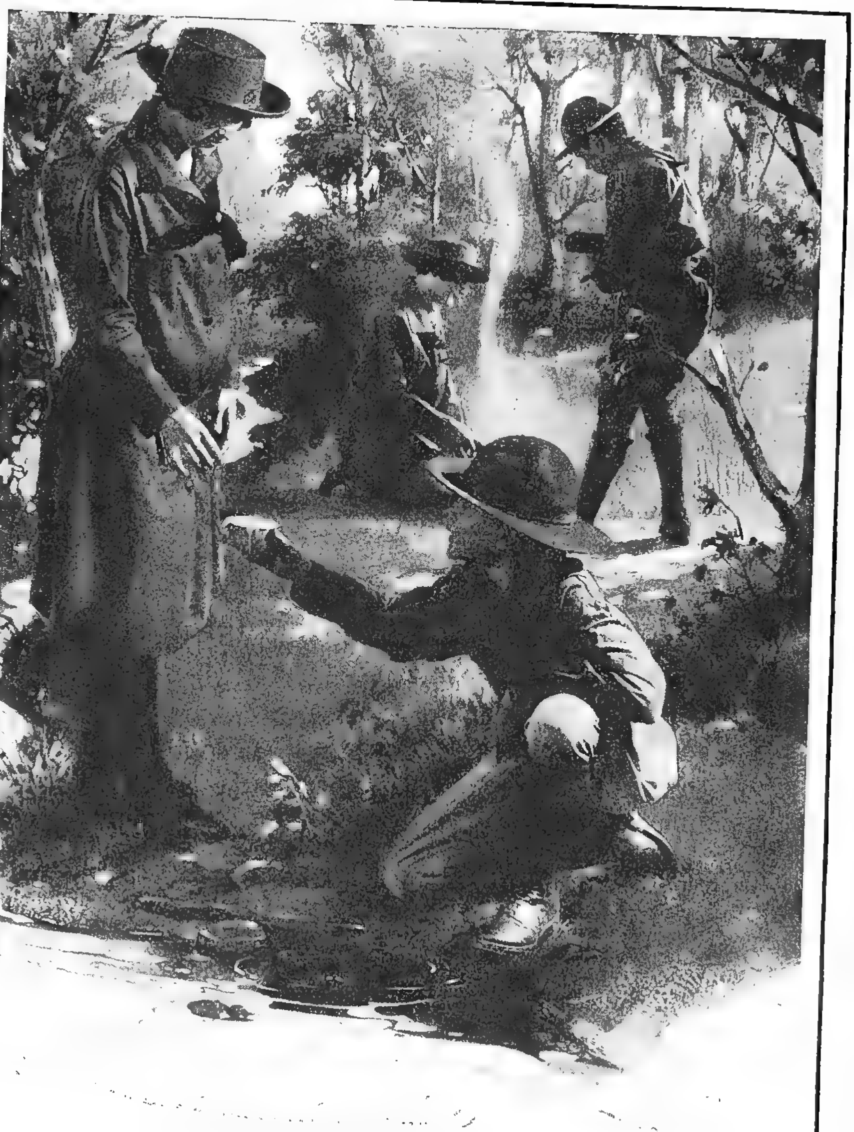
Address Beauty in the Home, Pictorial Review, 7th Avenue and 39th Street, New York City.

Stamp out Typhoid!

"IF only we had known!" Over and over again these words of helpless self-reproach echo in the hearts of those whose loved ones were taken from them by diseases now known to be preventable.

Perhaps in your own circle some one was stricken with typhoid fever—that sinister disease which comes without warning and strikes with deadly force, which spares neither rich nor poor, high nor low, young nor old, which so often leaves its victims physically bankrupt and subject to other ailments.

Typhoid fever is a disease of filth caused by a germ that is taken into the body through the mouth. The germ is conveyed into the intestines where it rapidly multiplies, sets up inflammation and creates a poison that floods the body. Sewage-contaminated water, unclean milk, shell-fish from polluted water, uncooked vegetables, house flies—all of these may carry typhoid. That is why it is so important that rigid supervision of water, milk and food supplies be maintained in every section of our country.



DANGER!

THIS is the sort of thing that may mean typhoid fever for the whole family—a satisfying drink of cold, sparkling water that came from no-one-knows-where!

It is never safe to drink from any wayside streams or strange wells. Typhoid inoculation offers immunity to most people for two or three years, but to be absolutely safe, unknown water must be boiled.

Inoculation also tends to protect you from the danger of contracting typhoid right in your own home. In many cities the Health Department gives such inoculations free.

Household helpers who are "typhoid carriers" have been known to infect entire families.

Inoculation against typhoid has no relation to vaccinations for smallpox and diphtheria. It is an added health protection.

There Need Never Be Another Epidemic of Typhoid Fever

Science has bestowed a wonderful blessing in offering protection from typhoid. This merciless disease can be made as rare as yellow fever. Inoculation by means of a simple injection of vaccine under the skin will in most cases prevent typhoid. The injection is repeated at intervals of a week until three treatments have been given. No scar is left. In the rare cases where typhoid is contracted, even after inoculation, this protection makes the siege much less severe.

Campers, hikers, vacationists and all persons who are traveling, as well as those who regularly eat in public places should be the first to be inoculated against typhoid.

It is true that at times people who are exposed to typhoid do not contract it. They are temporarily immune. But it is *never* safe to take immunity for granted.

Be Inoculated and Advise Others to Protect Themselves

Could you ever excuse yourself had you advised a friend against inoculation who subsequently contracted the disease? Would you ever cease to reproach yourself should this dread disease strike your home? Make an appointment with your doctor for yourself and all your family. Avoid danger so far as possible regarding what you eat and drink.

Typhoid fever kills one out of every ten persons who have it. Those who recover are left in such a weakened condition that for three years following an attack, the death-rate among such persons is twice the normal rate.

Wherever cities protect their supply of drinking water from sewage or purify the water by chlorination the death-rate from typhoid drops. A marked reduction also takes place in communities where milk and food supplies are carefully protected and food handlers thoroughly inspected.

The value of typhoid inoculation was proved during the World War. Inoculation of our four million men was compulsory. In France and in our training camps at home there was practically no typhoid in our ranks.

Contrast this with the records of the Spanish-American War. There our men—100,000 of them—went into typhoid-producing districts. One out of every *five* contracted the disease. Typhoid killed more than twice as many as were killed by bullets.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail its booklet, "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever" to all who are interested in stamping out this disease.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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Leonard
CLEANABLE
Refrigerator

"Like a Clean China Dish"

"—one thing in this house we would like to take home"

—said Mr. Moore's friend

"While on our vacation," reports Mr. Charles E. Moore, Milford, Utah, "we left our house in charge of another couple. On our return the man said: "One thing in this house we would like to take home—your Leonard Refrigerator; it is the best we have ever seen."

The Leonard Cleanable is a modern home essential. See its one-piece round-cornered food chamber, triple-coated with porcelain, white or French grey. Feel how the porcelain extends clear around front of door frame. See the new lock, the new patented copper waste pipe and trap.

10 Walls and Polar Felt Insulation

Leonard insulation is Polar Felt—chemically-treated, odorless—chosen after many other materials were tested and rejected. This and the 10 walls of the Leonard Cleanable keep cold *in*, keep heat *out*.

There's a Leonard to suit every purse. See the Leonard dealer; if you cannot find him, write us.

C. H. LEONARD, *pioneer of home refrigeration, who has been responsible for many modern refrigerator improvements.*

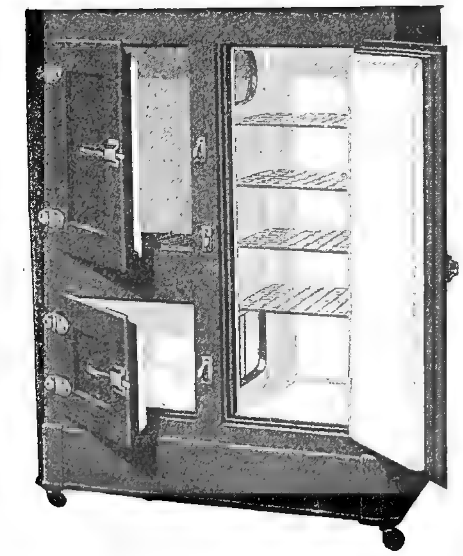
Send for New Catalog

Our catalog of 77 styles and sizes will be sent at once; also Mr. Leonard's booklet, "Selection and Care of Refrigerators," and a sample of genuine porcelain.

Grand Rapids Refrigerator Company
506 Clyde Avenue, Grand Rapids, Michigan

Be sure the refrigerator you buy is made in Grand Rapids—the fine furniture center of the World

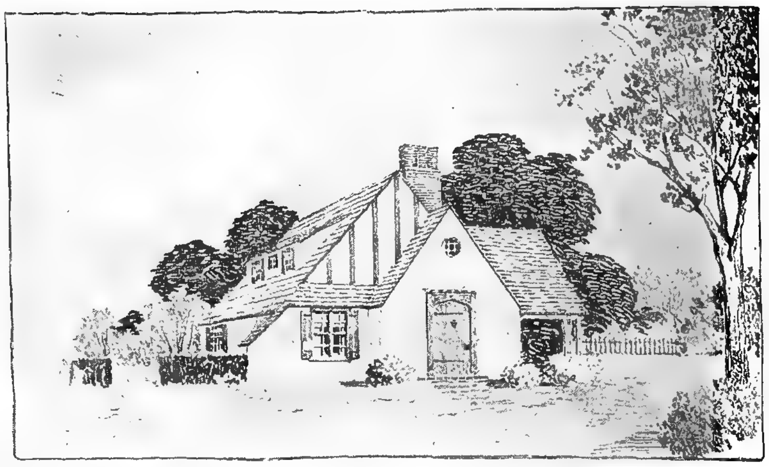
Mrs. C. H. Leonard's Cook Book—250 pages of tested recipes—$1.

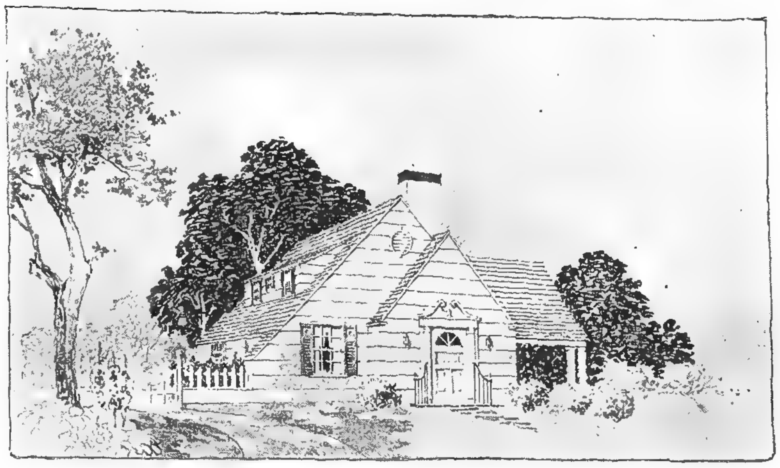


A Quaint Cottage for To-day and To-morrow

By COLLIER STEVENSON

Designs by Patterson & Willcox, Inc., Architects



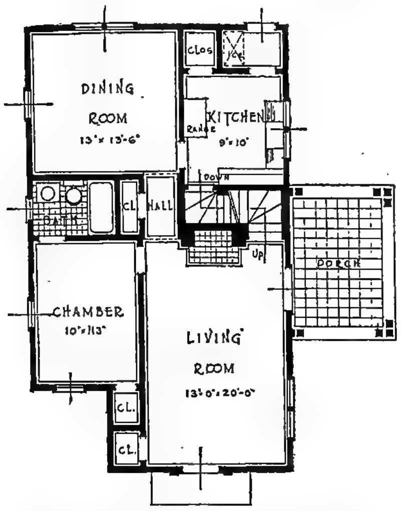


THO THE TWO EXTERIORS ARE IDENTICAL IN SIZE AND FORM, THEY ARE WHOLLY DIFFERENT IN MATERIAL AND DETAIL. EACH OFFERS MUCH LATITUDE IN COLOR, ACCESSORIES, AND LANDSCAPING

Information as to how these plans can be obtained will be given by letter if inquiries are addressed to Collier Stevenson, in care of Pictorial Review, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City, and accompanied by stamped envelops.

THE charming little house shown on this page admirably sets forth how, in adequately planning for the present, due provision can be made for the future. The first floor is, for instance, ideal in appointment and arrangement; a complete and well-ordered home for any two people content to dwell in comfortable simplicity; as suitable for the youthful bride and groom of June as for the elderly couple whose children have gone to lay new hearth-fires of their own. But, above, there is a *second* floor, which can be either left unfinished or developed into two additional bedrooms, a bathroom, and a generous storage-space, as indicated on the plan. Thus capable of responding equally acceptably to the requirements of two people or *more*, the house merits much approbation for its marked adaptability.

Nor is adaptability here confined to the *interior*. Instead it overflows to the exterior; offering, without the slightest alteration of the floor-plans, *two* widely varied architectural treatments, each altogether distinctive in material and design, in detail, and in color. The treatment depicted at the top of the page is reminiscent of quaint English cottages—white stucco as to walls, dark-timbered on the gables, and red-roofed. In the development pictured at the left, the ever-popular Colonial is pleasingly interpreted in gray-roofed walls of white-painted shingles, enlivened by blinds of bluish green and black-iron balustrades.



THE LIVING-ROOM GAINS SPACE BY THE OMISSION OF A HALL

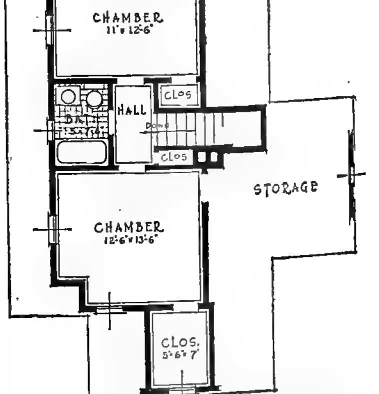
Within doors a living-room, amply lighted by French casements and grouped windows, occupies the place of honor. By the omission of the customary hall the size of the living-room is considerably augmented; and excellent wall-spaces are created in the living-room for a useful and artistic placement of any large pieces of furniture. Closed-in stairs to the second floor rise from the living-room, which also communicates with the bedroom, coat-closet, porch, and dining-room. Well-lighted and generously supplied with storage-space, the service-quarters at the rear are also rich in labor-saving equipment, conveniently built in.

TO PLAN to-day for the needs of to-morrow is so logical that such a principle might well be applied to all home-building projects. Usually, however, there is an inclination on the part of most home-builders to take little thought beyond the present. As a result, tho many houses may meet perfectly the immediate requirements, comparatively few are at all well adapted to expansion. As the living-budget or the family circle grows larger, expansion may become either desirable or actually necessary, so it is a short-sighted policy to entirely neglect the future.

A house can not provide satisfactory service for a long period unless its original construction is of durable materials assembled by competent labor. Initial costs are increased when only the best of labor and materials are insisted upon, but this is more than balanced by the later saving in replacements and repairs. Nevertheless, many home-builders are solely concerned with first costs, overlooking the fact that materials of the finest grade can be ruined by poor workmanship.

A WELL-BUILT house that can be expanded without too much difficulty is usually readily marketable. This is an important consideration when there is always the possibility of conditions arising to make the sale of a house necessary. Strange as it may seem, individual home-builders rarely appear to consider such a contingency. As a matter of fact the economic advantage of a salable type of house should not be overlooked in any home-building project.

The idea of building for the future is economically sound. So if you want to put up a little house consider a plan which will give long-continued service with the added advantage of room for expansion.



AN UNUSUALLY LARGE CLOSET IS AN ADJUNCT OF ONE BEDROOM

In this connection, sites of relatively large size are desirable in order that increased accommodation can be provided by an addition to the *area* of the house, instead of by the development of the second floor, as in the picture example.

HOUSE-PLAN SERVICE

Send your home-building questions to Mr. Stevenson, who will be glad to help readers in planning their houses. He will also supply information regarding the plans for *The House of Three Faces* described in the May issue and being decorated by Winnifred Fales (see page 32 of this issue). Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelop.

Adventures in Health

These letters are typical of thousands which tell of the amazing power of one simple fresh food

"I WAS PASSING through that transitory stage known to all young fellows with its attendant eruptions on the face and neck known as pimples and boils. My face was ghastly and my Mother counted twenty-seven boils on my neck at one time. Of a retiring disposition, this made me more so and I became so sensitive that I often crossed to the other side of the street to avoid meeting the female of the species.

"There was nothing I refused to try. An old-fashioned friend suggested Yeast. With the devotion of a martyr I religiously ate my two yeast cakes a day. In four months every boil had disappeared, my face was clearing, and, most important, I regained my lost confidence."

HAROLD V. DEMOND, New York City

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

"IN MARCH, 1923, I had what I supposed was a nervous breakdown. I was restless, irritable, tired and depressed; my sleep was broken. I had headaches and dizzy spells.

"I thought it quite safe to experiment with a food-medicine, so I began to use Fleischmann's Yeast. Gradually my ills disappeared—I became regular, and discontinued the use of cathartics. My energy returned—and in four or five months I was my former self. Not only have I regained my health, but my color and my general appearance have been improved since I have been using Fleischmann's Yeast. And I still use Fleischmann's Yeast."

MRS. MARGARET ADE SWEENEY, Roxbury, Mass.

"MY WORK TAKES me to construction camps where we get 'grub' instead of food. I suffered incessantly from diarrhoea; I could neither digest nor assimilate my 'grub' and became so weak I could hardly get about. I had taken green pills, blue pills, yellow pills, red pills. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. That was five months ago. I am now a devotee of Fleischmann's Yeast—I have thrown away my rainbow of pills and now enjoy camp 'grub' with the appetite of any husky on the job."

BERT T. MASON, Burney, Calif.

EAT
FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST
FOR
HEALTH

THERE *are many delicious ways of eating yeast—dissolved in water, fruit juices or milk, spread on crackers, or eaten plain.*

"I AM A HOSTESS at a hotel and not a day passes that someone doesn't ask me how I manage to be up late at night and out in the sun every day and still keep my skin so clear and fair and my eyes so bright. My answer is Fleischmann's Yeast. When I first heard of the curative properties of Yeast I 'tried' it—with no very startling results. Two years more of intestinal indigestion brought me to the point where I determined I'd stick at it. Three cakes of yeast dissolved in water became a daily rite. It was three months before I had the results I wanted—relief from indigestion, gas and chronic constipation. To this day I take one cake as regularly as I rise in the morning."

MRS. GERTRUDE W. HOOD, Mount Lowe, Calif.

Eat two or three cakes a day before meals; on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. A-17 The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"SINCE CHILDHOOD I suffered from chronic constipation. I lived by the 'physic bottle' as religiously as Robert Louis Stevenson ever did. I was nervous and irritable; my appetite was poor, and the food I did eat was not properly digested.

"Three years ago I began the use of Fleischmann's Yeast—a cake before each meal. Results were not instantaneous, but I held tenaciously to the hope that it might help me. It did. At the end of six weeks I felt much better; the daily laxative had become a thing of the past; I had a ravenous appetite. I continued. Fleischmann's Yeast has put me in a state of excellent health."

GLEN C. ANDERSON, Minneapolis, Minn.

How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair Beautiful

Try this quick, simple method which thousands, WHO MAKE BEAUTY A STUDY, now use.

See the difference it makes in the appearance of YOUR HAIR.

Note how it gives new life and lustre; how it brings out all the wave and color.

See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.

Corinne Griffith
Marion Davies
Betty Compson
Colleen Moore
Priscilla Dean
Patsy Ruth Miller

THE attractiveness of even the most beautiful women depends upon the loveliness of their hair.

The hair is a frame or setting upon which the most beautiful, as well as the plainest woman, must depend.

Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and thousands of discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO
WATKINS

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

When You Travel

Every-Day Etiquette and Social Customs

By Anna Steese Richardson

Author of "Standard Etiquette"

THE etiquette of traveling can be divided into three parts: First, how to prepare for a journey. Second, how to dress while traveling. Third, correct traveling manners.

You may think that preparations have nothing to do with good manners, but if you are properly prepared for a journey, you have taken the first step toward the ease which stamps you as experienced and well-mannered.

Secure your traveling accommodations early, especially during the vacation season. Nothing is more embarrassing for a woman than to find that she must climb into an upper berth or that she must sit in a day-coach with luggage piled all around her, when, if she had only secured reservations well in advance, she might enjoy the comforts of a lower berth or a chair in the parlor-car.

It is even more important to have a cabin or stateroom reserved far in advance if you are going to Europe or on one of the Great Lake trips so popular in Summer. The desirable staterooms are engaged early by experienced travelers, and often an entire steamship is completely booked up as much as a month in advance.

Your local station agent can secure your railway ticket and engage Pullman reservations through to your destination for a railway journey. If you have no steamship agent in your town, reserve your accommodations through an agent in the nearest large city. You will find steamship advertisements in any city paper. If you have a tendency to seasickness or car-sickness, secure your stateroom or berth in the center of the steamer or car, where there is least motion.

Now for the luggage. Experienced travelers have mastered the art of carrying a minimum amount of luggage. Whatever you do, avoid bundles wrapped in paper. The single exception to this rule is a box for food which can be thrown away when the lunch is eaten. Never carry lunch in the same bag with clothes and toilet articles, for this is an almost certain cause of nausea while traveling.

For an overnight journey you will carry just enough clothing to make a good appearance when you arrive at your destination.

For the woman: A suitcase of medium size, fitted with toilet articles. In the lower part pack the fresh garments which you will want to wear on reaching your destination, like a blouse or neckwear. In the tray pack your Pullman robe, a pair of slippers, and the same toilet articles that you would use at home. A few squares of old linen or gauze will be useful for removing train-soot with cold-cream. If you are going on a short visit the suitcase will hold an extra dress; and if you want to carry an extra hat, buy one of the small hat-boxes covered with black oilcloth, which are inexpensive and light. This, with an umbrella, is all you require for an overnight trip.

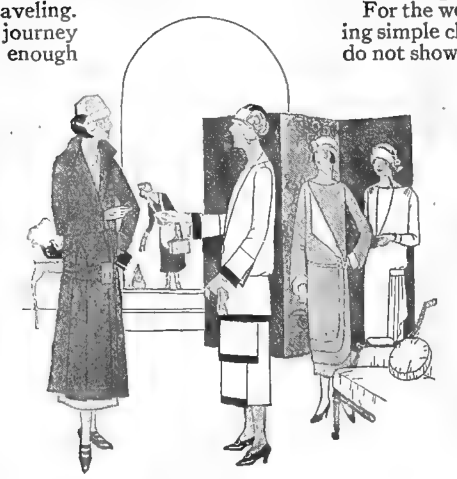
If you are traveling several days, or making the coast-to-coast trip, you can add extra blouses, neckwear, or even a change of dress to wear on the train. Any other clothing should be packed in a trunk or large suitcase and should be checked to your destination.

A word of warning: Do not scent your luggage with heavy sachet-powder nor use exotic perfume on a railway journey. It will annoy your fellow travelers and it may make you ill. It is much better to carry a bottle of rather pungent toilet-water, like lavender-water.

Now we will plan luggage for an ocean voyage. For the average woman a steamer-trunk, a suitcase large enough to hold a dress or two and your overnight articles, a small hat-box, and a raincoat or umbrella form ample luggage. Your trunk should be small enough to slip under the berth in your stateroom. You will leave this trunk in storage in large cities like Paris and London, using your suitcase and hat-box for short trips.

For the man: An overnight journey demands only a Gladstone bag or suitcase of medium size, containing toilet articles, pajamas, and clean linen. If he is attending a social function at his destination, he will carry his evening clothes in his suitcase and have them pressed immediately on arrival. A business man making a hurried trip may tuck his pajamas and toilet articles into his brief-case and travel without the encumbrance even of a suitcase.

A man going abroad should always take his evening clothes, as he will find that these are worn more commonly on the other side than at home. He will also find the dinner-coat or tuxedo useful on the steamer. The swallowtail is never worn on a steamship. He should have a broad-brim cap for steamer use, because the ordinary hat is never worn at sea. The cap is also useful and comfortable for a long rail journey, tho not necessary for overnight trips.



For the woman who is traveling simple clothes and ones that do not show the dirt are always the most practical selection. A tailored suit, with a blouse of dark or neutral tint; or a long coat or cape with a dress of dark cloth or crêpe de Chine, always with long sleeves; a small tailored hat, preferably flat in the back to permit leaning against a chair-back with comfort; a plain mesh veil, without dots, if you want to keep your hair in place; simple and comfortable dark shoes and stockings; a hand-bag of leather or dark silk, large enough to hold your tickets, money, baggage-checks, vanity-case, etc. Overtrimmed,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

Questions Answered

Send a stamped, addressed envelop to Mrs. Richardson with any question of etiquette that is puzzling you.

New Etiquette Booklets

"Manners in Public Places,"
"Table Manners," 10 cents each
Address Pictorial Review,
Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth
Street, New York City.

Friendship Means More at the Movies ~

TO enjoy a great show with one you care about very much is one of life's greatest pleasures.

Some of the magic art of the photoplay attaches itself to your comradeship, and each of you seems a little more wonderful to the other.

There are Paramount Pictures that have smoothed out quarrels and tiffs, showing by proxy the better way.

There are Paramount Pictures that have fanned friendship into courtship, and painted many a marriage with happier hues.

No sensitive man or woman can fail to respond to the appeal of these better pictures which yet are no sermon, but simply . . . . "the best show in town!"

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PRODUCED BY
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
ADOLPH ZUKOR-PRESIDENT
NEW YORK CITY

Paramount Pictures

NINE PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present

Current Productions

"PATHS TO PARADISE"
With Raymond Griffith, Pauline Stark & Noah Beery.
By Howard Hawks.
Directed by Charles Badger.

"WELCOME HOME"
A JAMES CRUZE Production.
With Lois Wilson, Warner Baxter and Luke Cosgrave.
Based on a play by Edna Ferber and George Kaufman.
Screen play by Walter Woods & F. McGrew Willis.

"OLD HOME WEEK"
Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN
Written for Mr. Meighan by George Ade.
Directed by Victor Heerman.

"THE SHOCK PUNCH"
Starring Richard Dix.
By John Monk Saunders.
Directed by Paul Sloane.
Screen play by Luther Reed.

"ARE PARENTS PEOPLE"
With Adolphe Menjou, Florence Vidor and Betty Bronson.
By Agnes Duer Miller.
Directed by Mal St. Clair.

"THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL"
A Herbert Brenon Production.
With Alice Joyce, Neil Hamilton, Mary Brian and Esther Ralston.
From the novel by Anne Douglas Sedgwick.
Screen play by John Russell.

Watch for these big coming productions:

"THE WANDERER"
A Raoul Walsh Production.
With Ernest Torrence, Tyrone Power, Greta Nissen and William Collier, Jr.
By Maurice Samuels.

"THE VANISHING AMERICAN"
A ZANE GREY Production.
With RICHARD DIX and Lois Wilson.
Directed by William Howard.

"BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK"
A JAMES CRUZE Production.
With Edward Everett Horton and Esther Ralston
From the play by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly.
Screen play by Walter Woods.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

The Home Bureau

The Babies' Health Department

Conducted by Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

The Home Modification of Cow's Milk

COW'S milk was intended for the stomach of the young calf; hence when we use it for the young infant we must modify or change it in certain ways so that the baby may digest it more readily.

It is not possible to change or modify cow's milk so that it will be exactly like mother's milk, but we can alter it in such a way that the majority of infants can digest it and thrive on it when it is impossible for them to be nourished by their own mothers. Cow's milk has considerably less sugar than mother's milk; hence we must add more sugar to it. It has nearly three times as much protein and salts, its protein and fat being very different; the fat especially is much harder to digest than that found in mother's milk.

Of equal importance is the fact that mother's milk is perfectly fresh and fed to the baby while it is practically sterile, while cow's milk is usually at least twenty-four hours old and in anything but a sterile condition. We can make it safe to give by correct production or by special methods of treating it, as Pasteurization or sterilization.

In changing or "modifying" cow's milk so that it will be better suited to the baby's need, we increase the sugar by adding a given amount of either milk-sugar or lactose, or of malt-sugar in one of its forms now found on the market, or of cane-sugar, usually spoken of as "granulated sugar." In some formulas a sirup is added in place of the sugar. Just which kind of sugar is best must depend on the special baby and his digestive capacity.

Usually three level tablespoonfuls of either milk- or malt-sugar are allowed to each twenty ounces of the formula for the early months of life; this is gradually decreased as the formulas grow stronger, until when plain milk is given the sugar is omitted entirely. If granulated sugar is used, much less is needed; only two level tablespoonfuls to each twenty ounces of the food are usually prescribed, sometimes even less. It must be remembered that sugar is not added to make the food more palatable, but to increase the nourishment of the formula. Sugar is a food in itself.

There are many different kinds of modified-milk formulas. Some physicians prescribe formulas from milk taken from the top half or top third of a quart-bottle of milk; others prefer formulas from whole milk, or milk that is thoroughly mixed so that the top and bottom of the bottle are both used; still others like partially skimmed milk. Some physicians like to have all milk boiled; others prefer to have it Pasteurized or sterilized; while still another set prescribe certified raw-milk formulas.

Opinions differ very much as to the best way of diluting cow's milk so that the baby may digest it. Plain boiled water is used; cereal waters or cereal gruels are often prescribed; gelatin is sometimes added to the formulas; the milk is acidified in some way; even vinegar has been used lately to modify milk for babies, also butter and flour.

What, then, should a young mother do when she has to feed her baby on artificial food? Best of all she should consult her physician. If he understands feeding babies he will be her best guide; if not, he should frankly say so and refer her to a baby specialist. When the mother can not afford to place her baby in a physician's care for feeding, she should go to the best clinic or baby health station she can reach; or if even this is impossible she should join a club like our Mother Club and receive monthly help in feeding the baby.

All babies in our monthly Correspondence Club receive a new formula every month if they are bottle-fed, and special helps when the reports are made. Babies who are too old to join our Monthly Club are sent another set of formulas, with full directions for modifying the milk at home. The instructions are so simple that any one can understand them; complicated methods of modifying milk are not given, only directions that any average mother who can read is able to follow.

No one set of formulas will suit every baby, but our set has agreed with many thousands, and some simple rules for special changes are given which enable the mother to meet any special needs her baby may have from time to time. The formulas also give the different quantities required for each meal and the various feeding intervals suited to most babies of given age and weight, *if* they are normal children. Many babies fed by our method have won prizes in Baby Contests, as grateful letters from mothers prove. We never attempt to feed sick babies by mail; a doctor must have personal charge of all such babies.

Join our Monthly Correspondence Course if your baby is *under* six months old; if he is over this age, write to us, stating his age and weight, and ask for a set of modified-milk formulas, which will be sent free of charge. Never forget to enclose the self-addressed, United States stamped envelop.

Free Child Health Service

IF your baby is under six months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help until the baby is two years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of twelve, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail not medicines prescribed.

No blanks will be sent or inquiries answered unless you enclose a self-addressed, United States stamped envelop.

Address Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge
Pictorial Review, New York, N. Y.

Why the Baby Powder must be *carefully chosen*

How should the infant's skin be cared for to prevent chafing?

First, not too much nor too strong soap should be used; second, careful rinsing of the body; third, not too vigorous rubbing, either during or after the bath; fourth, *the use of dusting powder* in all the folds of the skin—under the arms, behind the ears, about the neck, in the groin, etc. *This is of utmost importance.*

L. Emmett Holt, M. D.
(America's standard baby authority)

ROSELEAVES are less easily fretted than a baby's skin! So soft and tender is it.

The leading baby doctors everywhere—and the intelligent young mothers they've trained and tutored to care for baby the wisest way—have known this fact for years.

They knew, too, that baby's health depends upon keeping that delicate skin of his in just perfect condition.

They knew that to keep his skin soft and smooth, sound and healthy, they must dust it with a baby powder carefully chosen for its *absolute, antiseptic purity*.

But there was no such powder.

So the doctors asked the house that already made over four hundred of the purest sterilized articles for the medical profession, to make such a baby powder as they wanted—a powder according to a formula the baby specialists united in approving.

When Johnson's Baby Powder was ready, the doctors everywhere told the mothers of young babies—and those mothers told each other—about this wonderful powder for baby's skin.

So over a million mothers of new babies are using Johnson's Baby Powder—selecting this above all other powders. Because they *know* how pure and *right* it is. Your own druggist always carries it.

Or you may try out this perfect baby powder and receive a little book on the care of baby's skin.

Johnson & Johnson, Dept. F-3
New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me free, a small can of the baby powder made in your famous laboratories, and the little book—"The Faith of a Baby."

....

....

Your druggist is more than a merchant

"We are advertised by our loving friends"

Mellin's Food

"If it had not been for Mellin's Food, we could not have raised our darling baby. She is perfectly healthy, never having a sick day, weighs 24 pounds and has eight teeth."
Mrs. H. C. Werden,
Hillsboro, N. H.

"I appreciate your food for babies, as I can see it is the best for nursing offsprings. You can see what a benefit it has been for my baby, Mary."
Mrs. Mabel Grant,
New York, N. Y.

Thousands of mothers have found that the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification satisfactorily solved their infant feeding problems.

Write to us for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants".

Mellin's Food Company
177 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Jack Berkebile, Johnstown, Pa.

"A Happy Baby at Teething Time"

Blessed Relief for Baby's Gums

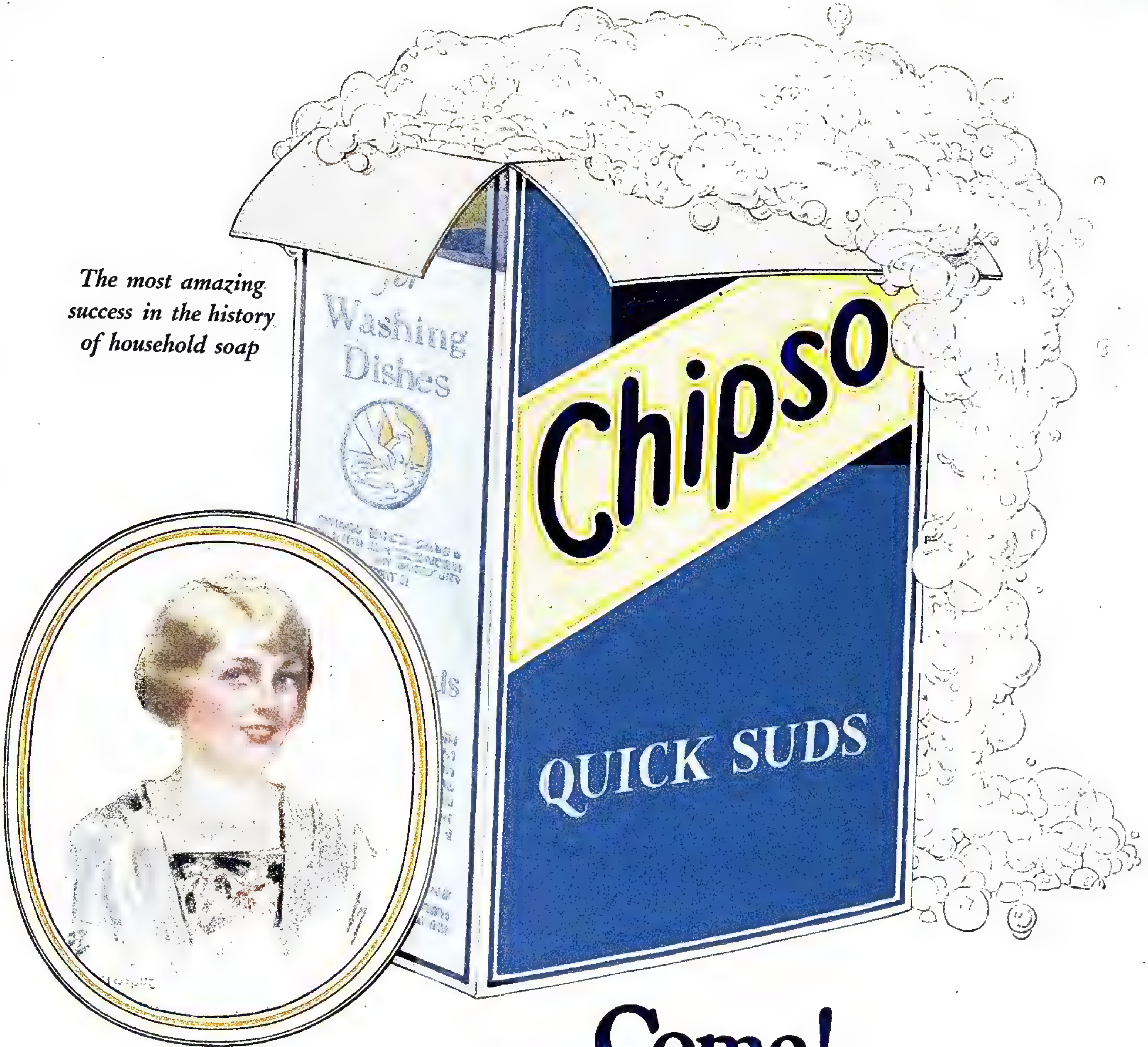
How cruelly those sharp little teeth cut through the swollen gums! Why not ease the pain in the simple, safe way, as other mothers have done since 1885? Mrs. Ernest Kurtz, Solvay, N.Y., writes, *"Five of my children cut their teeth with the aid of Dr. Hand's. I sincerely recommend it to mothers."*

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

will bring the same relief to YOUR little one. Just rub it on the gums with your finger. Contains no narcotics. At all druggists.

Send 2c to cover postage for generous sample to Hand Medicine Co., 109-A No. 5th Street, Phila., Pa.

The most amazing
success in the history
of household soap



Come!

Let CHIPSO bring *you* *"a new pleasure in housework"*

"Never has anything given me so much actual pleasure in my housework," writes a user of CHIPSO, who has tried nearly every soap on the market.

"I never enjoyed chipping and melting of soap any more than anyone else, but through many years of experimenting I could find no other way that made it possible for me to do the work as well.

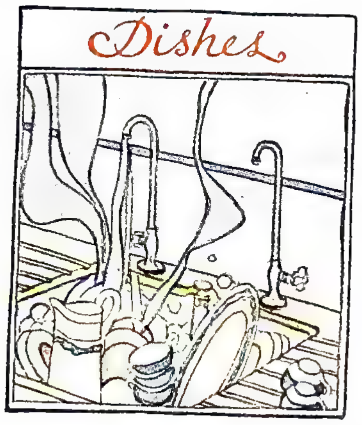
"Then someone told me about CHIPSO and its thin, quick-sudsing flakes. I used it at once for a large washing. The whole task was easier from the beginning. No chipping or melting, of course. Less rubbing—for after I had soaked the clothes for about 15 minutes, the dirt fairly *fell* out of them. I really rubbed only the very bad pieces.

"What pleased me most of all was the quick, easy rinsing! And the clean, sweet odor of the clothes. Later I discovered I could get along with a very little boiling—I boil only about a third as often as formerly.

"Needless to say, I use CHIPSO now for everything in the house—especially for dishes. I've given up my soap shaker, because CHIPSO dissolves and makes suds the instant hot water touches it. And my rough, red hands are things of the past."

THIS one woman's experience has been duplicated by millions of others. Let CHIPSO show *you* how to get more pleasure from your housework.

Procter & Gamble



However you wash—whatever you clean—
CHIPSO makes it easier

Copyright, 1925, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

Five Hundred & Twenty Girls at SMITH and BRYN MAWR they are using this soap

We wanted to know how the American college girl takes care of that clear, fresh skin of hers. What soap does she use? Why does she choose it? And what are the qualities about it that especially appeal to her?

It was to learn the answers to these questions that we selected two of the most representative groups of American college girls for a special investigation.

927 girls at Smith and Bryn Mawr answer the questions

Nine hundred and twenty-seven girls replied to our inquiries, giving detailed information about the brand of toilet soap they use and why they use it.

The results were extremely interesting.

Fifty-seven different brands of soap were used. But while 407 girls scattered their choice over 56 *different kinds of soap*—an average of a different soap to every 7 girls—the remaining 520 girls all used Woodbury's.

Three hundred and fifty girls gave the purity of Woodbury's Facial Soap as their reason for using it, or spoke of its mild, non-irritating effect on the skin.

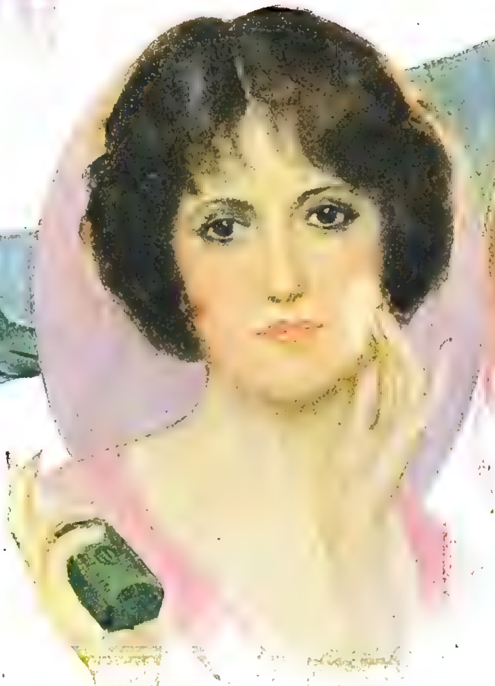
Fifty-two girls told of specific ways in which Woodbury's had helped them to overcome faults in their complexion, and to gain a clear, smooth skin.

The remainder said, for the most part, that Woodbury's simply agreed with their skin better than other soaps.

There are more than 500 different brands of toilet soap on the market today. Among this bewildering assortment, what is it that has given Woodbury's Facial Soap its astonishing prestige among all classes of fastidious and intelligent women?

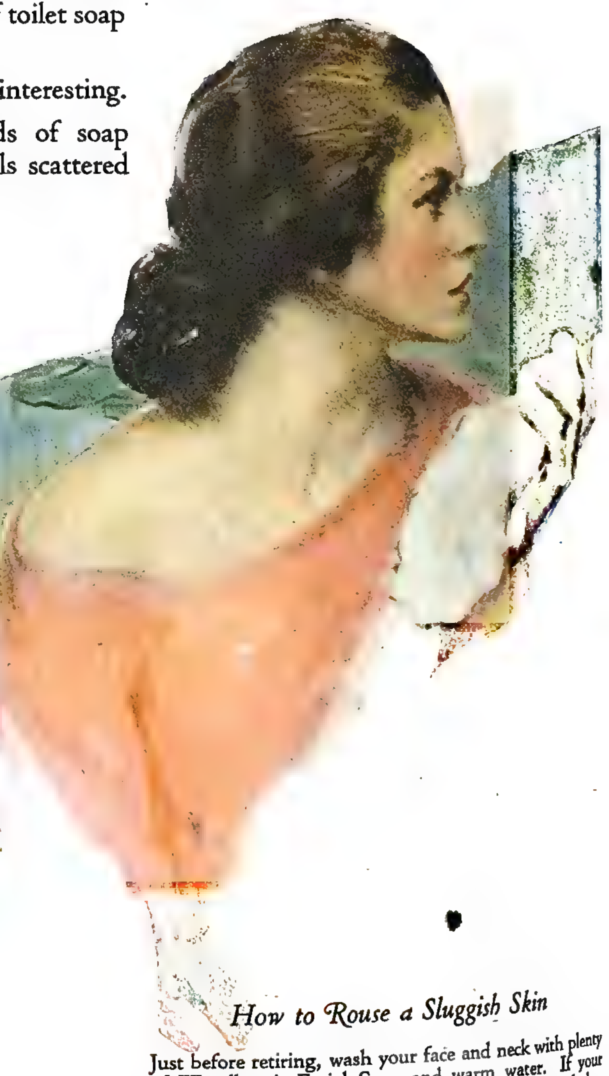
Evidence shows that thousands of women today are using Woodbury's because of the helpfulness of the famous Woodbury skin treatments in overcoming common skin defects such as blackheads, blemishes, excessive oiliness, enlarged pores, etc.

That Woodbury's is also preferred to any other toilet soap by women with a naturally smooth, clear complexion, who choose their toilet soap preëminently for its purity and its non-irritating effect on their skin, is a further point brought out by a series of investigations among the debutantes of leading American cities and among American college girls.



To Free your Skin from Blemishes

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water, then with cold.



How to Rouse a Sluggish Skin

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. Rinse well in warm water, then in cold. If possible, rub your skin for thirty seconds with a piece of ice and dry carefully. This treatment with Woodbury's cleanses even the tiny pores of your skin, brings the blood to the surface, and stimulates the small muscular fibres.

Copyright, 1925, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

tell why for their skin

Because the American college girl represents a high tradition of intelligence and cultivation, this testimony of 520 girls at Smith and Bryn Mawr, giving the definite reasons why they use Woodbury's Facial Soap, is of especial interest.

More than half of the 927 girls replying to our questions were Woodbury users. The rest scattered their choice over 56 different kinds of soap.

The following are characteristic phrases used in describing the effect of Woodbury's in ordinary cleansing:

"The only soap that really agrees with my skin and does not dry it up."

"Keeps my skin soft and clear and leaves a feeling of freshness."

"Freshens my skin and makes it soft and comfortable."

"Doesn't seem to irritate my skin as some soaps do."

"Seems to give me good color in my cheeks as no other soap can."

"Found that it made my skin clearer, my color brighter."

"Has worked wonders with my skin."

"My mother uses it," or *"Mother suggested it,"* were answers commonly given in telling how the girls had come to use Woodbury's.

Seven girls reported that their physician had recommended Woodbury's Facial Soap. *"It was recommended by my physician as good for a delicate skin,"* wrote one girl. Another girl reported: *"It was recommended by my doctor as being less harsh and therefore better for the skin than other soap."*

The investigation among college girls is interesting because of the high quality of evidence it represents. One point is noticeably brought out by it: the constantly recurring testimony to the purity and fineness of Woodbury's, expressed in such phrases as —*"the only soap that really agrees with my skin," "doesn't seem to irritate my skin as some soaps do."*

Why Woodbury's is unique in its effect on the skin

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

Every Woodbury user recognizes something individual and unique in the feeling of Woodbury's on her skin: mild, soothing, and yet tonic and gently stimulating. The most tender skin is benefited by the daily use of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

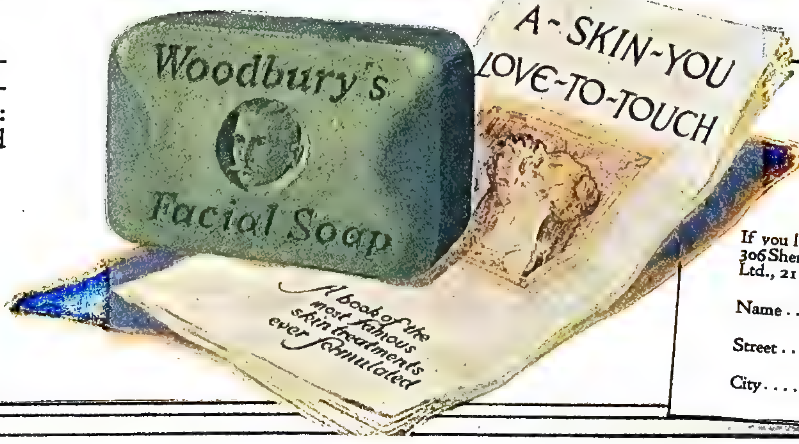
Special treatments for different types of skin

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects, such as blackheads, blemishes, excessive oiliness, etc. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and begin tonight the treatment *your* skin needs. See what a wonderful improvement this regular care will make in your complexion.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Send today for the free guest-size set of Woodbury's Facial Soap and the Woodbury skin preparations, offered below.

FREE OFFER

A GUEST-SIZE SET, *containing the new, large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Free—send for it today!*


Woodbury's
Facial Soap
A-SKIN-YOU LOVE-TO-TOUCH
A book of the most famous skin treatments ever formulated

Cut out the coupon and send today for this new FREE offer!

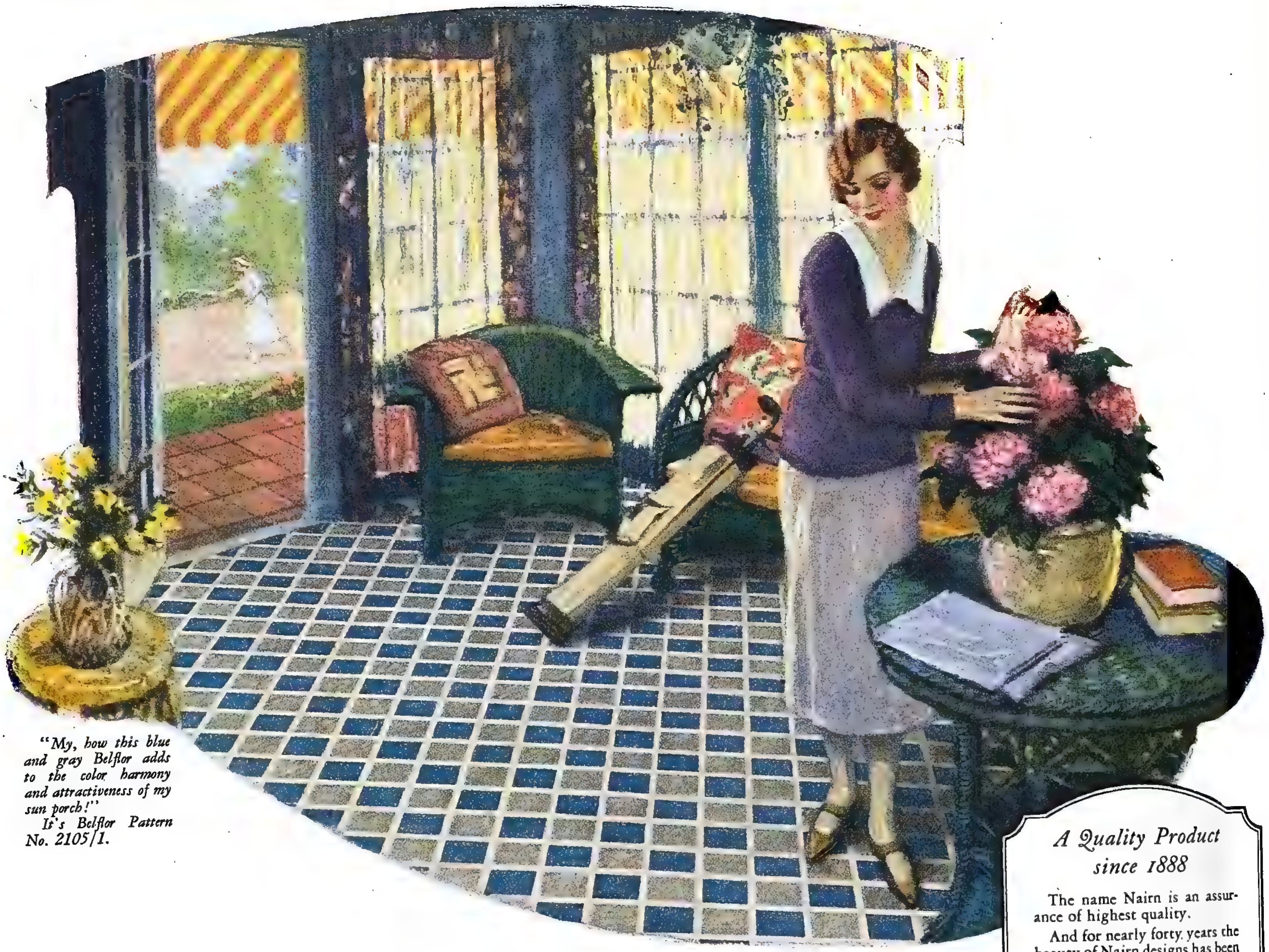
THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
306 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me FREE

The new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder, and the treatment booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch."* If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 306 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. *English Agents:* Quelch & Gambles, Ltd., 211-215 Blackfriars Road, London, S. E. 1.

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State ....



"My, how this blue and gray Belflor adds to the color harmony and attractiveness of my sun porch!"
It's Belflor Pattern No. 2105/1.

A colorful floor for the sun porch

NOW color is the vogue—color, either soft-toned or vivid—just as much in floors as in walls and furnishings. Decorators are leaning away from cold, cheerless polished wood toward floors richer in tone, softer in texture and more in harmony with the decorative scheme.

This modern idea is perfectly expressed in Nairn Inlaid Linoleum. With a practically inexhaustible range of beautiful patterns, clean-cut or blended, prismatic effects, they serve equally well as an entire floor in themselves or as a background for rugs.

For every home, however modest or pretentious, there are Nairn Linoleum patterns that will economically solve all flooring problems and at the same time create an atmosphere of charm and distinction.

You'll like especially *Belflor,* the newest of the famous Nairn Inlaid Linoleums. So soft-toned and variegated in effect, so delicate in color blending—it is but natural that leading interior decorators recognize its unique decorative possibilities. Yet this beautiful flooring is sturdiest of the sturdy, long-lived, easily cleaned, practical in every way and surprisingly moderate in price. *Belflor* is genuine inlaid linoleum—the patterns go through to the burlap back.

Dozens of Beautiful Patterns

Write today for folder showing 31 of the *Belflor* patterns in their rich, natural colors. Also booklet describing the other styles of Nairn Linoleums will be sent free on request.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Atlanta Minneapolis Cleveland Dallas
Pittsburgh New Orleans

A Quality Product since 1888

The name Nairn is an assurance of highest quality.

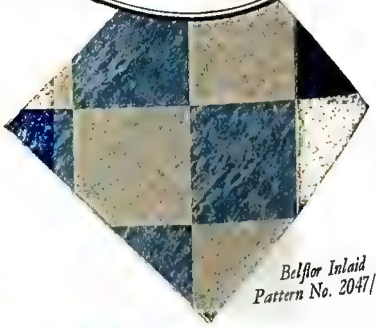
And for nearly forty years the beauty of Nairn designs has been as universally recognized as the quality of the goods itself.

Long experience dating from the beginning of the linoleum industry, combined with ingenious modern machinery and big volume production, produces quality linoleums of rare beauty at very low prices.

Congoleum-Nairn Inc. are the largest manufacturers of Inlaid Linoleum in the world.

In addition to the new *Belflor* Inlaid, the company makes Straight Line and Moulded Inlaids, Battleship and Plain Linoleum, Cork Carpets, etc.

Whatever your floor problem, Nairn Linoleum will solve it.

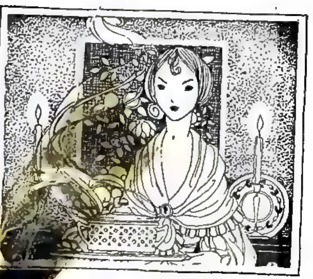


Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 2047/1

NAIRN INLAID LINOLEUM

THE HOME BUREAU

CONDUCTED BY MARIE SELLERS



For Meals That Have to Wait

Casserole Dishes and Baked Combinations Keep Moist and Warm Until the Hour to Serve

By Nell B. Nichols

WHEN the man of the house announces that he is to have a business conference late in the afternoon, which may make his home-coming for dinner rather late, dishes which do not deteriorate on standing an hour or two have a place in the menu. Especially are these food combinations in order during the golf season!

They are equally helpful when one is preparing a meal for guests who are motoring through your country and who have sent word that they will arrive some time around noon for luncheon. In fact whenever the hour for dining is indefinite I try to choose foods which need not be served immediately after being made ready.

Casserole-cooked foods and molded dishes are my favorites. Of course almost any hot soup may be kept in excellent condition in the upper part of the double boiler or over hot water, while a cold, jellied one is no problem at all. Any molded food may be placed on the serving-dishes and left in the ice-box until the tardy persons are ready to dine.

I bake the casserole combinations in an oven having a temperature of from 300 to 350 degrees F. The baking-dish, after being filled with food, is set in a pan containing warm water. When the cooking is completed I remove the casserole from the oven and leave it in this pan until the food is served. Of course it is essential to have this pan set over a burner turned low, or in some other warm place where the water around the baking-dish will stay warm. More water may need to be added.

Among the recipes which I use when preparing meals that may be served late are the following:

Casserole of Eggs

¼ Pound Fresh Mushrooms
3 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1½ Tablespoonful Water
1½ Tablespoonful Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
⅛ Teaspoonful Paprika
1½ Tablespoonful Minced Parsley
5 Eggs
3 Tablespoonfuls Bread-crums
4 Tablespoonfuls Milk

WASH the mushrooms, remove their skins, slice, and simmer gently twelve minutes in a saucepan containing two tablespoonfuls of the butter, the water, one-half teaspoonful of the salt, and the pepper. Turn this mixture, when cooked, into a greased casserole, and add the beaten eggs, to which the remainder of the salt, the paprika, minced parsley, and milk have been added. Sprinkle the bread-crums on top and dot with the remaining one tablespoonful of butter. Place in a pan of warm water and bake thirty-five to forty-five minutes.

Sugared Sweet Potatoes

6 Sweet Potatoes
4 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1½ Cupful Boiling Water
4 Tablespoonfuls Maple-Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Salt

SELECT medium-sized sweet potatoes, pare and slice. Place these in a buttered casserole, add the water, and sprinkle the salt and sugar and dots of butter on top. Bake thirty minutes, and then set in a pan of warm water until the meal is served. If one wishes, finely cut squash may be used instead of the sweet potatoes.

CHOOSE A CASSEROLE WITH A SILVER COLLAR

OR A GREEN BAKING-DISH WITH A LID

OR A PUDDING-DISH OF ENGRAVED SILVER

Favorite Spinach

2½ Cupfuls Cooked or Steamed Spinach
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
3 Hard-cooked Eggs
1 Cupful Minced Ham
1 Cupful Milk
1½ Tablespoonful Flour
1 Teaspoonful Salt
4 Tablespoonfuls Grated Cheese
⅛ Teaspoonful Pepper

MAKE a sauce of the milk, thickening it with the flour and adding the butter, salt, pepper, and the cooked ham. Place alternate layers of the spinach, sliced egg, and the sauce in a buttered casserole, using a portion of the sauce for the last, or top layer. Sprinkle on the grated cheese, set the baking-dish in a pan of warm water, and bake from twenty-five to thirty minutes.

Ham and Eggs, Baked

1 Cupful Milk
1½ Tablespoonful Flour
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Tablespoonful Butter
1 Pimiento
1¼ Cupful Cooked Ham
4 Tablespoonfuls Bread-crums
6 Hard-cooked Eggs

MAKE a paste of the flour and a small portion of the milk and use this to thicken the remainder of the milk. When this sauce thickens add the butter, salt, finely minced pimiento, and the ground ham. Cover the bottom of an oiled casserole with one-half of the bread-crums and then add alternate layers of the sliced eggs and the sauce. Cover the top with the sauce and the crums. Set in a pan of warm water and bake thirty minutes.

Lobster en Casserole

1 Cupful Lobster
1 Cupful Milk
1½ Tablespoonful Flour
1 Teaspoonful Salt
⅛ Teaspoonful Paprika
1½ Tablespoonful Butter
1½ Tablespoonful Lemon-juice
2 Cupfuls Canned Peas
¼ Cupful Bread-crums
4 Teaspoonfuls Minced Parsley

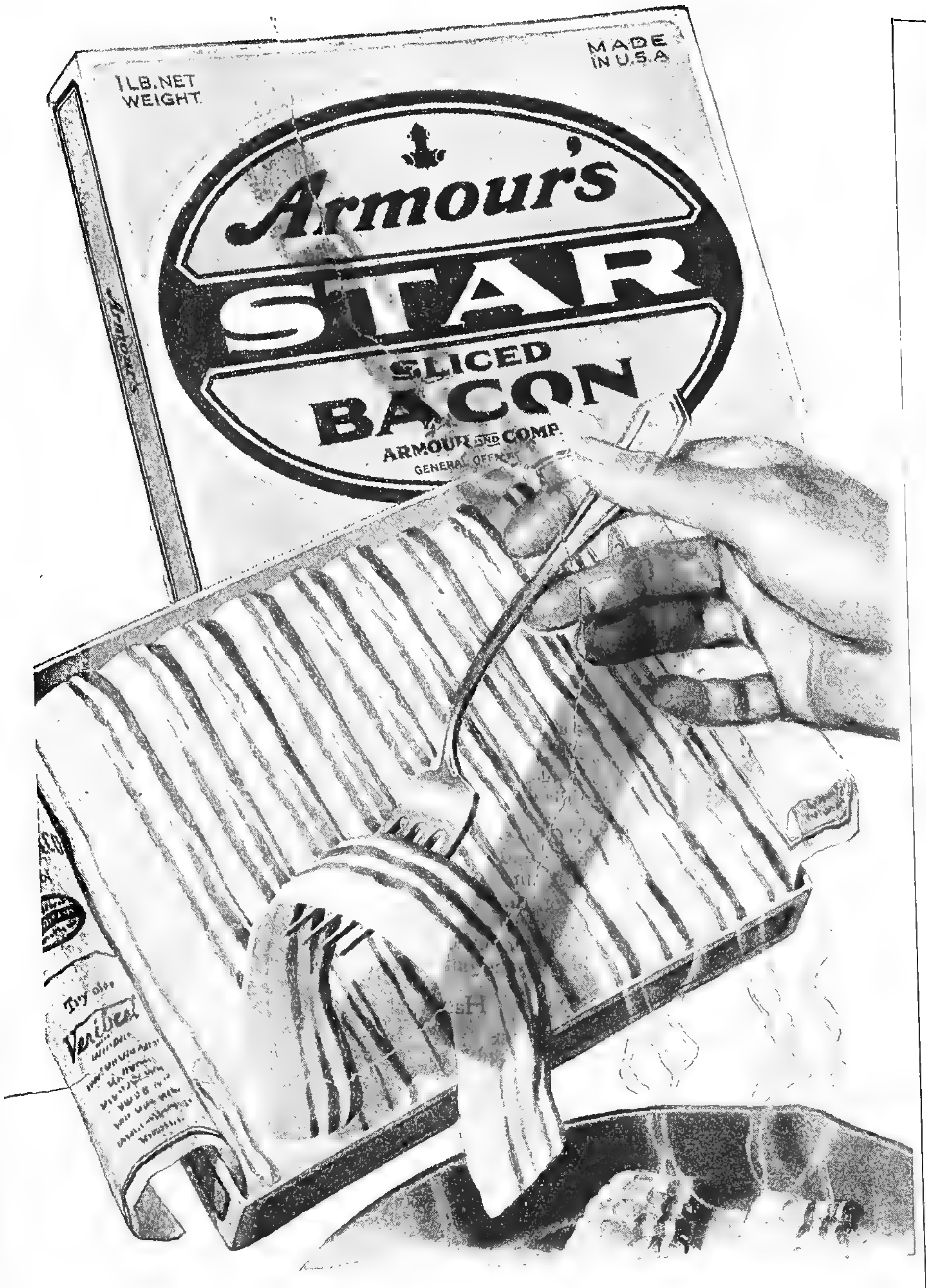
SHRED the lobster. Make a paste of the flour and a small portion of the milk. Place the rest of the milk in the upper part of the double boiler, and when warm add the flour-paste. Cook, stirring constantly, until the sauce thickens; then add the salt, paprika, parsley, butter, and lemon-juice. Drain the peas and rinse them in cold water; then stir them into this sauce. Place a layer of the bread-crums in the bottom of a greased baking-dish; then add alternate layers of the lobster and sauce, using the remainder of the bread-crums as the top layer. Set the casserole in a pan of warm water and bake about thirty minutes.

With so many delicious canned sea-foods now available there is a great variety of baked dishes that can be made from them. Crab-meat, oysters, salmon, and shrimps may all be used in a number of good casserole combinations. Fresh fish, such as cod, mackerel, halibut, haddock, and flounder, combine nicely with cheese and tomato variations.

OR A RED CLAY BAKE-POT

OR ETCHED GLASS WITH A COVER

OR A DISH OF FIREPROOF GLASS



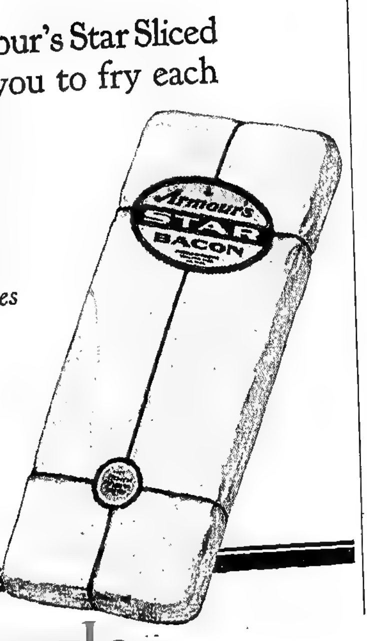
Slices of Real Flavor!
-and the quality is safeguarded by this sanitary carton

You can always be certain of the finest bacon by buying it in these cartons. The Armour Star label is your assurance of young, tender bacon, mild-cured, savory—the *choicest* of Armour's output.

The uniform slicing of Armour's Star Sliced Bacon makes it possible for you to fry each strip *evenly* to just the degree of crispness you prefer. Ask for it at your dealer's, in pound or half-pound cartons.

Sold also in parchment-wrapped pieces

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO



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STAR
PURE LARD

Armour's Star
Pure Lard
In pails or cartons

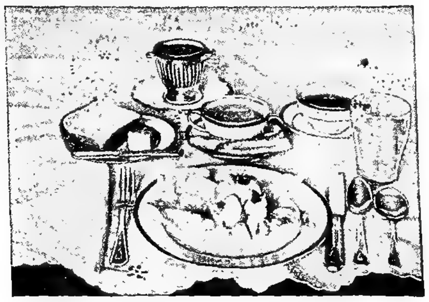
The Home Bureau

That Salad Craving

Which Grows upon Us as We Learn to Eat More Greens

By Henrietta Jessup

WE ALL crave fresh, green things in the Spring and Summer, and what is more tempting than a thoroughly chilled, succulent salad with a well-seasoned dressing? We may choose either the light salad that gives zest to the heavy meal, or the heavy one that may be served as a main course. The former may be of lettuce, romaine, chicory, or any other green, or a simple fruit or vegetable salad with any desired dressing, while the latter should be of a more substantial nature made with meat, fish, or cheese, or these in various combinations with vegetables. A chiffonade salad is a general favorite in the Spring and can always lend variety by using different combinations of the fresh vegetables in season. A good combination may be made of shredded celery, beans, beets, onion, parsley, green pepper, tomatoes, and grape fruit-pulp blended with well-seasoned French dressing and served on lettuce.



SALAD MAKES THE IDEAL MAIN DISH FOR SUMMER LUNCHEON

French Dressing Variations

A GOOD general rule for a French dressing is as follows: To 3 tablespoonfuls of salad-oil add 1 tablespoonful of vinegar or lemon-juice or half of each, ¼ teaspoonful of salt, and 1/6 teaspoonful of pepper. This may be varied by the addition of tomato catchup, chilli sauce, finely minced herbs, celery, chives, or grated onion, or by substituting a fruit-juice for all or part of the acid in the dressing.

Mayonnaise Variations

IF ONE wishes a red mayonnaise and a piquancy of flavor 3 tablespoonfuls of chilli sauce or tomato catchup added to a cupful of mayonnaise will give a pleasing effect and taste to a salad. For a green mayonnaise ¼ cupful of minced pickles, green peppers, or olives will be effective and pleasing. To make a rich Russian dressing, whipped cream may be added with chilli sauce and catchup.

Vegetable Salad

2 Cupfuls Cooked Spinach
½ Cupful Lima Beans
1 Cupful Green Peas
1 Cupful Beets (Cut in Cubes or Sliced)
2 Hard-cooked Eggs
Lettuce

MAKE a border around the dish of the spinach, which must be well drained and chopped fine. Place 2 piles of the beets at the ends, a pile of the beans between, and 2 piles of the peas on either side. Garnish with the grated egg yolk and the whites, cut in narrow strips. Sprinkle with a dressing made in the following manner: ⅔ cupful of olive-oil, 3 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, ¼ teaspoonful of salt, ⅓ cupful of tomato catchup, ⅛ teaspoonful of pepper. Surround the spinach with small crisp lettuce-leaves.

Sardine and Tomato Salad

4 Tomatoes
8 Small Sardines or Anchovies
1 Dozen Olives (Stuffed and Sliced)
Salt
Mayonnaise
Lettuce
½ Cupful Chopped Celery
1 Green Pepper (Chopped Fine)
2 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Parsley

PEEL the tomatoes and scoop out the centers. Chill. Mix the tomato-pulp with the celery, green pepper, sliced olives, and salt to taste. Fill the tomatoes with this mixture and place on a lettuce-leaf. Garnish the top with the mayonnaise and sprinkle with the minced parsley. Lay the sardines or anchovies over the top, placing 2 fish on each tomato.

Asparagus Egg Salad

12 Asparagus Tips
2 Hard-cooked Eggs
1 Green Pepper
Lettuce
Mayonnaise
Paprika

CUT the pepper into narrow rings. Remove the yolks from the eggs and cut the whites into thin strips. Slip 3 asparagus tips through a pepper-ring and place on a crisp lettuce-leaf. Sprinkle over this the egg whites. Then place a tablespoonful of the mayonnaise on either side of the pepper-ring. Garnish with the grated egg yolk and a dash of the paprika.

Fruit Salad

3 Medium Oranges
1 Cupful Strawberries
¾ Cupful Pineapple (Cut in Pieces)
½ Cupful Walnuts
Paprika
French Dressing
Lettuce

PARE the oranges with a sharp knife and cut crosswise into ⅓-inch slices. Remove the seeds, if any, and cut away the membrane from the center, being careful to keep the slices in perfect shape. Place 3 slices on a crisp lettuce-leaf on top of each other. Mix the strawberries, pineapple, and nut-meats together. Cover the top slice of orange with the fruit mixture. Sprinkle with the French dressing (allowing about 3 tablespoonfuls for each individual plate of salad) and paprika. When this sweet salad is served dessert is not needed.

Shad-Roe Salad

1 Medium Shad-roe (Sautéd in Butter)
1 Cucumber
2 Hard-cooked Eggs
Watercress
Mayonnaise
½ Cupful Endive or Celery (Cut in Pieces)

CUT the roe in cubes and slice the cucumber and the hard-cooked eggs. Mix the roe, endive or celery, and eggs together, stirring in lightly with a fork. Serve on a bed of crisp watercress. Garnish the top with the mayonnaise, and on top of this the sliced cucumber, placed in long strips, one overlapping the other.

Hearty Salad

1½ Cupful Cooked Tongue (Cut in Small Pieces)
1 Cupful Cold String-beans (Cut in Inch Pieces)
4 Hard-cooked Eggs
French Dressing
Mayonnaise
1 Tomato (Sliced)
Lettuce

STIR in lightly with a fork the meat, beans, and hard-cooked eggs, cut in eighths. Marinate with the French dressing. Pile in a mound on a bed of crisp lettuce. Cover with the mayonnaise. Garnish with the sliced tomato, having one slice overlapping the other. To vary this, substitute ham for the tongue and either Lima beans or peas for the string-beans. Strips of pimiento may be used instead of the tomato.

If they are pale, listless, thin,
don't deceive yourself with the
thought "They're just growing"—

The most *dangerous* excuse you

Even the most devoted mothers make the common mistake of imagining there's nothing really the matter when children are just a little underweight and "peaked"—inclined to be fretful—or finicky about their eating.

Don't excuse such traits in *your* children on the plea, "they're just growing." For these are all danger signals—the first unmistakable signs of a malnourished condition. Familiar signs, yes—because malnutrition is so shockingly prevalent among growing children. *One out of every three suffers from it!*

Unfortunately malnutrition doesn't stop with childhood. Its damaging effects follow people all through life—in the form of lowered vitality, susceptibility to disease, poor physique.

Don't neglect these first warning symptoms! Build up your children's health *now*.

First of all, measure and *weigh them.* Find out whether they are up to normal for their height and age.

Make sure they have no organic defects.

Check up on their health habits. Fresh air and sleep, outdoor exercise, regular bowel movements, frequent baths, etc.

Most important of all, give them a *correct diet.* Plenty of vegetables and fruit, milk, cereals, a little meat, few sweets.

And in addition—a daily feeding of *Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.* This wonderful corrective food b
and generates the energy
children need. Recent scien
ments prove that children who take Eagle Brand regularly every day improve remarkably in weight, health and general appearance.

For Eagle Brand is pure country milk—a child's perfect food, rich in nourishment and with the essential growth-promoting vitamins, too. Combined with sugar—the great energy-producer—in a way that makes it more easily digested and assimilated.

Eagle Brand is ideal as a *corrective* and *protective* food. Order some today and start feeding it to your children according to directions. At the same time

Send for the 3 Little Books

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Give a daily feeding *between meals*—preferably as a drink—2 tablespoonfuls diluted with ⅔ cup cold water. Or as a spread on bread or crackers (in which case have the child drink more water). Poured over cereal or fruit. Made up into custards, egg nogs and other simple dishes.

Do this regularly every day

HEIGHT AND WEIGHT TABLES

BOYS									*GIRLS*								
Height Inches	Average Weight for Height (Lbs.)	5 Years	6 Years	7 Years	8 Years	9 Years	10 Years	11 Years	Height Inches	Average Weight for Height (Lbs.)	5 Years	6 Years	7 Years	8 Years	9 Years	10 Years	11 Years
38	34	34	34						38	33	33	33					
39	35	35	35						39	34	34	34					
40	36	36	36						40	36	36	36	36				
41	38	38	38	38					41	37	37	37	37				
42	39	39	39	39	39				42	39	39	39	39				
43	41	41	41	41	41				43	41	41	41	41	41			
44	44	44	44	44	44				44	42	42	42	42	42			
45	46	46	46	46	46	46			45	45	45	45	45	45	45		
46	48	47	48	48	48	48			46	47	47	47	47	48	48		
47	50	49	50	50	50	50	50		47	50	49	50	50	50	50	50	
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55	74				72	72	73	73	55	75				72	74	74	74
56	78				75	76	77	77	56	79					76	78	78
57	82					79	80	81	57	84					80	82	82
58	85					83	84	84	58	89						84	86
59	89						87	88	59	95						87	90
60	94						91	92	60	101						91	95
61	99							95	61	108							99
62	104							100	62	114							104
63	111							105	63	118							

This chart tells you what your children should weigh for their height and age. Keep them normal and you keep them safe.

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Nestlé's Milk Food

Makes correct feeding as simple as 1 2 3

The Blue Waves of Tory

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

his nostrils the sweet scent of woman, of a lady and a sweet woman. Dan never lifted his head.

" 'Stand aside, cow!' he ordered.

"The horse under him stopped and lowered its great noble head. And there came a little laughter to Dan's ears, that was like the thrumming of the deeper strings of the harp.

" 'Dan Hoyser! Dan Hoyser!' came a voice. And Dan Hoyser lifted his head, and before him was a small, sweet, brown woman with golden eyes and brownish hair. And in her arms were flowers of the mountain, and the fragrance of herself was greater than the fragrance of the flowers. 'I could not let you pass without thanking you for the poems you made about me, Dan Hoyser, and the sweet things you said of me.'

" 'Ma'am,' said he, and he was trembling from he knew not what. 'I never made a poem about you, for I never saw you in my life before.'

" 'But you did, Dan Hoyser.'

"A queer dreaminess was coming on the poet, and there were thoughts in his mind of the time when he was young, and the arms of women were a sweet, secret dream of sanctity, and later a swirl of thunderous feeling, and later a pleasant thi[illegible] the pleasantest thing in the world, m[illegible], but only a pleasant thing. And he was troubled.

" 'Ma'am,' he said, 'what name is on you that I wrote poems to you?'

" 'The name that is on me is Venus.'

" 'But, dear Ma'am,' he said, thinking of Greece, 'this is High Germany.'

" 'They have exiled me from the Summer sea, Dan Hoyser, and banished me from the sunny lands, and imprisoned me among the mountains in high barren Germany. There is a new people in the world, Dan Hoyser, who want to suffer and make others suffer. And you too are going from me.'

" 'I am, Ma'am,' he said; 'I must save my soul.'

" 'Come with me into my prison, Dan, for just a little moment.'

" 'I'm on my way to a monastery,' he said, tho he was trembling from head to foot.

" 'For a little moment, Dan Hoyser, my lost poet?' she asked.

" 'Well, I'll come in for a little refreshment, Ma'am, but I must be on my way.'

"He looked at the great cleft in the mountain, and, looking behind, saw the boy with the harp coming up the hill after him. " 'Ah, but the little lad?' he said.

"She put out her soft, fragrant hand. 'Sleep, darling, sleep!' she cooed. And on the back of his horse the boy fell asleep. And, following Venus, Dan Hoyser led the horses into the cleft in the mountains.

"AND it was twenty years from that day until the day he came out. He went in on a pleasant afternoon, and he came out on a cold, foggy morning. And he led the horses with him, and carried the sleeping boy. And behind him the mountain closed. And the twenty years had not aged Dan Hoyser one day, except to put a terrible look in his eyes, and the little boy was not aged either, but the horses were old and weak, and the strings of the great harp had snapped, and some hung loose and jagged, and some were curled about the woodwork. But broken was each string.

"And the little boy woke and said: 'Master, I have been sleeping.' And Dan Hoyser dropped a tear on his curly head, and said: 'Thank God, dear little lad, you have.'

"And the boy saw the horses and the harp, and a great cry came out of him: 'O Master, let us get away from this place! There is a curse on this place. See the horses, Master, and the harp! O Master, the great harp! Master, let us go away! I am afraid.'

" 'Come, little lad!'

"And Dan Hoyser brought him into a great city, where new horses were had, and the old ones were killed quickly, for Dan Hoyser would not sell them to the foreign people for fear of their being ill-treated. And he had the harp restrung to please the little lad. But he made no more songs. They passed the Alps.

" 'Where are we bound for, Master?' asked the boy. 'I thought we were going to a monastery on a high Alp.'

" 'We are going to Rome, little lad, and there we shall see the Pope.'

" 'Good enough!' said the boy. 'I've heard a lot about him in Ireland. I'd like to see him.'

SO THEY rode through Italy and into Rome, and they clattered up the streets, and drew rein before the Vatican.

" 'Which is it?' asked the Vatican people, 'a great prince or a great poet?'

" 'A great poet,' said Dan Hoyser, 'and a very great sinner. Bring me,' he demanded, 'where the Holiness is.'

"And they brought him to where the Pope was sitting on his throne, with the gold tiara on his head and the shepherd's staff in his hand.

" 'And who,' asked the Pope kindly, and held his hand, 'is the great poet is in it, whose face I don't know, for I thought I knew the face of all poets alive? Tho I can see,' he said, 'that you're a great poet on account of your brow and your hands.'

" 'I am Dan Hoyser,' said the poet.

" 'Dan Hoyser! Dan Hoyser!' said the Pope delightedly. 'And where have you been, Dan Hoyser, these twenty years? Sure, I've often wondered at the mystery of your disappearance. Sure, you were my favorite poet and me only a poor Bishop, as you might say, many years ago. Did you retire from the world to write a great poem?'

" 'Holiness,' Dan Hoyser groaned, 'for twenty years I have been sinning, and I want forgiveness and absolution.'

" 'Well, you have it,' says the Pope. 'Sure, what fire or poetry would be in you if you were a mouselike, habitual man?'

" 'Holiness, it is worse.'

" 'Dan Hoyser,' the Pope said severely, 'don't go and tell me you've sold your soul to the devil! Send up the Chief Exorcist,' he ordered a Cardinal. 'Sure, what are we here for but to help a friend out of a scrape?'

" 'Holiness,' Dan Hoyser dropped on his knees, 'I have been Venus's darling for twenty years in the caves of the mountains of High Germany.'

"The Pope said nothing, but he turned pale.

" 'Absolution, Father, for the sake of Jesus, our dear, dear Lord!'

"But still the Pope was silent. And his face grew whiter.

" 'It is the one sin I can't absolve,' he whispered. 'For my God is the enemy of the old gods. You turned your back on the bitter cross of the dear Lord Jesus for the lap of a foul pagan deity. Dan Hoyser, great poet,' he said, 'you are a damned man.'

"Then Dan Hoyser stood up, very white and erect.

" 'Then for me,' he said, 'there is no God's heaven.'

" 'There is as little chance, Dan Hoyser, of your getting into heaven as this staff in my hand has of bearing green leaves and flowers again, as it did when it was a branch on God's trees.'

" 'I am very sorry to have troubled Your Holiness,' said Dan Hoyser.

" 'Ah, why did you do it? Dan, my poor boy, why did you do it?' The Pope mourned, but when he looked up Dan Hoyser had gone.

"And that evening the Pope was taken with an illness that kept him to his bed for a month, and when he got a little better he asked the Cardinal to help him get up, 'for I would like to be on my feet again, and see the green of the olive-trees, and the new moon in the west.' And they helped him up, and put a great fur cloak about him. 'You'll find my staff in that cupboard,' said he. 'Give it to me.' And they opened the cupboard and looked at one another in astonishment as they brought out the staff. For from tip to shepherd's crook it was covered with green leaves and white fragrant flowers, all blooming from the barren wood.

"And the Pope trembled from head to foot, and he sat down in a chair.

" 'Where is Dan Hoyser?' he said. 'Send for him.'

" 'Is it Dan Hoyser, Your Holiness? Sure, Dan Hoyser's gone. He went from Rome to Genoa, and at Genoa he sent his apprentice home to Ireland. A ship he chartered for the lad, Father, and they say that Dan Hoyser gave him the great harp, and took the poet's gold chain from around his neck and hung it on the boy's.

" 'Brother and dear little lad,' he said, 'I have taught you all I can. Give all,' he said; 'take just reward, but sell nothing.' And they both cried, the people say. 'And tell them at home,' said Dan Hoyser, 'that they will never see Dan Hoyser any more, and say to them this last poem from Dan Hoyser: "There is an island in the western seas, and there is an island in Dan Hoyser's heart——" ' And the Cardinals recited to him the poem called '*In iarthar ta oilean san mhuir*.'

"And after he went north, and a strange tale came to us that the shepherds saw him disappearing into a cleft in the mountains of High Germany.

"And the Pope put aside the staff he was fingering, and then let the great cloak fall from his shoulders. 'Put me in my bed again,' he asked, 'for the little moon of God is not for me.'

"And one morning they found that the life had gone from him, and, turning him from the wall, they saw there was a great peace on his face, but that his cheeks had been furrowed by tears. And they took a little silver hammer and tapped him gently on the forehead, and called him by name. Three times they tapped and three times they called his name. But answer they had none. And they went out on the balconies and acquainted the people, saying: 'His Holiness, our dear Father, is dead.' And they met in conclave, and chose a new Pope, and when he died they chose another, so that there were many Popes since that time, but there was never another Dan Hoyser."

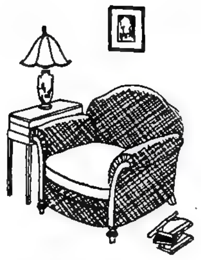
THE islanders were silent, looking into the fire. The old man stirred himself, rummaged in the breast-pocket of his greenish, weather-worn coat. He produced a pair of cracked, steel-rimmed spectacles. He placed them carefully on his nose.

He reached down for the old hat that was by his side. From the hat he took a red-bandanna handkerchief, wrapping a sort of parcel. He undid the handkerchief, and produced a sizable bundle of dog-eared manuscript. He looked at the company benignantly over the cracked, steel-rimmed spectacles.

"I will now read a poem of my own," he announced, "in the Gaelic, which has been compared very favorably to those of the great Dan Hoyser."

"Here Comes the Bride!"

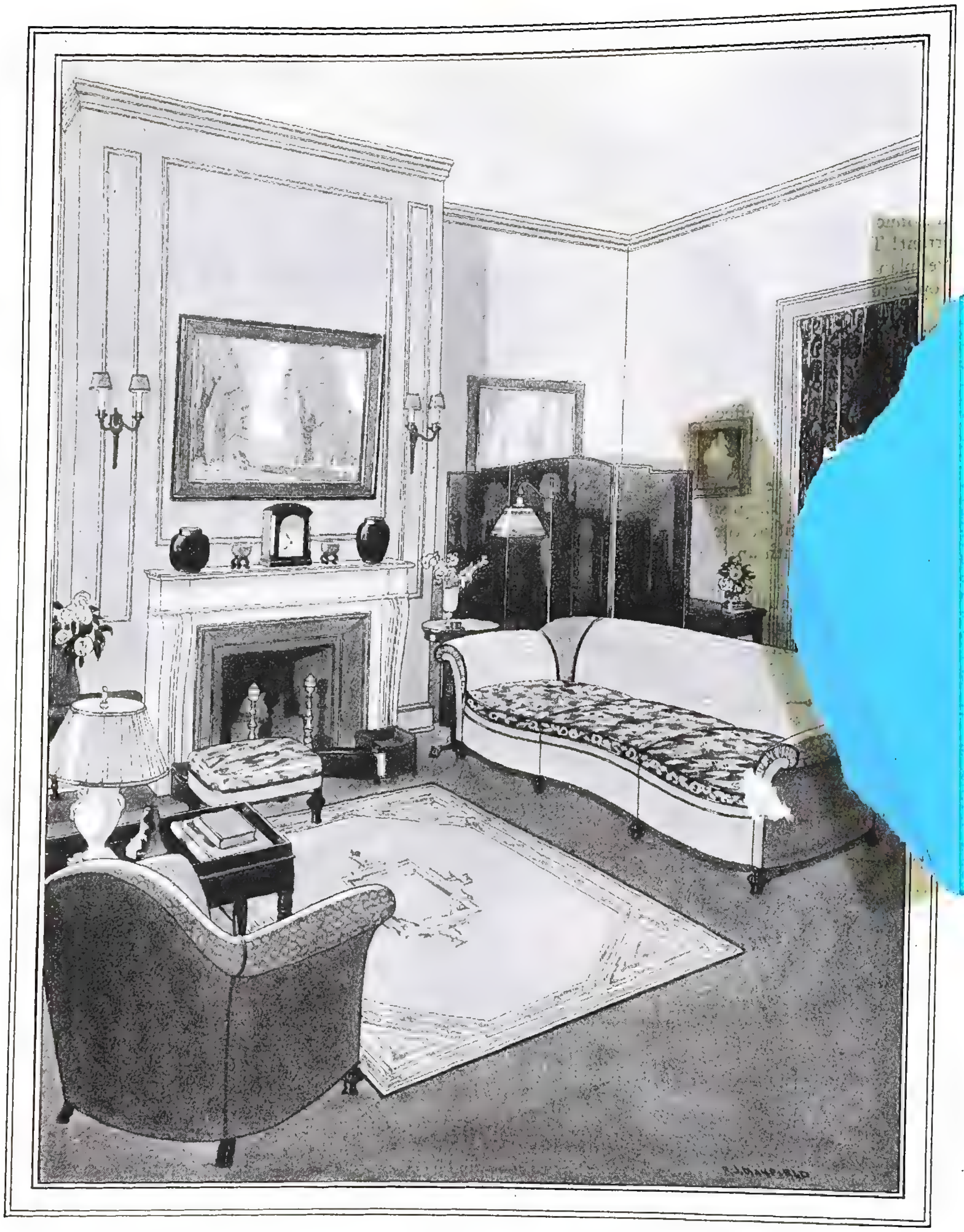
A NEW service booklet for brides, families of brides, and friends of brides. Full of suggestions for parties, showers, menus, and wedding arrangements. Sent post-paid for ten cents. Address Home Bureau Service, Pictorial Review, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

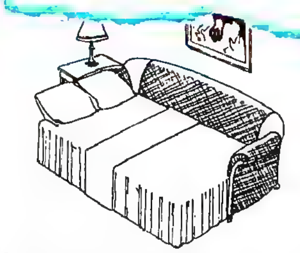


The walls of this interesting room are a soft amethyst with a gray cast, the mantel is of gray stone and the woodwork gray. The rich amethyst damask curtains are shot with a design in magenta, and the carpeting is gray.

Against this effective background are placed the Kroehler Davenport and Chairs upholstered in sage green with green damask cushions. The ginger jars on the mantel shelf repeat the strong color note of deep red purple or magenta. The lamp shades of green-gold silk are edged with narrow bands of magenta and black. The oriental rug has a green background harmonizing with the davenport.

A number of equally effective color schemes are suggested in the "Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements," sent free on request.





The Invisible Bedroom

The convenience of an *extra* bedroom without *extra* cost

THE younger generation knows to the fullest extent the meaning of the word *comfort.* It lives smartly and well—yet it wastes no time or money on traditional "extras" whose cost is out of proportion to their value.

To these young moderns the seldom-used extra bedroom is an unnecessary extravagance. Why not, they say, save the extra rent, the extra time that the care of such a room necessitates, for other things!

So they select for their living rooms or sunrooms a Kroehler Suite, with a low, soft-cushioned davenport in which a full-width, luxuriously comfortable bed is concealed. No one would guess that beneath the loungy davenport seat is hidden a convenient sleeping space, with strong, yielding springs and thick, soft mattress. A single easy motion opens this extra bed whenever it is needed, revealing covers all in place, the bed ready for immediate use.

Is it at all surprising that thousands of families, in crowded homes or small apartments, have chosen this modern way to save space and rent?

You, too, can enjoy the comfort which Kroehler Living Room Furniture is giving them. You can choose an interesting period design or a soft-cushioned overstuffed pattern, with deep, comfortable chairs and handsome davenport, with or without a concealed bed. You can have this furniture in fine wood finishes or in painted finishes to match any scheme of decoration. For upholstery, there are all the good-looking, long-wearing fabrics that fashion approves—silk damask, tapestry, mohair, jacquard velours, Chase Velmo or Baker Cut Pattern Velour, leather or Chase Leatherwove.

Important hidden qualities

Kroehler Living Room Furniture has frames of kiln-dried hardwood; seat springs of heavy, high-carbon wire, flexibly interlocked; filling of germ-cured flax fiber, best moss and cotton. Seat cushions are filled with fine wire coil springs, padded with clean, white, felted cotton; the all-steel folding bed frame is fitted with sagless cable fabric and helical springs. The upholstery is given moth-proofing treatment.

Dealers everywhere sell Kroehler Davenport Beds and Suites for cash or on easy payments. Be sure the name plate is on the back of each piece. If you do not know where to find Kroehler Davenports—with or without concealed beds—and matching chairs, write us for the dealer's name and the "Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements."

Address Kroehler Mfg. Co., Chicago, or Stratford, Ontario. Factories at Kankakee, Ill., Bradley, Ill., Naperville, Ill., Binghamton, N. Y., Dallas, Texas, Los Angeles, Calif., San Francisco, Calif. Canadian Factory, Stratford, Ontario.

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...iful silver gives ...oman a thrill of pride

...entertain much or little, the quality ... important! Time and thought are ... novel plan of a sample teaspoon ...an opportunity for careful con-

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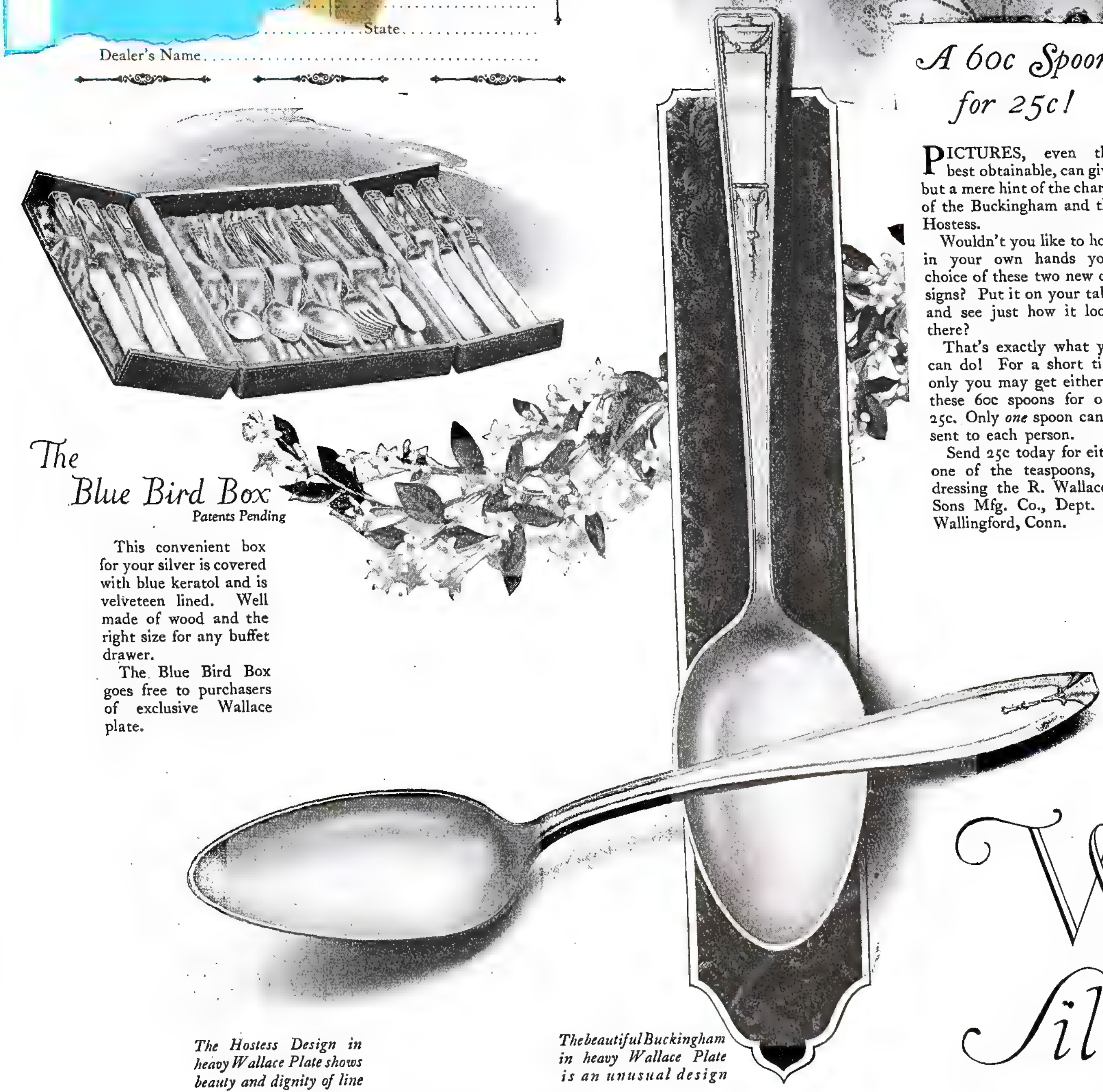


The Blue Bird Box

Patents Pending

This convenient box for your silver is covered with blue keratol and is velveteen lined. Well made of wood and the right size for any buffet drawer.

The Blue Bird Box goes free to purchasers of exclusive Wallace plate.

A 60c Spoon for 25c!

PICTURES, even the best obtainable, can give but a mere hint of the charm of the Buckingham and the Hostess.

Wouldn't you like to hold in your own hands your choice of these two new designs? Put it on your table and see just how it looks there?

That's exactly what you can do! For a short time only you may get either of these 60c spoons for only 25c. Only *one* spoon can be sent to each person.

Send 25c today for either one of the teaspoons, addressing the R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co., Dept. 6R, Wallingford, Conn.

The Hostess Design in heavy Wallace Plate shows beauty and dignity of line

The beautiful Buckingham in heavy Wallace Plate is an unusual design

WALLACE Silver

STERLING AND PLATE

Fear God and Take Your Own Part

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

His residence on the West Side was not dwarfed by that of the Copper King who made his home next door.

This was a day of great excitement in the Westner family. Jacob impatiently hurried through the daily business routine—interviews with his staff of advertisers, floor-walkers, and traveling salesmen. At four-thirty he was alone in the office, perched on one corner of his polished desk, nervously rattling together the heels of his shoes, and eying, at intervals, the small ivory-cased clock on the huge blotter.

AFTER a few minutes the outer door swung dashingly open, and there rushed in a young man, well dressed in a cosmopolitan fashion, with black hair neatly brushed back from a high forehead. Behind, at the door, stood Leah, smaller-looking than of yore, and white-haired. She was weeping furtively.

"Dad!" cried the young man. In a moment David was in his father's arms, and Jacob had implanted a resounding kiss on his son's cheek. There were tears in Jacob's eyes, too.

"Well, David! Well! Ain't it fine to be home? And maybe me and your mama ain't glad to see you!" He grabbed hold of the boy's chin mischievously. "*Nu*, can you blame us after you're away three years in New York?"

David embraced his father affectionately. At the same time, he motioned his mother to come forward, and placed his arm around her waist. "Oh, it's good to be back, I can tell you! But hasn't mama grown white! Mama, you're not in style! Nowadays it ain't fashionable to have white hair."

"David, how you talk!" sobbed Leah. "You're in New York for three long years and my hair shouldn't turn white? Maybe you think I got a heart of iron?"

"Dear old mama! Never mind! You're my sweetheart just the same! And Dad! Every time I come back the store looks bigger to me! There must be at least fifty new faces around here since I went away."

"Well," said Jacob, "business ain't so bad—not that it couldn't be better. The War ain't helping any. But, David, I hear you're a fine musician now. And why not, Mama, *vus?* Ten thousand dollars I spend on his education if I spend a cent."

"Dad, I'm going to make my début this Autumn in New York," David informed his father proudly. "But I won't play if you're not among those present. You and mama."

"Oh! This Autumn?" Jacob automatically looked up at the picture of Roosevelt. "I think this Autumn you be in the army, David."

"What you mean, army?" Leah asked in an alarmed voice.

"Well—" Jacob was ill at ease. "For instance, if America should go in the War. You know, Teddy says——"

Jacob looked on faces grown gloomy and gray in an instant. A lightning-like apprehension had startled away the happy expressions of his wife and son. David looked pale and bit his lip nervously. "But there ain't going to be no war for America!" proclaimed Leah in a harsh voice. "America ain't so foolish. Papa, why you talk like this?"

Jacob shrugged his shoulders dismally. "Teddy says as how America should long ago have gone in. David, you saw plenty soldiers in New York, I bet you."

"Yes, Dad, I did." The musician covered his eyes with the palms of his hands as tho to shut out long marching lines of steel and khaki. "Oh, it's terrible!" he muttered. "Terrible!"

Jacob looked at his son in a curiously disappointed way. "David, you're afraid? My boy should be afraid! If I was only younger. Twenty years—"

"Jacob, why you fill the boy's head with such talk on his first day home?" Leah demanded. "If they want war, let them send the boys what have no fine thoughts or feelings. David, my darling, don't worry. For such as you, there won't be no war."

Jacob patted her arm reassuringly. "I hope so, Mama," he murmured.

Yet was there a doubt in his heart, a stirring of old memories? He raised his eyes to the picture of Roosevelt and recalled that day many years back. "It's men of your type who are helping build the America of the future . . . men of your race . . . all, all good Americans!"

The words had branded themselves in his heart and soul. They had consecrated him to an undying Americanism. They had carried him successfully through the darkest days of his career to worldly success and riches. Had they no spiritual value for him? "Men of your race—" Ah, Roosevelt had flattered him, surely! Was his race really so sturdy and fine? He knew many who were—just cheap. "Build the America of the future"—with money-bags? "I'll remember you. I never forget a face."

What would that memory become if they should ever meet again? Would he be able to face his hero, his idol, without a suspicion of shame, a trace of doubt? Would he be able to say, "I have lived up to your words; I have helped build"?

"Damnable Kings with their damnable wars!" cried David suddenly. "You know, Mama, sometimes when I am seated at the piano playing something very beautiful, perhaps Chopin or Beethoven, I feel that I am far above everybody, in my own kingdom, which is beauty. If I could only stay there forever, away from everything connected with war! If I could only play, play forever, undisturbed by thoughts!"

"If we want beauty," said Jacob, tenderly addressing his son, "we must fight for it, no, David?"

"I don't know," the boy answered absently. "I don't know——"

"Anyway, there's no war yet," said Jacob, changing the subject. "We won't talk about it any more. Mama, you was right. Ain't I a fine one to talk from such things when David is only an hour home? David, I bet mama has all the things for supper you like best. And David! I got a surprize for you! Wine, David! I bought the grapes myself and made it like I used to. Come, David. Come. We all go home together like old times——"

AMERICA declared war a few months later, unexpectedly, after a long period of doubt and speculation. President Wilson's call to arms roused the whole town into a fever of excitement. Roosevelt's plea to be sent overseas met with the greatest enthusiasm by all his old friends and admirers in the vicinity. Jacob hung a huge flag outside his store, and day by day service-stars appeared like newly discovered comets in his windows.

There would be a timid knock on the door and Jacob would look up from a business letter into wide, eager eyes. "I'm leaving, Mr. Westner. I'm going to enlist."

"But, Carrol, ain't you the sole support of your mother? What will she do when you're gone?"

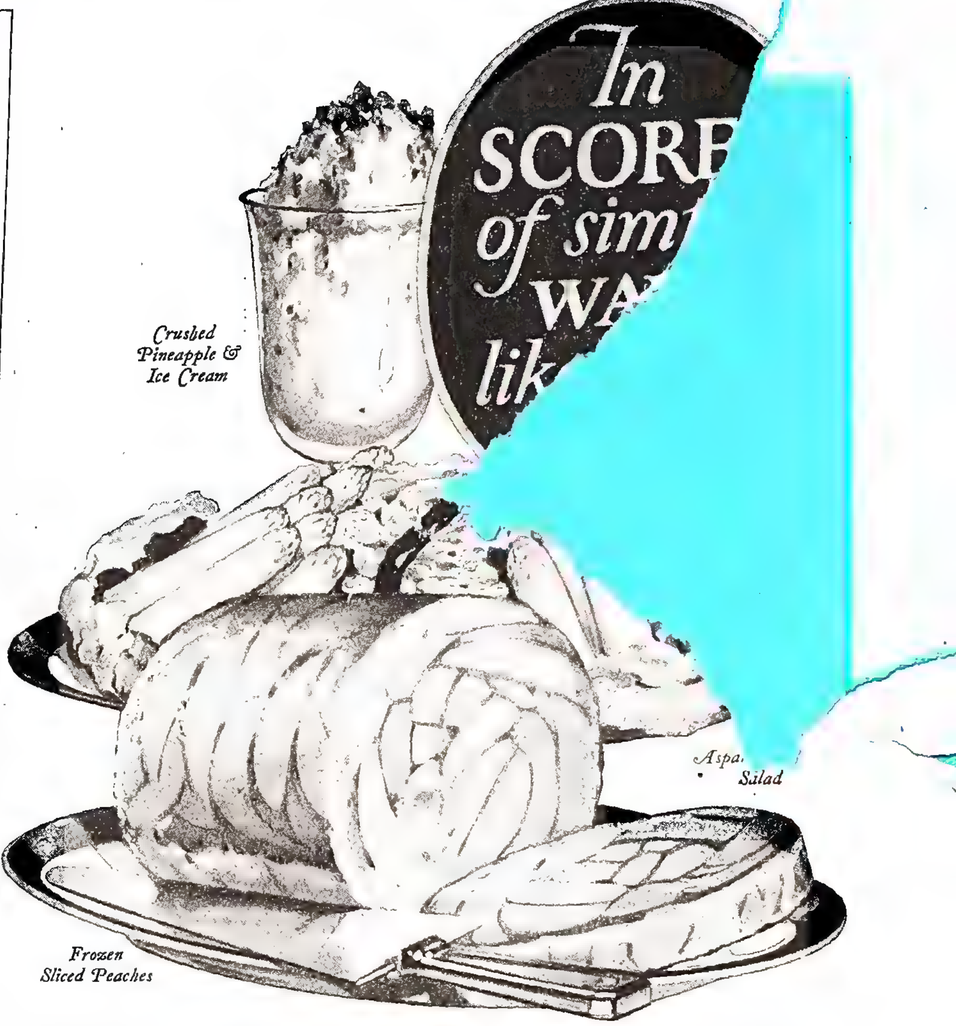
"Well, I thought of that, Mr. Westner. You see, there's a little money in the bank to keep her while I'm gone. And if I should never come back, there's the insurance."

"You mustn't talk like that, Carrol." And then the shoe clerk received the surprize of his life. His employer strode impetuously up to him and kissed him on both cheeks. "I'm very proud of you, Carrol. I can't tell you how—*He'll* be very proud of you, too.

"Who, Mr. Westner?"

"*He* will." And Jacob pointed up at

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50



Del Monte makes summer work lighter~

This *summer*—why not enjoy summer?

Why not make up your mind right now to spend less time in the kitchen—and take more healthful recreation in the great outdoors?

You can do it so easily—and at the same time enjoy the most tempting, satisfying and really economical meals—if you'll just let Del Monte do part of the hot work for you.

That's what Del Monte is for—to enable you to serve better meals, with little or no trouble, on the very spur of the moment.

No matter what the meal or occasion—breakfast, luncheon, dinner or outing—there's a Del Monte variety to meet your needs and save you useless work.

The simple hot-weather suggestions shown here are just a hint of the many easy menu possibilities of these tempting foods. Try them. But remember one thing. When you order canned fruits and vegetables from your grocer—be sure you say Del Monte. Then you know in advance exactly what you're getting—the same uniform goodness in every variety—the same assurance of satisfaction, no matter where you buy.

Frozen Sliced Peaches

To prepare cooling summer dainties like the frozen Sliced Peaches above, simply pack a can of Del Monte Sliced Peaches (or Peach Halves, Apricots, Pears, Berries, Fruits for Salad—any variety you wish) in an ordinary bucket—between equal layers of chopped ice and coarse or ice cream salt. Let stand three hours. Take out the can; dip for an instant in hot water; punch hole in bottom; then open, cutting around side closely under top, and turn out a cylinder of frozen fruit—ready for immediate service.

Asparagus Salad

The Asparagus Salad illustrated above gives just a hint of the almost unlimited summer uses of Del Monte Asparagus. Arrange Asparagus Tips on a salad plate with head lettuce. Garnish with strips of pimiento and serve with mayonnaise.

Pineapple and Ice Cream

Del Monte Crushed Pineapple and ice cream make one of the most tempting summer treats imaginable. No sweetening needed—no preparation. Serve as a sundae or in parfait glasses.

Just be sure you say

DEL MONTE

SEND FOR THIS BOOK

For many other hot-weather dishes—easily prepared with canned fruits—write for "The Del Monte Fruit Book," containing the favorite recipes of America's best known cooking authorities. Address Department 31B, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Del Monte
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QUALITY
FRUITS AND
VEGETABLES

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veals
Facts

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er's milk,
that the curds are much
large consequently harder to
diges cience now reveals that the curds of KLIM (fresh milk powdered) are almost identical in size with those of mother's milk, making KLIM even easier to digest than liquid cow's milk.

Curds of liquid cow's milk

Curds of KLIM reliquified

Fresh cow's milk is ⅞ water and ⅛ solids. KLIM is pure, whole milk. Nothing but the water has been removed. Just add the water again and you have milk with all the natural flavor, freshness and nourishment---including the vitamins---of milk fresh from the dairy.

Liquid milk sours quickly. KLIM keeps almost indefinitely and without ice. KLIM has a lower bacteria count even than most certified milk. It is free from injurious bacteria. Liquid milk varies from day to day. KLIM is always uniform---the ideal food for the growing child.

INFANT FEEDING---Mothers should consult their physicians regarding the proper use and modification of KLIM for infant feeding.

FREE BOOKLETS "*Your Child's Health*" *and "Nationally Known Recipes, Children's Edition"---invaluable in bringing up children ---sent free to those who mail coupon below.*

Buy KLIM from your druggist

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KLIM

Try a can of
KLIM *in Camp*

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Please send me booklets offered above.

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Fear God and Take Your Own Part

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

the picture of Roosevelt on the wall. "He shaked my hand once, Carrol."

"Well, now! Ain't that——?"

"Yes, Carrol, just like I was—born in this country. Just like I was his next-door neighbor for twenty years. Have a cigar, Carrol. You must send me your address from camp, my boy. Anything what I can do for you— And when you come back I make you a floor-walker."

"That's mighty fine of you, sir."

"It's mighty fine of you, Carrol. You're fighting for me, ain't it?" Jacob abruptly grew confidential. "I want my boy to enlist," he said in a voice filled with emotion. "Maybe—who knows?—you'll see each other in France."

"I'll look for him, Mr. Westner."

"Good-by, Carrol. Good-by. Hey, Carrol! A little present. Take it! Go on! Don't be so backwards! I don't think the French girls will like you if you're bashful, Carrol. Eh?" A wink, a nudge. "Good-by, Carrol, my boy."

Evening.

"David, what you think? One from my shoe clerks, Carrol, has gone to the War. And you know what I told him? I said you're going too. I want you to be a good fighter, David."

"Oh, Dad! I can't go! I simply can't! What I've got to do is more important than fighting."

An expression of overwhelming disappointment came into Jacob's face. He looked very old, old and broken. "You're joking, ain't you, David? You don't know what you're saying."

"But I do mean it, Dad. I couldn't put off my début."

"Dé-but?" Jacob laughed in a forced way. "Is that all what's keeping you, a dé-but?"

"Why are you always hounding me about going off to war?" David cried in desperation. "You'd think you were glad to be rid of me!"

"No, David. No! Don't say such things to your papa. Didn't Teddy say to me when I shaked his hand——"

"Oh, Teddy!" interrupted the boy in a nervous rage. "You're always bringing up Teddy! What's he got to do with me, anyway?"

"David!"

The boy, pale and trembling, tried to walk past his father out of the room, but Jacob caught him by the shoulder; and so they faced each other, the son, his head lowered, and the father seeking for words to express a subtle but flaming ideal.

"David, Sonny, look at me once. Do you think maybe I want to see you go for my own amusement? When you're all I got in the world? It's because America has been so good to me that I want to send you away."

But the boy seemed not to be listening. He slid down on his knees to the floor and grasped his father's hand. "Dad, don't send me away! For pity's sake! Would you be so cruel? I'll be killed or even worse. I won't be able to stand it, Dad!"

"Can you be a son of mine?" asked Jacob, his voice breaking in two with the great disappointment. "Get up! Quick! You baby! Everything you've always had. Nothing I stinted you. And I always believed when the time came, my boy, my son would be the first to go. Are you such a coward——"

"David!" Outside the door Leah called him. "David, what's the matter? Let me in, David."

"It's all right, Mama," answered Jacob in a hoarse voice. "Get up!" he ordered his son. "Get up!"

David had hardly regained his feet when Leah entered the room. She looked at the two men with an oddly frightened face. "What's the matter, Papa? David, you been crying?"

The boy suddenly threw himself in his mother's arms. "Mama, you argue with him. Tell him I don't want to go. Tell him, Mama."

"Jacob, for shame! What you been talking to my boy?"

"I tell him he's a baby, that's what!" stormed Jacob. "I want him to act like a man, and he cries like a child."

"He wants to send me off to be killed!" moaned David.

"Oh, my boy! Never! Papa, he don't have to go! He plays the piana so nice. Why should he have to go when there is so many others?"

Jacob could not bear to talk this thing over with his wife. How make her understand? And yet, after a few minutes, he found himself saying, "Leah, you remember when we came to Montana how you said we was beginning a new life over again? First, in New York it was peddling fruit and vegetables. Then here it was building up the store. All of it is like a *geschichte*, a fairy-tale, no? And now, when America asks us to make a little payment, you cry, 'No! No!'

"Is this why we left Roumania and the pogroms? Is this why we educated our boy to be an American? All our lives we worked for him to give him advantages we never had. He ain't never done what he didn't want. Do you think, Leah, if I didn't love him so much I would ask him to go fight for America, which has given us all so much? It's because I feel he is more American as I that I want him to fight. It's our chance, Leah, to show America that we can give some thanks for what we are. And it's our boy's privilege!"

"No, Papa! David won't go. You hear me? He won't go." She was fighting for her son now with every beat of her heart, every throb of her blood. She reached for Jacob's hand and pressed it to her lips in pathetic supplication. She beat her breast and rocked to and fro in the manner of worshipers in the synagog. "Papa! Remember he's our only son. You mustn't send him away. No! No! Let them come and take our business, our money, our house! Give them all they want, Papa! But not our boy."

Jacob kissed her eyes and tasted the bitterness of her tears mingled with his own. "Sh-hh, Mama. Why you cry so? We won't talk about it no more to-night. Sh-hh. All right, Mama. Why should I argue with you? Sh——"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 55

The Pin-a-Peep Show

HANSEL AND GRETEL

See Opposite Page

Directions: Supply yourself with an empty shoe-box, paste, and a pair of scissors. Cut out the different figures on the page. Cut a hole an inch square in the center of one end of the box for a peep-hole. As shoe-boxes vary in size it is a good idea to look through the peep-hole and see that the figures are placed to the best advantage before pasting solidly in the box. Figures 1 and 2 suggest a placement of the figures. Figures 3 and 4 show how holes are cut in the cover and the openings covered with colored tissue-papers for the lighting of the show. If a simpler lighting is desired cut one large opening and cover with colored tissue-paper.

Mothers
Give
the
Children
Wrigley's

They love its long-lasting refreshing flavor

They will benefit by its friendly aid to teeth appetite and digestion.

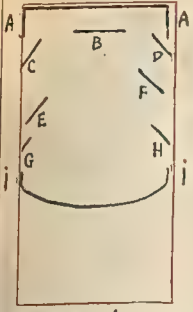
As a means of keeping their teeth clean and combating acid mouth Wrigley's is worth many times its price.

Doctors recommend it for those convalescing from fever.

"After Every Meal"

WRIGLEY'S

F68
WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS
MINT LEAF FLAVOR
Sealed in its Purity Package


A
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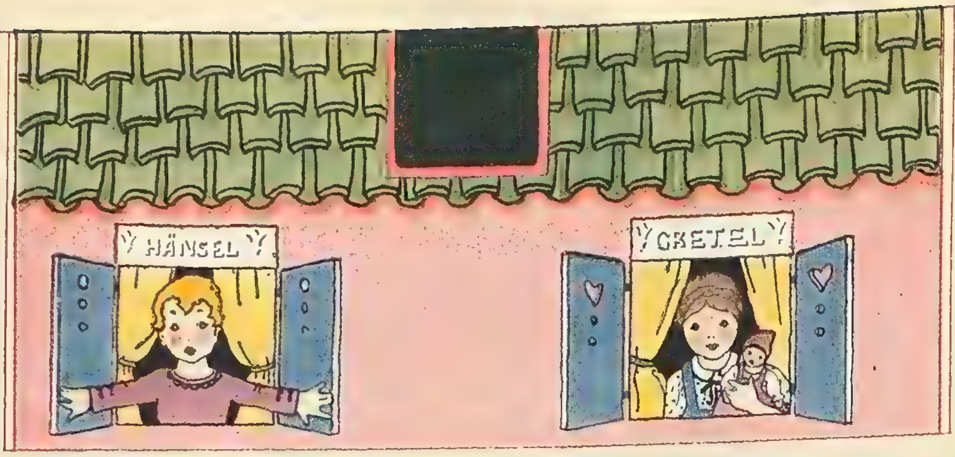
i

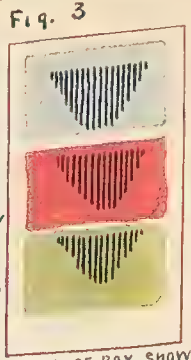
PLAN SHOWING PLACEMENT OF THE FIGURES IN THE BOX

Fig. 1


HÄNSEL
GRETEL

Paste This Picture on Front end of the Box around the Peep-hole

Fig. 3


BLUE
RED
GREEN

COVER OF BOX SHOWING COLORED TISSUE PAPERS PASTED OVER OPENINGS

The Pin-a-Peep Show—Hansel and Gretel

DRAWINGS BY BERTA AND ELMER HADER

See Opposite Page for Instructions

In the July Pictorial Review there will be another Betty Bobbs cut-out in full color. Her brother, Bobby Bobbs, then appears on the scene

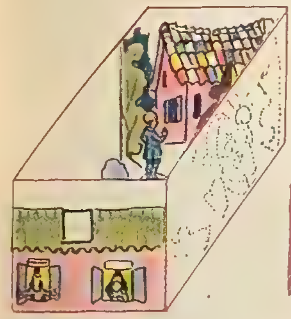


Fig. 2

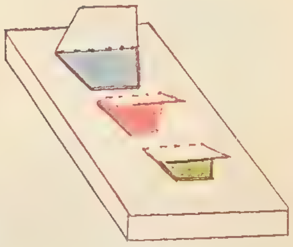
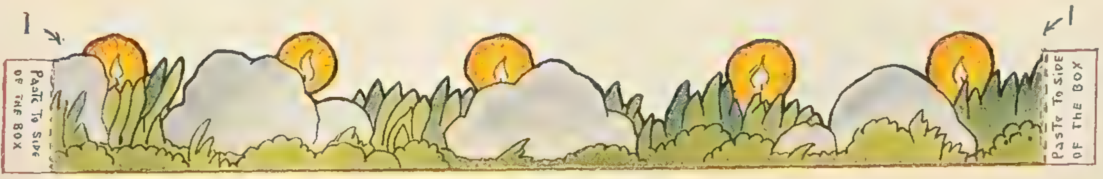


Fig 4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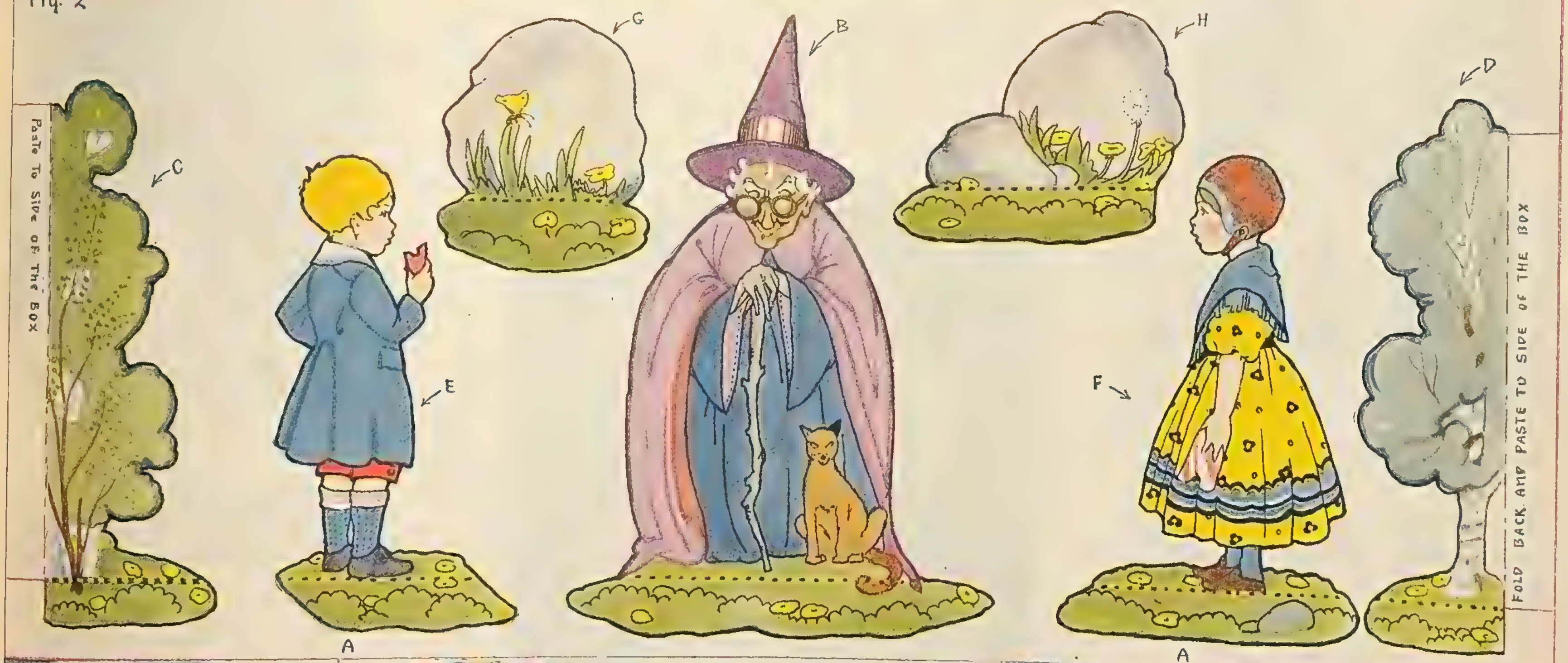
Paste To Side of The Box
Paste To Side of The Box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Paste To Side of The Box
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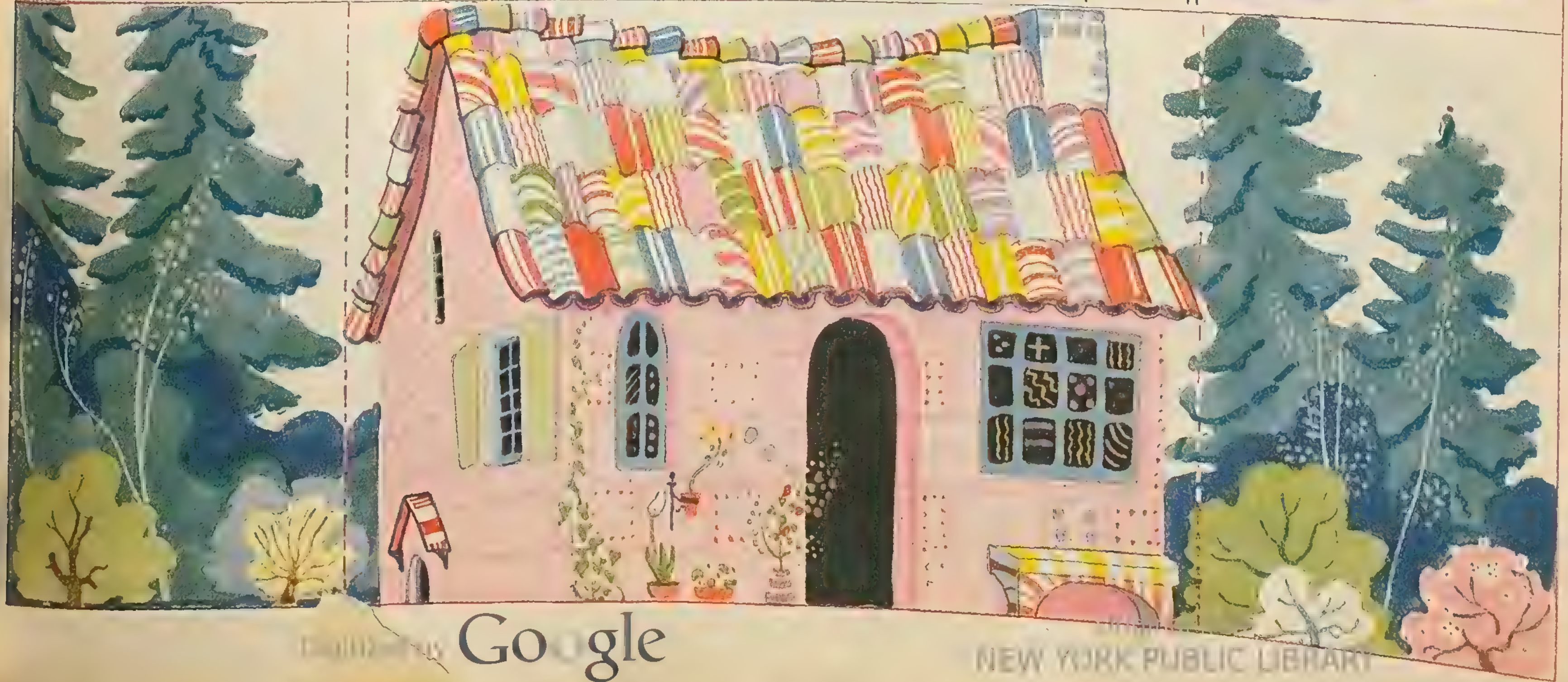
Fold Back and Paste to Side of the Box
A
A



Arresting Personalities Now Gracing Stage and Screen

GLORIA SWANSON recently returned from Paris, where she filmed "Madame Sans-Gene" and became La Marquise de la Coudray.

Photographed by Maurice Goldberg

GERTRUDE OLMSTEAD plays the rôle of Esther in "Ben Hur," the Metro-Goldwyn production of Lew Wallace's famous novel.

CARMEL MYERS, one of the loveliest actresses of the screen, plays an important vampire rôle in the spectacular production of "Ben Hur," directed in Italy.

GILDA GRAY, Broadway's favored dancer, has just returned from a long and successful road tour and will in the near future open her own theater in New York.

Photographed by "The Shelton Studio"

YVONNE GREY is another beauty selected by Mr. Ziegfeld to support his famous stars in the latest edition of the Ziegfeld Follies, at the New Amsterdam.

Photographed by Edward Thayer Monroe

RUTH ANDREA'S vivacious beauty is a brilliant note in the latest edition of the Ziegfeld Follies which is, according to the public, more glorious than ever.

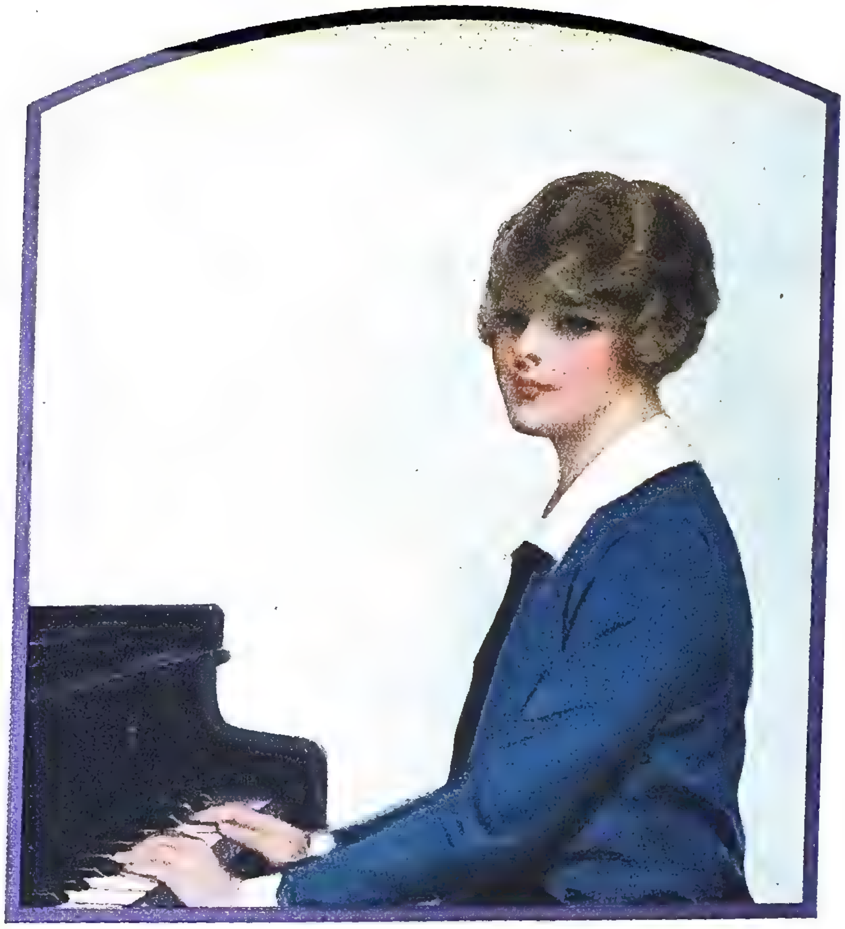
Photographed by Willard R. Culver

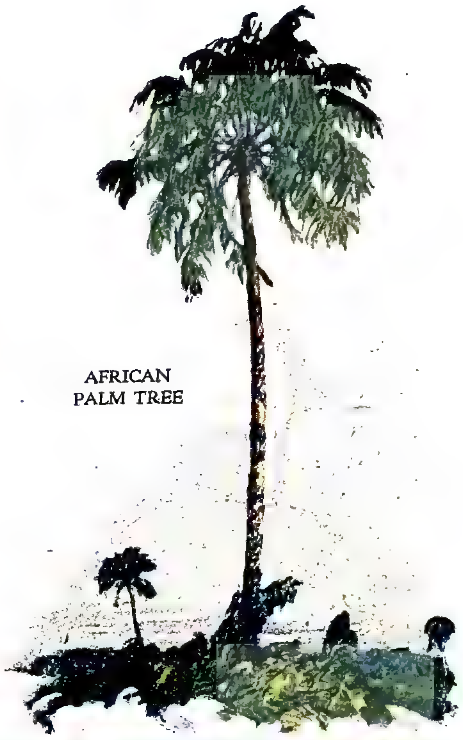
DORIS PATSTON gives a clever performance in Broadway's new musical comedy, "Louis 14th," starring the inimitable Leon Errol.

VILMA BANKY, Hungary's most beautiful screen artist, has just signed a contract with Samuel Goldwyn to appear in a number of film productions in this country.

Photographed by White Studio

DOROTHY HATHAWAY, whose gift for sparkling dancing is an effective contribution to "Sky High," starring Willie Howard.





AFRICAN PALM TREE

"Those Endearing Young Charms"

are most often expressed without words—just the enticement of natural loveliness, as millions know, which comes in this simple way

BORN of the wisest of all generations in beauty culture, the modern woman has succeeded in making natural loveliness the most important quest of the day.

To be audacious, she seeks, above all things, to be demure. To incite the emotions, she employs the dangerous weapon of simplicity!

Thus the natural complexion succeeds the artificial. Which is as it should be. For, like artificial flowers, or imitation jewels, the artificial invariably offends in contrast with the real.

So today, wherever your eyes turn, fresh and glowing complexions greet you. Modern beauty methods start with the common-sense care of natural cleanliness—the balmy lather of Palmolive used in this simple way:

Simple rules that do wonders

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. If your skin is inclined to dryness, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus, in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and Youth Prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be your problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. The Palmolive habit will keep that schoolgirl complexion.

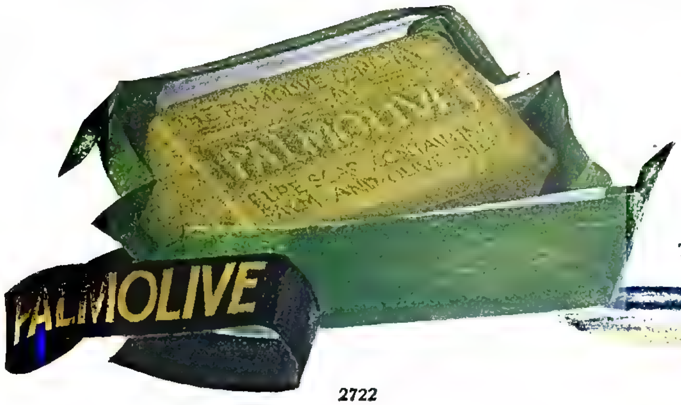
OLIVE TREE

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, *nothing else*, give Palmolive its green color.

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.



COCONUT PALM TREE

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILL.

2722

MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT

"YOUTHFULNESS *is the real pot of gold at the end of every woman's rainbow! Pond's Two Creams are a wonderful help to this coveted end.*"

Gloria M Vanderbilt

MY FIRST glimpse of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt brought a little catch to my throat. I had heard she was very lovely—this young woman, barely twenty-one, two years married to the son of one of America's oldest, wealthiest, most distinguished families, and mother of an exquisite baby girl. But I was unprepared for beauty so compelling, so unique.

"It's partly because she's so tall," I said to my companion, "and so slender. Did you *ever* see such grace?"

Mrs. Vanderbilt is "*brune*" but with a difference. Her hair seems black until the sunlight breaks its shadows into shimmering bronze. In the depths of her dark eyes burn the fires of golden topazes. And in the snows of her delicate skin blooms the rose of her full-blown lips, ruby-red and strangely beautiful.

In spite of her extreme youth Mrs. Vanderbilt carries an air. She might have been born to the purple. For she has the poise and the *cachet* of the woman who has lived her girlhood in the most distinguished society of Europe.

ALL these impressions flashed upon me. As Mrs. Vanderbilt moved toward me with a singing grace, I recalled what I had heard men say, "She dances—oh, divinely!"

"What a *bouquet* she lends that gown," I murmured. "The Parisian couturier who designed it must have thrilled to see its black velvet next arms and shoulders of such dazzling whiteness."

"But the contrast is in the color alone," said someone in our group. "When it comes to texture, there's little to choose between chiffon velvet and Mrs. Vanderbilt's skin."

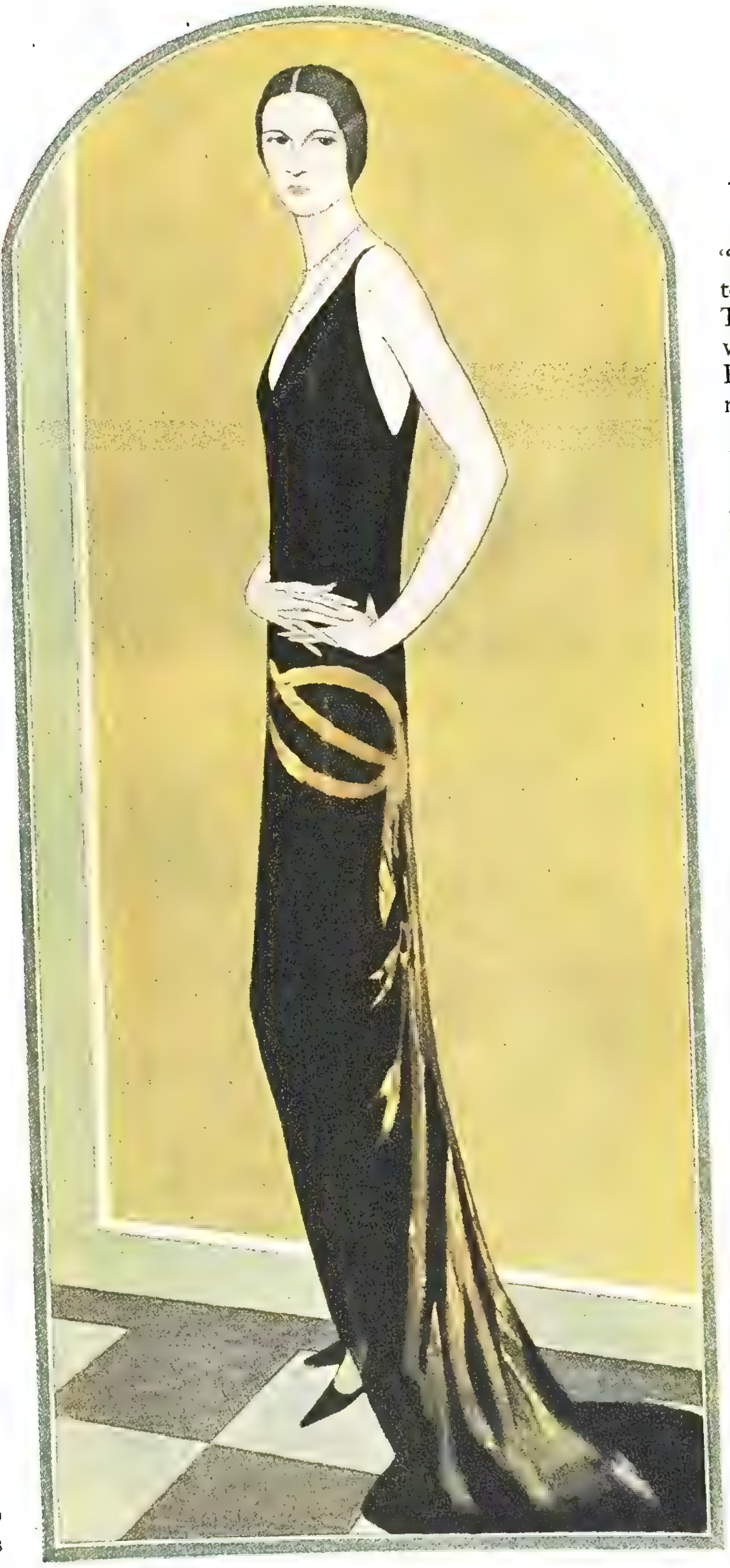
Mrs. Vanderbilt spoke in a voice whose low modulations and finished diction come from fluency in three languages besides her own.

"It ought to be a good skin," she was saying. "I take good care of it."

"No doubt," my friend rejoined, "you devote hours of every day to keeping it exquisite."

"On the contrary," cried Mrs. Vanderbilt, "far less time than many of my friends. It's not the *time* that counts. It's the *method!*"

"Do tell us what your method is," we queried.



MRS. REGINALD C. VANDERBILT

Before her marriage she was Miss Gloria Morgan. She is now a distinguished leader of New York Society. This portrait, in a gown by Vionnet, was painted by Malaga Grenet from a Steichen photograph.

POND'S
POND'S

EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS
USED BY THE LOVELY WOMEN OF SOCIETY

"Two Creams," said Mrs. Vanderbilt. "One to cleanse the skin and keep it fresh and firm. The other to protect and give it that 'velvety' finish you've just spoken of. I've used Pond's Two Creams for a long time and have never found any better."

IT is this approval, given by the women of Society who *must* keep their youth and beauty, that is the final proof of the sterling worth of Pond's Two Creams.

The first step in following the Pond's method of skin care is a deep, thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Smooth it lavishly over your face, neck, arms and hands. Let it stay on a few moments so that its pure oils may sink deep down into the pores and soften the dust, soot, hardened excess oil, powder and rouge that choke them.

Wipe all the cream off and note the dirt it brings with it. Repeat the process. And now, to close the pores, dash your skin with cold water.

This daily Pond's cleansing should follow any prolonged time spent out of doors. If your skin is inclined to be either very dry or too oily, you should use Pond's Cold Cream twice or more. And to overcome the dryness that forms lines and wrinkles, leave some of the cream on all night.

The second step in the Pond's Method of caring for the skin is a soft finish and protection with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Fluff just a light film over the skin of your face and hands. It will vanish—for Pond's Vanishing Cream is greaseless.

NOTICE now, how even the surface of your skin looks. The Vanishing Cream has leveled off all roughnesses. It gives you a lustre, too, a soft bright, clear tone.

And how much more smoothly your rouge and powder blend and how well they stay over this delicate foundation of Vanishing Cream. You need have no more fear of nose-shine, now.

You should always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder, and with particular care before you go out. For it protects your skin so that wind, dust, sun and soot cannot rob it of its natural oils, its bloom of youth.

Follow the lead of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt. Buy your own Pond's Creams. Find out for yourself that what she says is wholly true—"They constitute as simple, as effectual a method of caring for the skin as has yet been discovered." You may have the Cold Cream in extra large jars now. And both creams in the smaller jars you are familiar with. The Pond's Extract Company.

FREE OFFER — Mail this coupon and we will send you free tubes of these two creams and an attractive little folder telling how to use them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. F
129 Hudson Street, New York City

Name……………………………………………

Street……………………………………………

City……………………………State……………

Fear God and Take Your Own Part

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

And even as he stood there soothing her, pressing her hand, there came up from the street a martial strain, a thrilling sequence of marching, rifle-like notes that sent the blood pounding in his temples, that recalled to him a memory. Those eyes that searched his own, keenly, keenly! That flashing display of white teeth! That unforgetable, slightly strident voice! "All, all good Americans! . . . I'll remember you, Westner."

"Good Americans?" Jacob asked himself, and laughed bitterly.

SEE them marching down the street, long lines of khaki-clad fighting men, their emblem, Old Glory, showing the way while the drums beat out a staccato marching pattern. Left, right, left, right, left, right. To the rhythm of the drums their shoes strike against the pavement in precise movements, keen as clockwork, mechanical as a great and mighty oiled machine. Long lines of them, brothers, sons, fathers looking straight ahead while the throngs wave and cry. Mothers looking on meekly at this grand, terrible display of youth until their own specially beloved ones pass by. But the marching men are stamping down the tears. Left, right, left, right, left, right. Marching off to war.

Thump, thump, thump, thump, soles beating against the street they may never walk again. They're following the colors. Eyes, look your last! The old, familiar sights are passing. Tirra-rum-tum-tum, tirra-rum-tum-tum. The band strikes up, a sudden, glorious sunburst of horns and clarinets and piccolos:

Over there!
Over there!
Send the word! Send the word!
Over there!

Hearts beat higher, breasts flame with a keener understanding. The great design, the well-oiled machine is suddenly broken into. The magnificent pattern is disarranged. A young woman with an infant in her arms has twisted and edged her way in between the close-moving lines. She is throwing her arms about an embarrassed youth and sobbing, "Tom, kiss the baby! Say, *Good-by, Daddy! Good-by! Good-by!*" For a minute the parade halts, the machine is clogged. Then the order comes, imperiously, "Forward, *march!* Forward, there!"

The young father places the child back in the mother's arms and regains his lost place in the line that is rapidly moving away from him. No sentiment, please! The mother is caught in the meshes of the machine, the tentacles of the octopus, trying to free herself. At last she is on the sidewalk again, thrust aside by the steel-like columns, hurled away, helpless, bereft. Left, right, left, right, left, right. The lines are moving forward.

The Yanks are coming!
The Yanks are coming!

Beat of drums, blare of horns, clash of cymbals. Heads up! Eyes straight ahead! The boys are marching off to war!

From a point of vantage, Jacob waved a small flag at the departing hosts that moved in a mighty drab-colored wave under his dim eyes. Even when the last line had disappeared from his vision, he continued to stand there, his eyes blurred, the drums keeping time to the beat of his heart. Spectators jostled him, women wept on all sides, voices were raised, yet he stood there oblivious, like a lone man on a raft watching a flight of sea-gulls.

At last he seemed to recall something. He remembered with a deep cut of disappointment, a knife stirring in the vitals of his pride, that he had no right to tears, no place in watching crowds. He walked all the way to his home, his head lowered, his shoulders hunched dismally. But as he reached the outside door of the house a great resolve shone from his eyes and he clenched his fists tightly. Bursting into the hallway, he cried, "David! David!" He hurried up the stairs breathless from his exertions and flung himself into his son's room. "David!" But his son was not there.

He found his wife down-stairs. She confronted him with a pale face and nervous, tangled fingers. She looked somehow guilty as Jacob faced her. "David! Where's David?" he asked.

"Papa, sit down. Don't be so excited. What's the use? I got to tell you something. You'll only tire yourself acting like this."

"Where's David? I want to see him."

"That's what I want to tell you, Papa. If you only wouldn't be so excited. David's gone. He took a train to San Francisco. From there he goes to the South Seas." The little woman twisted her hands together in a fever of nervousness and depression. "He ain't going to be a soldier, Papa. He left the house ten minutes ago. He's got his ticket."

"What you saying, you—you——"

"Papa! Is this a way to talk to me?" she asked in a piteous voice.

"So!" cried Jacob in tearful wrath. "So! In my own house everybody is against me! In my own house I got cowards and deserters!" A crafty expression came into his face and he fumbled in his vest-pocket nervously. "Wait! You say he's been gone ten minutes? Then I catch him! I catch him!"

"Papa!" she cried in a frenzied voice, tugging desperately at his coat-sleeve. "Papa, please. Let him go. You won't be able to catch him. Your watch is slow. It's too late. Stay here, Papa!"

"Leave me go, you—deserter!" he cried, and rushed from the room, leaving her standing there like a statue that has in some curious way been inoculated with a paralyzing grief. A few minutes later Jacob jumped out of a taxicab at the railway-station. As he dashed on to the platform a train whizzed past into the yard and came to a whining halt.

Jacob ran from one car to the next, scanning with a sort of quick desperation the entrances. At last he caught a momentary glimpse of a familiar figure darting up the steps into one of the coaches. Jacob hurried after the figure, pushing over new arrivals in his pursuit and being rewarded by injured stares and indignant remarks. But he did not stop. He caught the boy inside the Pullman and brought him up with one grasp from the plush chair.

"Come, David! Come with me!"

Passengers entering the coaches stopped to watch this scene, the interpretation of which they could only guess at. But they were conscious of drama as the boy turned a startled and desolate gaze upon his father. They were aware of drama when the boy whispered, "Papa, don't! Look, all the people are watching us. Don't! Let me go!"

"You hear me, David? I'm your father! Come with me! Pick up your valise! Quick! *Quick, I say!*"

David had never before felt his father's power and strength as he did now. He could not pass those blazing fires that leaped in his father's eyes, that barred his way to an ignoble release. What use to plead when that old man's ears were closed to all words but those spoken to him by a gallant Rough Rider? What use to beg off? To supplicate?

DAVID felt himself being bored through by the eyes of the passengers and he lowered his head miserably. In another instant he was being pushed from the coach, through the crowded aisles of tormenting spectators; pushed down the steps, across the platform, swept along by a remorseless strength and purpose.

"Papa, where are you taking me?"

"You'll see."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

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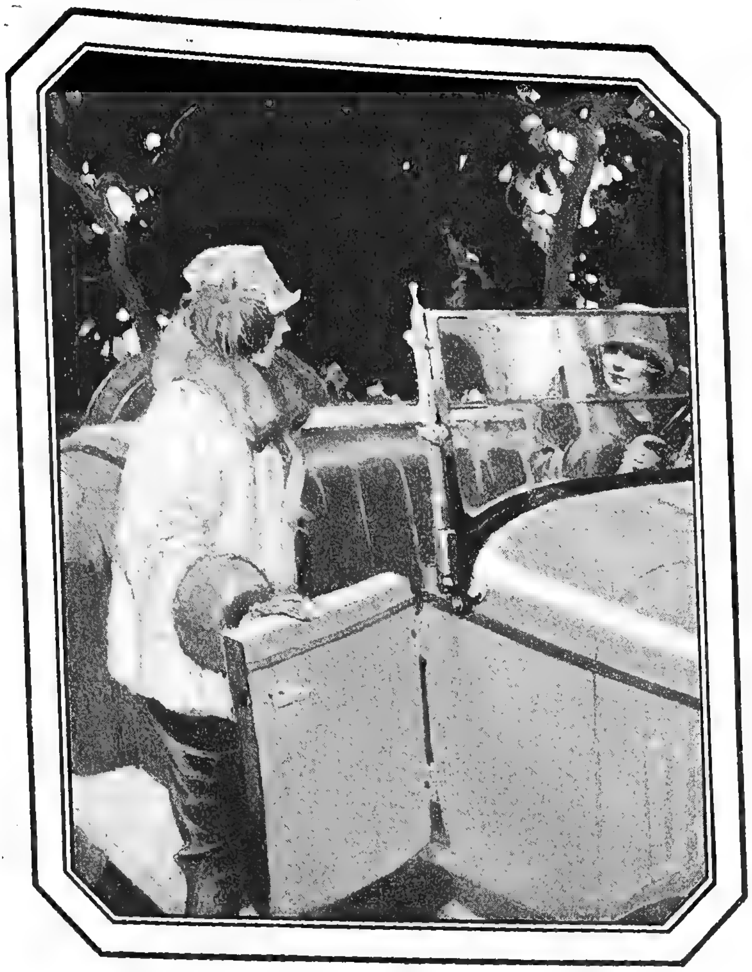

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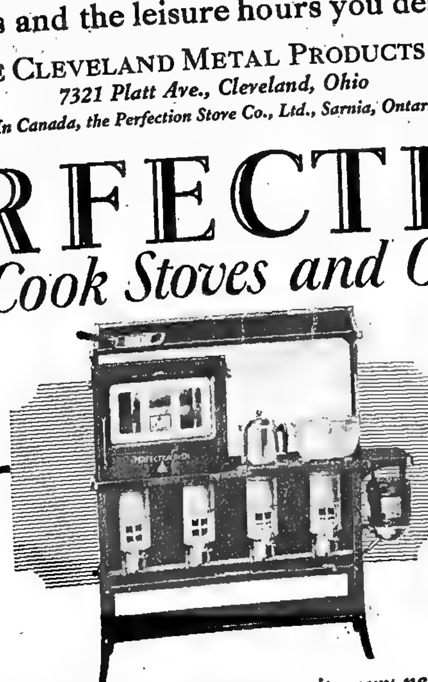

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Fear God and Take Your Own Part

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

"But I got my ticket. The train will be leaving in a minute." At that very instant the engine-bell started to strike the signal of departure, a dolorous, ringing summons of farewell. But Jacob was oblivious of the sound; he was a man possessed, a man with but one purpose, one idea that energized his limbs and tightened the muscles of his face.

"All aboard!" There was a long, whistling escape of steam, and the whole length of coaches shuddered, one instantaneously after the other, as tho dreading the long journey to the Western coast. The vestibule doors were slammed tight, and David's dishonorable caravan moved wrathfully away without him.

Jacob, one arm linked through his son's, had forgotten the train. He plodded steadily forward, and David had no choice but to be borne along by this inescapable force, like a leaf in the wind. Was this his father? Strange! This old man, so deadly in earnest, so powerful to withstand the supplications of his own flesh, his own blood, was he the same Jacob Westner who had kissed him and wept over him only a few weeks before? Jacob pressed on, and David blundered after.

They made a curious, arresting pair as they continued on their way through the busy streets. Old friends of the two spoke to them, and when neither answered, realized that something out of the way was happening. They saw the father, aged but stern, impregnable, without a hint of hesitation, strongly gripping the youth's arm and propelling him onward, a jailer leading a reluctant prisoner to the bar of inevitable verdicts. At last they came to the court-house and disappeared within the dim entrance.

The captain, seated at his desk, looked up at his two visitors. He saw the boy stand meekly in the doorway while the father strode forward, grim, indomitable, without a trace of hesitation.

"Captain! Here's my boy! He's come for enlisting. My only boy! Ain't it fine? Yes, yes—fine!"

"WELL," said the captain to one of his friends a few hours later, "I had the kid examined right off, and he passed muster in every respect. Healthy fellow! But indifferent sort. Hardly spoke a word through it all. But after it was over, and he was a soldier, the old man, who had looked kind of stern through it all, handed me a surprize. I tell you! I didn't expect him to act in that crazy way, falling on his knees before his son and kissing the boy's hand. You could 'a' bowled me over. It was too pitiful! Real tears ran down the old man's face. "'David, my boy, you won't be mad with your papa, huh? You won't be mad?' Out of a clear sky! And the boy, who had been so indifferent up to now, pulled his father up from the floor and began cheering the old man. Saying things like, 'Don't worry, Dad. Don't worry. Now that I'm in I'll do my best. Tell mama not to worry.' Upon my soul, if we get any more like these two I'll wilt under the strain. I'd rather be in the trenches any day— Whew! Can you imagine? The old man crying, 'Don't be mad on me, Boy! Don't be mad on me!' And the son answering, 'All right, Dad. Don't you worry. I'll do my best. I'll try. Don't worry, Papa, please! Don't worry!' Good Heavens!" finished the captain. "Why in —— don't they send me to France?"

THE war raged on madly; and prominent speakers were touring the country, urging all to buy Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps. It happened that the town in which the Westners held such a prominent place was selected for Colonel Roosevelt.

He had not been thereabouts for a good many years. As he took his place on the stage of the auditorium he looked hardly a day older than at the time of his former visit, years before. Perhaps he did not smile so frequently, but the same tenacious, fighting spirit was there, the same fire and spirit undimmed.

As Jacob, in the front row, listened, he could hardly believe that almost fifteen years had elapsed since that first speech in the ball park. And yet how much had happened in that time! What stirring events! What blood had been shed! At that time Jacob had been a young man in the very prime of his manhood. He had led a little boy by the hand, a child who had asked numerous questions. But now—there could be no more Chopin in Jacob's life, no more Beethoven, no more "*Kol Nidre*" wailing the sorrows of an unhappy race.

Again it fell out that Jacob should be honored, that he should grasp the hand of the first American. Had he been standing in line all these years? Had time really passed? But yes! Before, there had been—"There he is, Papa! See his glasses and his teeth?"

"And, Colonel, this is Jacob Westner. He——"

The Colonel motioned the master of ceremonies away. "Westner? Of course! Yes, I remember you. Where's the little boy?"

Jacob wept standing up. He trembled and was torn through with sobs in spite of himself. This was not the way he had rehearsed the scene. He had wanted to be proud, a Spartan. Yet the tears fell from his eyes as if he were a child, and all his preconceived attitudes and words deserted him.

"My boy, he's dead—in France," sobbed Jacob.

"Don't, Westner! Don't! I always think of my own boy as alive, glorious and happy. You can just bet those two boys of ours are off somewhere, talking the whole thing over! My boy and yours!"

"Yes, Colonel Teddy," murmured Jacob. "Yes, Colonel Teddy."

Roosevelt passed on to the next man.

Who Will Win Pictorial Review's $5,000.00 Annual Award?

AS OUR readers already know, Mrs. Edward MacDowell won Pictorial Review's $5,000.00 Award for 1923 for her magnificent achievement in Peterborough, N. H. Recommendations for the 1924 Award are now being received. Please remember that the choice of the prize-winner rests entirely with our readers. Who is your choice?

All recommendations, either from organizations or from individuals, should be made on blanks which will be sent on request, together with all other particulars. Address Pictorial Review Achievement Award Committee, 7th Avenue and 39th Street, New York City.

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The Crystal Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

some time that she can't have every least little thing her own way."

Was ever a man in such a damnable position? Bylant was in Elsie's study. He knew the situation could not have escaped her, and he had felt the need of unburdening himself to some one.

"But it gives you your great chance," said Elsie practically. "She just naturally got herself engaged to you and she will just as naturally drift into being your wife."

"She looks upon me as a male clothes-horse with a conveniently human head. How can any woman be so obtuse?"

"Remember that Gita has erected a sort of rampart about herself with charged wires on top, and communicates with a few favored mortals through the peep-holes. I never knew a mind that had itself so thoroughly censored."

"That's what I'm afraid of—it is a well-known fact that when women deliberately repress their natural impulses, frigidity is the inevitable result."

"But not at Gita's age. When she should have been enjoying a commonplace, innocent childhood and adolescence she accumulated knowledge of the most depraved type of men; but now at last she has learned what a thoroughly decent man is like. I think it is quite possible she is more in love with you than she knows."

"Of course if I didn't believe that I'd never go in for this grotesque marriage."

"But she really loves you in her own queer way, and I don't believe another man lives she'd marry. All the cards are in your hands. You'll have a thousand chances to make her fall in love with you, make her feel she needs you more and more. Did she give you a peck?"

"That is the word for it!"

"You've taken a longer stride than you know. It means a lot with her. She's pecked me several times and held my hand once. Polly has never been honored."

"You encourage me! But I have no intention of failing. It's a matter of destiny. She's the woman I've been on the blind hunt for all my life, and I recognized her the moment we met; there can be only one ending, however disheartening the prelude."

GITA decided to have a Christmas party. She knew that from the time the manor-house had been built, down through the generations until the Carteret fortunes declined, there had been a ball and a Christmas tree for the servants and tenantry, and a gathering of the far-flung Carteret clan.

Polly Pleyden and Elsie Brewster entered into her plans with enthusiasm, and Bylant, who was feeling somewhat exhausted after weeks of house-hunting and -furnishing, and speculating with alternate gloom and hope on his future, looked forward to the occasion as one more ordeal to be endured. He should have to submit to congratulations in company with Gita for the first time, for she had attended no more dinners in Chelsea, and he had been fully occupied in New York.

Gita had gone to Mrs. Pleyden's apartment for several days every week—chaperoned by the aunt—and together they had found a charming old red-brick house with white trimmings in East Twelfth Street. It had been renovated by its last owner, who had decided to move uptown, and there was little for him to do but send his own things to the third story, and "stand around" while Gita, who rarely asked his advice, chose rugs and furniture for the two lower floors.

Gita had her room done up in yellow that it might the more surely reflect the sunlight that streamed through the large southern windows. The chairs and curtains were of chints, and the only pieces of manor furniture were a tulipwood chest, with each of the drawers painted in different designs and soft faded colors, and a day-bed she found in the attic, both built in the late seventeenth century. There was no spare bedroom, and the day-bed was to offer its inhospitable surface to Elsie whenever she spent a night in New York. Otherwise it was a chaise longue piled with cushions.

Her sitting-room, adjoining, she furnished almost entirely from the manor, with a tavern table, a pond-lily box with raised carving, an oaken box with two rows of arched flutes, a secretary with a single-arch molding and ball feet, two paneled chairs from the dining-room, several Windsor chairs, and two new ones for comfort, a pine-paneled settle with a high back, and a Dutch marriage-chest from the house in Albany.

Remembering her mother's love of old French furniture, she haunted auction-rooms and picked up for the drawing-room a set of eight pieces covered with tapestry, framed in wood painted black and decorated with gilt double bow-knots. And, mindful of man's love of comfort, she had a large davenport and several easy chairs made that harmonized in color. The rug was black velvet; the walls were pale gray and hung eventually with odd old landscapes.

BYLANT, who was about to release his house in Albany, reserved the dining-room furniture; his family silver, long stored, was little inferior to that of Carteret manor, and included Dutch pieces brought to the settlement from Holland in the early seventeenth century. The chairs were Jacobean, and a Knickerbocker had served as a sideboard and for the display of the larger pieces of silver. He also sent for two fine tapestries.

The narrow hall was painted white and furnished with only a high, wide chair made in Connecticut in the seventeenth century, from the Flemish pattern, and an English ecclesiastical chest.

Gita had been so absorbed in this furnishing of her city home, and in the fulfilment of an old day-dream, that she barely remembered she was to occupy the house with a canonical husband, and Bylant was by no means blind to her attitude. He was indignant with himself when he recognized that he was seething with dull masculine resentment, and heroically made and remade an effort to adapt himself to his fantastic situation with philosophy, and trust to time and daily association to do its inevitable work. To be the sulky, misused husband was no part of his program, but playing the rôle of sympathetic friend and intellectual partner under that narrow roof was a discouraging prospect to a highly organized nervous system. He foresaw attacks of nervous irritability in the seclusion of his fortress up-stairs.

GITA, who would not consent to sacrifice the least of her pines, bought a large tree in Atlantic City and decorated it with the help of Elsie and Polly. The young gardener was sent in quest of a cart-load of holly, and the vast chimneypiece in the hall and the heavy gilt frames of the Carterets were obliterated. The floor was waxed, and the refectory-table moved into one of the smaller drawing-rooms. There were to be thirty guests, chosen by Polly and Bylant. Dr. Pelham, somewhat to Gita's surprize, accepted.

She delegated to Polly and Eustace the task of selecting a trifle for each of the guests, and the more practical Elsie undertook to buy substantial presents for the servants, but the gifts for her friends caused her a good deal of mental perturbation. She was generous by nature, but her trousseau had exceeded her income for the year, and she had no intention of encroaching on her capital.

She finally poured out the contents of the jewel-casket on her bed one night,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

Painted by
Maud Tousey Fangel

"Take extra care in feeding during baby's second summer"

BABY SPECIALISTS ADVISE MOTHERS

TIME of grave fears and foreboding — the second summer! Mothers have dreaded it always.

Yet baby specialists tell us that the second year should be less dangerous than the first. The child is older, and better able to resist disease.

The causes of upsets are simply these: In the second year little stomachs are being trained to handle a grown-up diet. Strange solid foods bring new experiences — some not altogether happy.

In addition, there is the fussy business of cutting teeth—enough to make a grown-up grumble.

The important thing during this time is feeding. Three things are necessary in the second summer diet: 1. Food must supply certain essentials for growth. 2. It must be extremely simple and easy to digest. 3. It must be properly prepared and guarded against hot weather taint.

For many years physicians have advised mothers to use one food which ideally fills these requirements—Cream of Wheat!

Cream of Wheat supplies in generous amount, one of a baby's most urgent needs — vital energy. Made of the best hard wheat, it is exceptionally rich in carbohydrates or energy units.

With this high energy value is coupled another advantage — its easy digestibility. The fine granular form of Cream of Wheat is so simple to digest that a baby's inexperienced stomach can handle it with perfect ease.

Ample energy supplied quickly, fully and easily—just what your baby needs during this important period, in a food form which is safe and simple enough for him to digest.

A food for all the family, too! You can serve it in any number of delightful ways; not only as a cereal, with dates, prunes and raisins but in tempting desserts, meat and vegetable dishes. Send for our new recipe booklet, "50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."

How to prepare CREAM OF WHEAT for the Baby

Pour two tablespoons Cream of Wheat into one cup of rapidly boiling salt water, stirring constantly. Cook in a double boiler one hour at least. Give with whole milk or cream. If cooked with milk scald the milk, add Cream of Wheat and cook in double boiler one hour

CREAM OF WHEAT Custard

1 cup cooked Cream of Wheat
1½ cups milk
2 eggs
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla

Mix Cream of Wheat with milk, beaten egg and sugar; add vanilla. Pour the Cream of Wheat mixture into a buttered baking dish and bake one-half hour in a moderate oven. Serve with cream

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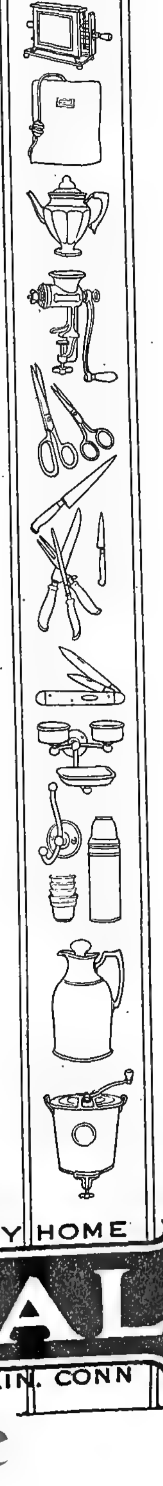

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME
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The Crystal Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

and pried out a diamond and emerald from the tiara. She had promised her grandmother not to sell any of the jewels, but her conscience reminded her that nothing had been said about giving. A jeweler in Atlantic City set the emerald in a ring for Elsie, and the diamond as a pendant on a thin platinum chain for Polly.

But there still remained the problem of Eustace. She rummaged the drawers of a court chest in her grandfather's dressing-room and found a gold signet-ring with a lapis-lazuli scarab set in a richly carved hoop, with tiny dragons on its shoulders. It was indisputably an antique and valuable, and eminently appropriate for a man of fastidious taste.

A FEW days before Christmas Polly arrived at the manor early in the morning and announced herself possessed of an inspiration.

"Why not have a fancy-dress party——"

"There's no time," Gita and Elsie protested in chorus.

"Yes there is, if all those cedar chests in the attic are full of old duds. Modern gowns in this old hall would look horrid and the men even worse. There must be stacks if this old manor runs true to form."

The three raced one another up to the attic. The chests were locked, and as even Topper could not produce the keys, the gardener was sent for to pry them open. Then the carefully folded garments were shaken out and inspected. They sorted out gowns of taffeta and satin, mousseline-de-soie and velvet, in styles Pompadour, Empire, Watteau, and the Four Georges, long-pointed waists, voluminous skirts, spreading trains, and mere slips.

"We'll have to powder our hair and wear corsets," said Polly, "but we'll be set back a few centuries in that old hall, so who'll mind a little discomfort?"

"Powdered bobbed hair will be a scream," said Gita. "Why not wigs? One of the hair-dressers in Atlantic City could telephone for them."

"Right. Leave it to me."

Elsie, who had been investigating a chest, hitherto overlooked, lifted out a wedding-dress of heavy satin mellowed to old ivory and covered with priceless point-lace. "Did you ever see anything so lovely?" she gasped.

"I know who wore that!" cried Polly. "Your grandmother, Gita. I've seen it in an old album of granny's."

Gita laid the gown across her arms and looked at it reverently. She knew the value of the old lace, for her mother had possessed several fine pieces before they went to pay a gambling debt, and part of her education had been in museums where there was always a room devoted to thread filigree.

And she experienced the same sensation from this mass of point d'Alençon as when she had gazed first upon the soft sheen of her pearls.

"I shall be married in this," she announced. "I'd intended to wear any old thing I happened to have on. But the waist will have to be let out, for I couldn't stand a corset five minutes."

"Gita!" Elsie, who was sitting back on her heels, suddenly sprang to her feet and clapped her hands. "It's my turn to have an inspiration. Why don't you marry Eustace on Christmas eve? Spring a surprize at the end of the party?"

Polly fairly danced. "Gorgeous!" she cried. "It will be the night of our lives. I can see you stepping down those stairs with a powdered footman on either side——"

"Haven't any footmen——"

"We'll hire them—no, make two of the men dress up."

"I can't have a wedding like that without your mother and Mr. Donald." Gita, surrounded by these ancestral feminine relics, was feeling every inch a Carteret.

"They'll be told to arrive with Dr. Lancaster on the stroke of midnight—no, ten minutes before. Leave it to me."

"But suppose Eustace—he's the sort that hates to be rushed, I should think."

"He hasn't a thing to do but get the license and wedding-ring. Of course he won't mind."

Gita turned to Elsie, her brows drawn together. "What do you think? You ought to know him better than any of us."

"I agree with Polly. Why shouldn't he be enchanted?" Her eyes were shining, her cheeks burning.

"Why are you so anxious to marry me off in a hurry?" asked Gita suspiciously.

"Anxious? I'm no more anxious than Polly. I want to look on at a wonderful picture, that's all. I intend to stand on that chest by the fireplace when you come down the stairs."

"But if I'm married like that I'll have to have bridesmaids, and you'll both come down behind me."

"Bridesmaids——"

"Not much!" cried Polly. "We'd spoil the picture. We'll be bridesmaids all right, but we'll wait at the foot of the stairs. So will Eustace. Might as well turn all the old regulations upside down while we're about it."

Gita jerked up her shoulders. "Well. Have it your own way. But—well—I'm not in such a hurry to marry."

Her hesitation was unaccountable to herself. What difference did a week make? She glanced at the dress on her arms.

She scowled and threw the gown on a box. "All right," she said sharply. "I'll speak to Eustace to-night. Now let's pick out the gowns for the party, and you, Polly, cart off the rest for the other girls to choose from. I think I'll take this one as it wasn't made for corsets."

She held up a narrow gown of gold-colored gauze with a low-pointed neck, high belt, and short, slashed, puffed sleeves. Elsie chose a silk robe printed with foliage, with a Watteau pleat behind extending into a train, wide elbow-sleeves with deep ruffles of lace.

Polly, after rejecting eight or ten of the most elaborate of the gowns, professed herself satisfied with one of plum-colored velvet over a figured satin petticoat, and long-pointed waist, panniers, and full skirts. Then they carried the gowns down-stairs and put all but two into Polly's motor; and the gardener was told to take three chests containing masculine regalia to Eustace Bylant's lodgings on the following morning.

BYLANT came to dinner and was immediately told of the projected fancy-dress ball and the riches of the attic, but it had been agreed that the plans for the wedding should be communicated by Gita in the privacy of the library, when Elsie had retired to her study.

Bylant, who was looking tired and depressed, brightened visibly. He grasped at the idea of being some one quite different from himself for a few hours, and his severely repressed love of the picturesque could have its way for once.

"I'll go as one of the old Governors," he said. "Cornbury, for choice. Besides, he was a villain, and I'd enjoy being that for a night."

Gita laughed merrily. "Dear old Eustace! You couldn't be a villain if you tried. But you must be pompous and stately, for you and Polly are to lead off in a minuet."

As they left the dining-room Gita took his arm and pressed it affectionately. "I've a still greater surprize for you," she whispered.

"Indeed?" He dared not detach himself, but he averted his eyes. He had never seen her look as beautiful. She wore a very soft, very clinging gown, the shade of the American Beauty rose, one of the fine flowers of her trousseau.

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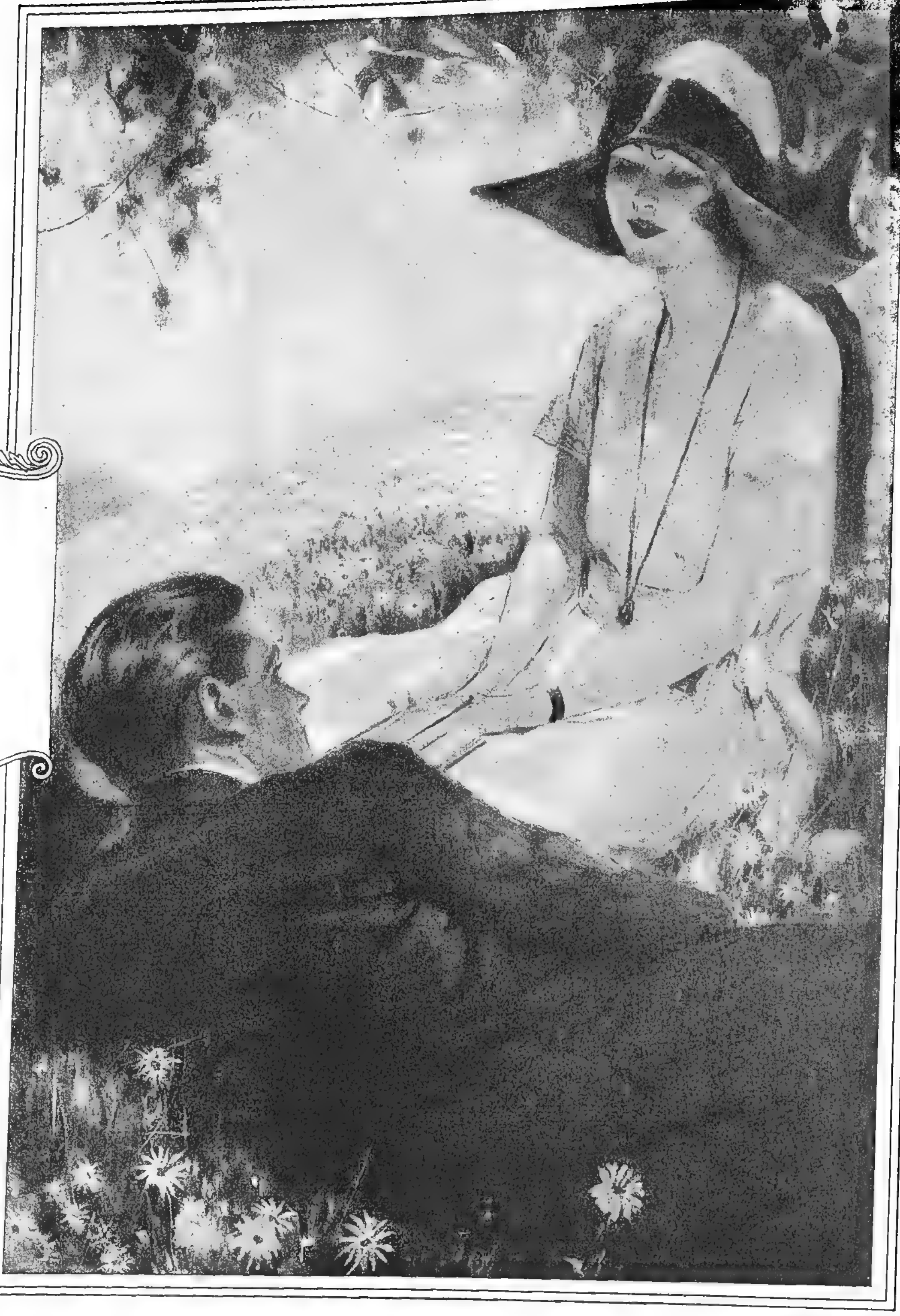
Beauty— that sunlight cannot dim



SHE looked so sweet, so alluring, in her little pink frock and her wide-brimmed hat—it delighted him to find she was just as beautiful in the bright June day as he had remembered her when he danced with her the other night. Yes—her lovely color and the velvety smoothness of her skin were just as enchanting as they had been under the rose lanterns!

You can retain the same youthful beauty by sunlight that you have in the evening, if you follow the Beauty Treatment that Madame Jeannette offers all women.

Thousands of women have learned that Pompeian Day Cream with its two specific virtues is a delightful aid to beauty.

It *keeps the powder on* for hours and effectually *removes face shine,* giving a soft, satiny appearance to the skin. It healthfully counteracts enlarged pores by its slightly astringent quality.

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Use Pompeian Day Cream as a powder base. Apply it lightly after you have cleansed your skin. Cover every bit of surface—face, neck, and shoulders—so that your skin will be uniformly powdered.

This cream should be applied with a delicate touch, patting and smoothing it for the best effect. As you apply Pompeian Day Cream, it seems to vanish, but an invisible film actually remains to protect the delicate skin against sun and wind, and to form a perfect foundation for your powder.

Then apply your shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. Finally—don't forget that fetching little touch of Pompeian Bloom that gives the glow of youth to your cheeks and brings the sparkle to your eyes. By this treatment you gain beauty instantly.

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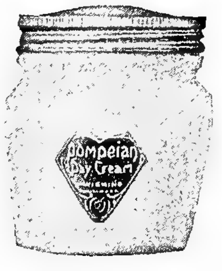

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Hamilton Toronto

QUALITY ARTISTRY
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.
VALUE

The Crystal Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

"Do you mind if we go outside?" he asked. "It's a clear night."

"I don't mind, but we'll have to walk to keep warm, and you always choose the most comfortable chair in the library for your cigar."

"I rather feel like walking."

Her long cape was in the entrance hall, and as she disappeared into its dark folds he gave a sigh of relief and put on his Burberry and cap.

"Now, what do you think it is?" she demanded as they strolled down the avenue.

"My faculty for guessing has dried up these last weeks."

"I found my grandmother's wedding-gown in the attic and it is such a dream of beauty that I decided then and there to be married in it. And then we all decided to have the wedding on the night of the party. Midnight. Nobody to have a hint of it till I sail down those stairs."

He was silent for a moment, then replied with a shrug: "Good idea. Something to remember. It will be rather theatrical, of course."

"Call it dramatic. I mean to get all the drama out of life I can."

"You do? I suppose you don't mean what most women would by that, but perhaps you'll explain just what you do mean. There's nothing very dramatic in being prosaically married and living in East Twelfth Street."

"Of course there's nothing dramatic about you, Eustace dear, or I shouldn't be marrying you, but—oh, my goodness!"

"What's the matter?"

"There's something—I'm afraid you won't like it."

"I probably sha'n't." Bylant was in a thoroughly bad humor.

"Well, I must come out with it. My grandmother wanted me to ask the man I married to take my name. I wouldn't promise because I never intended to marry—but, well—I find I don't like the idea of giving up my own name."

"Sounds like the Lucy Stone League. Continue to call yourself Gita Carteret, by all means. We're used to it."

"But wouldn't you be willing to take the name of Carteret?"

"I would not!" exploded Bylant. "I may be an ass, but I'm not an emasculated ass. And Bylant, I'd have you know, is as old and honorable a name as Carteret. It came over from Holland before a Carteret was ever heard of——"

"Oh, of course! I understand," said Gita hurriedly. "A few months ago—but I do now. But wouldn't you be willing to call yourself Bylant-Carteret?"

"I would not!"

"Well, that's that. At least I've done my duty and asked you. And you don't mind if I remain Gita Carteret?"

"Don't care a hang."

"I never saw you cross before. Do you think we'll squabble? It would be rather exciting."

"Not in our sort of—alliance. Nor have I any intention of doing anything so undignified. I'm sorry I let go, but it hits a man on the raw to be asked to give up his name."

"Sorry. Let's forget it. Suppose we go over to the board walk and look at the lights? We might take in a movie."

"All right. Come along."

THE band was in a small gallery, built originally for musicians, at the left of the stairs. As the manor-house was still dependent upon gas the hall was illuminated by pine torches, safely ensconced in tall vases. The minuet, which had terminated in a romp, was over, and the guests were crowded about a punch-bowl which had been wheeled in on a buffet-wagon.

The girls had accepted the idea of by-gone costumes with enthusiasm, but the men had required a good deal of persuasion. Bylant's friends had protested at what would look like giving their countenance to a brand of fiction they despised, and at sacrificing their earnest modernism for even a night. But after they saw the contents of the chests at Bylant's rooms they succumbed: either out of inherent boyishness or man's secret love of plumage.

Polly's young men sulkily took what was left, and, having less imagination than the others, announced that they felt like tame monkeys. Bylant sent the fanciest of the costumes to Mrs. Pelham's house, and Geoffrey cursed his friend and vowed he would not wear it. But he did.

HE HAD not appeared in time for the minuet, and Gita, who was standing apart, saw him as he entered, and for a moment did not recognize him. He wore a long coat of pale-blue satin, richly embroidered, over a white-satin vest, silk stockings, and black pumps. There were deep lace ruffles at the wrists and a jabot hung from his high stock. His white wig was tied with a blue ribbon, and altogether he looked as little like a hard-working surgeon of the twentieth century as possible. She noticed swiftly that his eyebrows were darker than she had thought, and that the blue of his eyes was intensified by the costume.

He came forward smiling and shook Gita's hand, then remembered his part, and would have raised it to his lips, but she drew it away hastily.

"I wonder if you are my great-great-grandfather or my great-great-greatest?" she asked gaily.

"Your brother, perhaps. Your wig looks every bit as old as mine. But if I were really your brother I suppose I should have offered you my congratulations before this. Eustace is a lucky dog!"

He was staring very hard at Gita, who in her gown of gold tissue and high-piled white wig above those black eyes and lashes he had thought of more than once, seemed to him almost fantastically lovely.

"Thanks. Doesn't he look the real thing? He padded out his Governor's uniform so that he'd look portly and important."

"He certainly looks older," said Pelham, regarding Bylant critically, "but as determined as fate."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Gita sharply.

"Oh—the expression's gone. He's no longer looking at you; he's meditating another glass of punch."

"You must have one yourself. Come with me and I'll ladle it out for you. And introduce you to the other girls."

"But I don't dance."

"Then you can sit out with me. I don't dance, either."

She helped him to the punch and introduced him casually. Polly's eyes glittered, and she took him firmly by the arm as the musicians began to play a fox-trot. "Never mind if you don't know how," she said, as he protested, almost in panic. "Any man who can wear that get-up can learn to dance in five minutes. Just take my hand and a good grip on my back and I'll do the rest."

Gita looked on with a faint throb of resentment. To her amazement he fell into step almost at once, and smiled down with evident appreciation into the ingenuous orbs of his teacher, who had flung her train over her arm and was dancing with her usual abandon.

"Well, are you satisfied? Your inspiration is a thundering success." It was Eustace who was smiling down at her. He looked large and dignified in his Governor's uniform and white wig, and a massive gold chain was slung about his neck; but for the first time his narrow pointed beard did not deflect attention from his rather plump cheeks, and his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

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A popular and attractive addition to Dodge Brothers line of motor cars.

Every coach convenience is provided: unfettered vision on all sides, an intimate yet roomy interior, easy handling in traffic, protection for children against open rear doors, modish hardware and finish, balloon tires and smart whipcord upholstery.

Built on Dodge Brothers sturdy chassis, the Coach will deliver years of dependable service at a very moderate annual cost.

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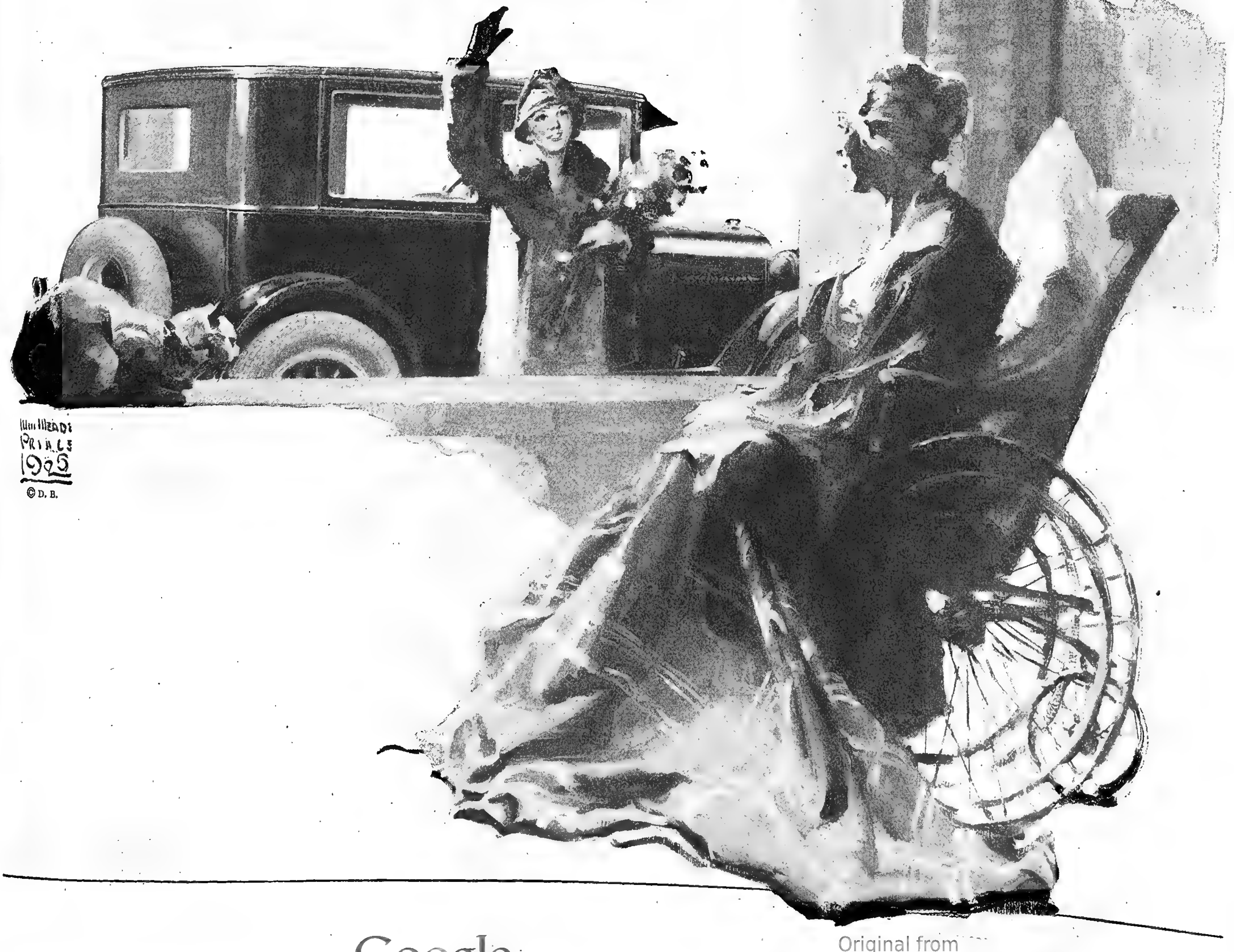

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Annie Benson Müller

Smilin' thru his tears

BABIES were meant to be happy—to gurgle and chuckle and croon.

And when a wee mite cries and whimpers and is fretful and unhappy most of the time, you may be sure something is wrong—in all likelihood with his delicate, flower-like skin.

Yet keeping baby's skin comfortable is simply a matter of keeping it clean and well powdered, *with the right kind of powder.*

Because each snowy fleck of Mennen Borated Talcum is as porous as a little fairy sponge, it dries all hidden, inflaming *moisture* from the skin-folds. Every trace of bath-water, urine and perspiration is absorbed.

This soft, fragrant talcum also forms a smooth gossamer film over the helpless little body, saving it from the torment of *friction*—from the ceaseless rubbing of damp clothes and bedding and the chafing of baby's own skin-folds.

And Mennen's is made not only pure and healing but wonderfully antiseptic as well. It's just what an infant's skin needs to keep it free from infection—the infection that comes of trifling causes and often results so seriously.

After several dustings with this cooling, soothing powder baby will be smilin' thru his tears—skin all healed and comfortable and cheery disposition much in evidence.

Every problem of babyhood is discussed in the new Mennen Baby Book. Just use the coupon.

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The Crystal Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

lower lip had lost its muscular compression.

"Oh, yes, you've got yourself up pretty well, but I don't know that I like you so well——"

"Too much punch. My eyes feel rather watery. I wish you'd let me teach you this dance."

"Well, I won't. Run along and trot. You must have asked Joan Ryder, for she's watching you and is the only girl not dancing."

"So I did, but I hate to leave you alone."

"I expected to be alone. And I'm going into the drawing-room to rest. My heels are higher than usual and my feet ache."

She made her way past the trotting couples and entered the drawing-room. It was softly lit with wax candles, and looked, she thought, much as it must have done when the costumes worn to-night were new.

SHE removed her slippers and elevated her feet to a stool. She was about to light a cigaret, but shrugged her shoulders. Why spoil the picture?

She wondered idly if another Gita Carteret had taken possession of her. Those Gitas at her age had either been married or were in love with some one as good-looking as Geoffrey Pelham. She wondered if any of the girls would fall in love with him to-night. Polly had evidently marked him for her own, but Polly was as cold-blooded as Eustace; she would flirt with him desperately to-night and forget his existence on the morrow.

Gita's mind swung uneasily to Eustace. He looked detestable in that puffed wig and with punch relaxing the muscles of his face—like quite another person.

She moved restlessly in her chair and beat with her heels on the stool. Once more she felt an overwhelming reluctance to marry. Of course she had not changed her mind, and of course the Eustace of five months could not be obliterated by the caricature of a night. He was a dear and had inspired in her deep affection. She thought of the women who had left this old manor with their husbands before her. Who had worn this dress of gold tissue? she wondered. A young married woman, probably, with a baby or two! She laughed harshly, then almost cried out as she heard Geoffrey Pelham's voice behind her.

"I suppose you are laughing at your guests," he said as he took a chair opposite. "The girls look charming, but the men—well, some of them give pain to a student of anatomy. I wonder if I may smoke?"

"Please do." Gita had hastily lowered her feet and tucked them under her long skirts. "You never could guess what I was laughing at and I'll never tell you. How do you like dancing?"

"Good exercise, I should think; but dancing with Miss Pleyden is like dancing with a ball of thistledown."

"If a girl isn't light she's not much of a dancer." The answer was mechanical. She was watching his fingers roll a cigaret. "You must be a wonderful surgeon," she said. "One's feet are much like one's hands, I suppose, and perhaps that is the reason you learned to dance so quickly."

He reddened and grinned. "That's an idea! Are all your ideas as original as that?"

Gita never blushed, but she lowered her eyelashes. "Eustace says I have flashes of intelligence. I suppose he's at that punch-bowl again." And she frowned.

"Eustace can carry a good deal, I fancy. Don't worry."

"I've no intention of worrying, but I suppose you know we are to be married to-night, and I don't care to see him held up by two of his friends, equally lit."

"Are you to be married to-night? Elsie hadn't told me. But I only had a moment with her to-night. She was at home when I arrived, to make sure I'd wear this costume, and as I gave her some trouble I suppose she forgot everything else."

"But Eustace told me he not only intended to ask you to be his best man, but to walk down the stairs with me—"

"I haven't seen Eustace for a month. If he's written I've missed the letter—"

"But you will, won't you?"

"I shall be highly honored. What time is the ceremony?"

"At midnight. Then we go into supper, and after that we have the Christmas tree. Then we'll dance till morning, when Eustace's friends will probably carry him home. Oh! How stupid of me! I should have asked him to stay here, but we've been so rushed."

"Oh—" Pelham found himself stuttering. "It will be a unique wedding, and nothing else would be appropriate for you. Do you know," he burst out irrepressibly, "I believe I should have fallen in love with you myself to-night if you hadn't already been bespoken—and by my best friend!"

"What nonsense!" Gita almost shrieked. "I hate that sort of nonsense! And I should have hated you if you had."

"But surely you must be used to it by this time. Wouldn't it be more truthful to say it merely bored you?"

"No, it wouldn't. Men don't fall in love with me. I don't permit it."

"Eustace seems to have succeeded. Or did you——"

"Eustace isn't the kind that falls in love any more than I am. We're wonderful friends, and as we couldn't be together constantly without being annoyed in many ways, we decided to make the stupid concession and go through the ceremony."

"Oh—I see. But—just suppose either of you should fall in love with some one else?"

Gita's accents were heavy with scorn. "Eustace has never been in love in his life and never could be. As for myself, whatever I might have been, life made me into something quite different, and the very word makes me sick."

"Ah—you are a pathological case! I see. But pathological cases may sometimes be cured."

"Not when they don't want to be. I thank Heaven I shall be free all my life, not a slave."

"Love *is* a form of slavery, I should think. I've always steered clear of it."

"I rather thought you were taken with Polly." Gita turned in something like panic from any further discussion of herself.

"Miss Pleyden? She is a most charming girl, but I am frank to say I hardly recall what she looks like, at the present moment. And I want as little as you do to be 'taken' with any one."

He was scowling at Gita, and she scowled back, unreasonably annoyed at his emphatic utterance.

"The music has stopped again and I must go out and row Eustace," she said haughtily. "Please go ahead. I've my slippers to put on."

"May I——"

"No! That is something I do for myself. Kindly go."

A DETERMINED admirer of Miss Ryder cut in early in the dance, and Eustace Bylant slipped out of the hall, found his overcoat and hat, and a moment later was driving his roadster furiously toward Atlantic City. His brain had not been too befuddled to receive a vibration from the misgiving in Gita's, and he had skirted too many pitfalls during the past months to make a mistake to-night. He went to a hotel and took a cold shower, then visited a chemist, who mixed him a reliable bromid.

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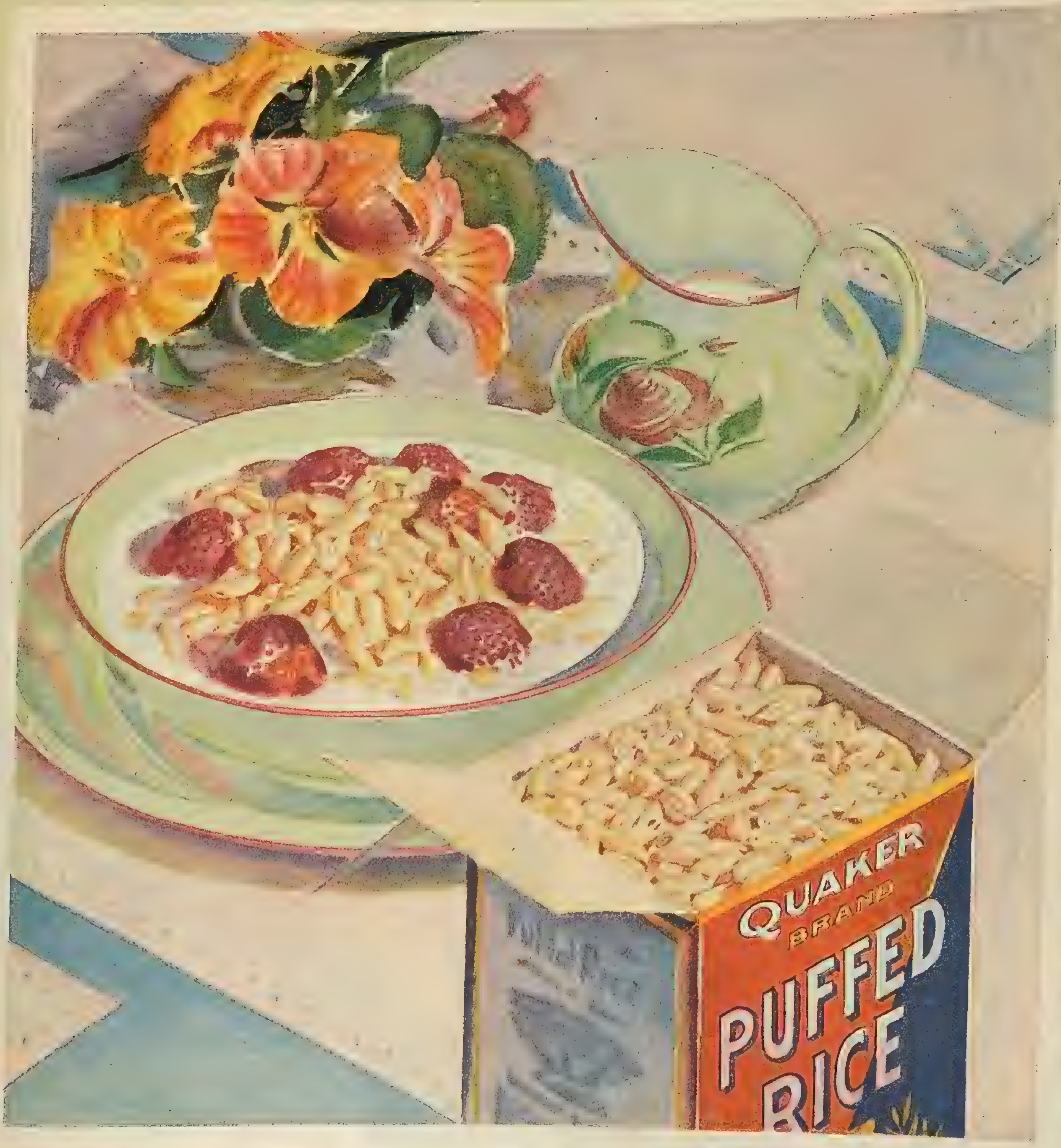


Here's Variety

The great adventure of a change at breakfast—Fairy grains with the flavor of nutmeats!

TO please the family and delight yourself, *try varying* your breakfast menu. Change for a while from the old dishes of which your palate is tiring.

Quaker Puffed Rice is that *something different* you want. Fairy grains of selected rice, puffed to eight times their normal size, food that entices and allures.

Those grains are crisp and toasty, gay and wonderful. The flavor is like nutmeats, only richer. *Children think they're confections,* you know they're rich grain food.

Just for the joy of it, get a package today. Alternate them with the dishes you've served too often. See what breakfast smiles they'll bring.

Also Puffed Wheat

Ideal as a night time, light supper enticement—the most delicious of all cereal breakfasts

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

The QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS
The KING OF ENGLAND'S *daughter*
The QUEEN OF SWEDEN

How their precious possessions were restored to dainty loveliness

THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS

"When the King and Queen of the Belgians visited this country a banquet was given their majesties at one of the famous New York hotels. As I am an old newspaper woman I got one of the guards to let me go up to the banquet floor.

"I met one of the parlor maids sobbing bitterly, closely followed by a housekeeper who also seemed distressed. I asked what was the matter and the housekeeper explained that in some unaccountable manner the wrap that the Queen left in the dressing room had been soiled by a hotel attendant. The Queen always wears white and this particular garment was of beautiful heavy brocade trimmed with white fur.

"I suggested sponging it with Lux, and finally persuaded them to let me do it. I sponged it with lukewarm water and Lux, until all soiled places disappeared. I rinsed it the same way and pressed it with a warm iron over a clean cloth.

"When I removed the cloth there the wrap was spotlessly clean—saved by Lux!"

Kathrine Stone Brown, L. I.

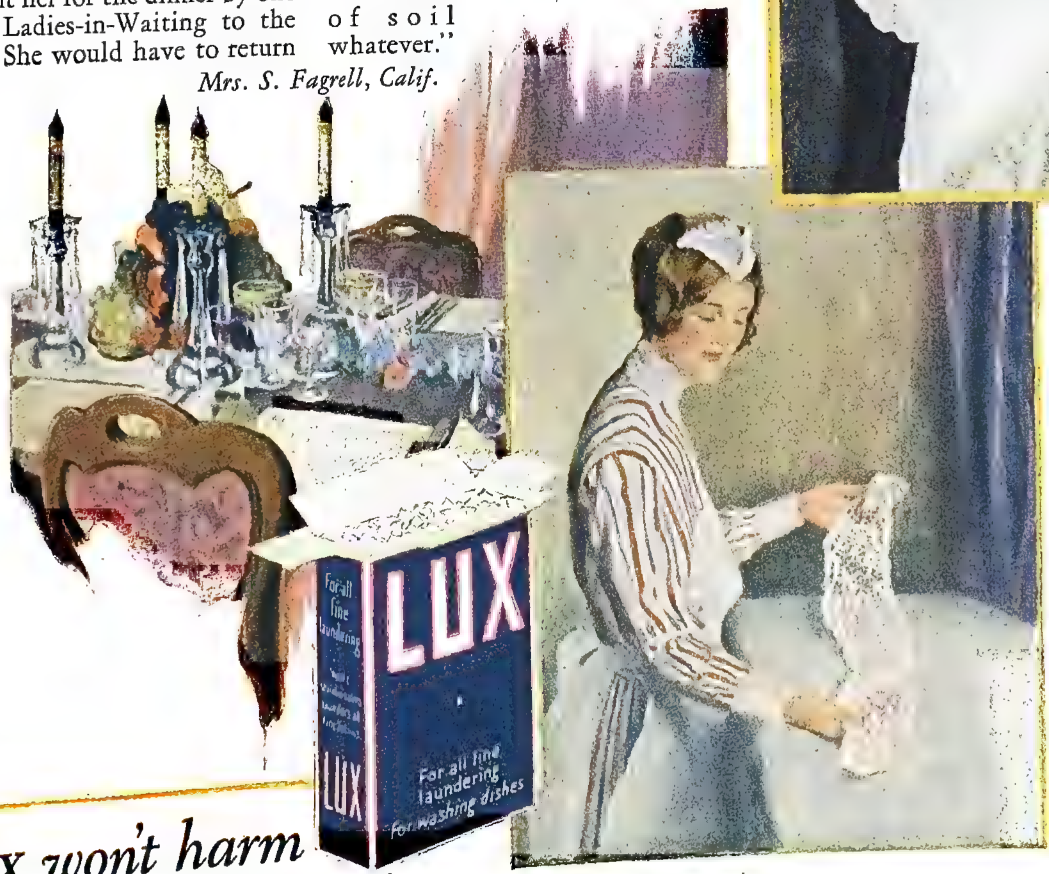
THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN

"There had been a state dinner at the home of the Marshal of the Court of Sweden. The following day when I happened to be with the wife of the Court Marshal, one of her maids came into the room holding some priceless doilies of cobweb fineness—sadly soiled. Her Ladyship told me the doilies had been lent her for the dinner by one of the Ladies-in-Waiting to the Queen. She would have to return them personally with apologies!

"Here I interrupted: 'If you don't mind I would like to save the situation!' (confident that I could safely depend on Lux).

"The precious lace doilies were handed over to me. When the little things had dried I examined them and indeed, I felt proud. I could see no trace of soil whatever."

Mrs. S. Fagrell, Calif.



THE KING OF ENGLAND'S DAUGHTER

"When the people in Ireland heard of the intended wedding of the King's only daughter, they decided to send some of the beautiful lace for which Ireland is famed.

"After it was ready, the most rare and beautiful piece was found to be soiled. There wasn't time to make another and without this the other pieces would be incomplete. The workmanship was so delicate that to trust it to any one but an expert might ruin it altogether.

"At last an old Irish woman pleaded to be allowed to cleanse it, stating she knew of a wonderful preparation that would remove spots without injuring the most delicate fabric.

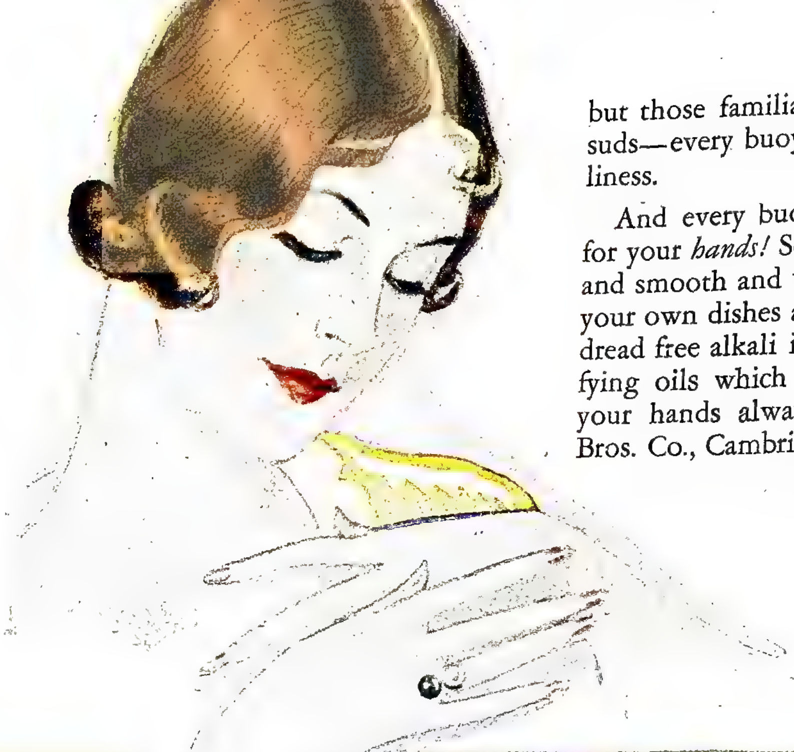
"Great was the joy when the lace was returned free from soil and as beautiful as ever. When questioned the old woman announced she had washed it with Lux."

Mrs. Wesley M'Leon, Mich.

Lux won't harm anything that water alone won't harm

In addition to the well-known uses—washing silks, woolens, fine cottons and linens—use Lux for dishes, the family laundry, shampoo, babies' milk bottles, paint, porcelain, woodwork, rugs and linoleum.

All the clothes you wash yourself *and your hands-demand the same care you give fine fabrics*



RECENTLY a woman wrote: "Lux literally saves my life a dozen times a day! For fine fabrics of course. Always Lux for delicate silks and chiffons and treasured woolens. Why don't you tell everybody of the magic of Lux in the pantry—in the laundry—all over the house!"

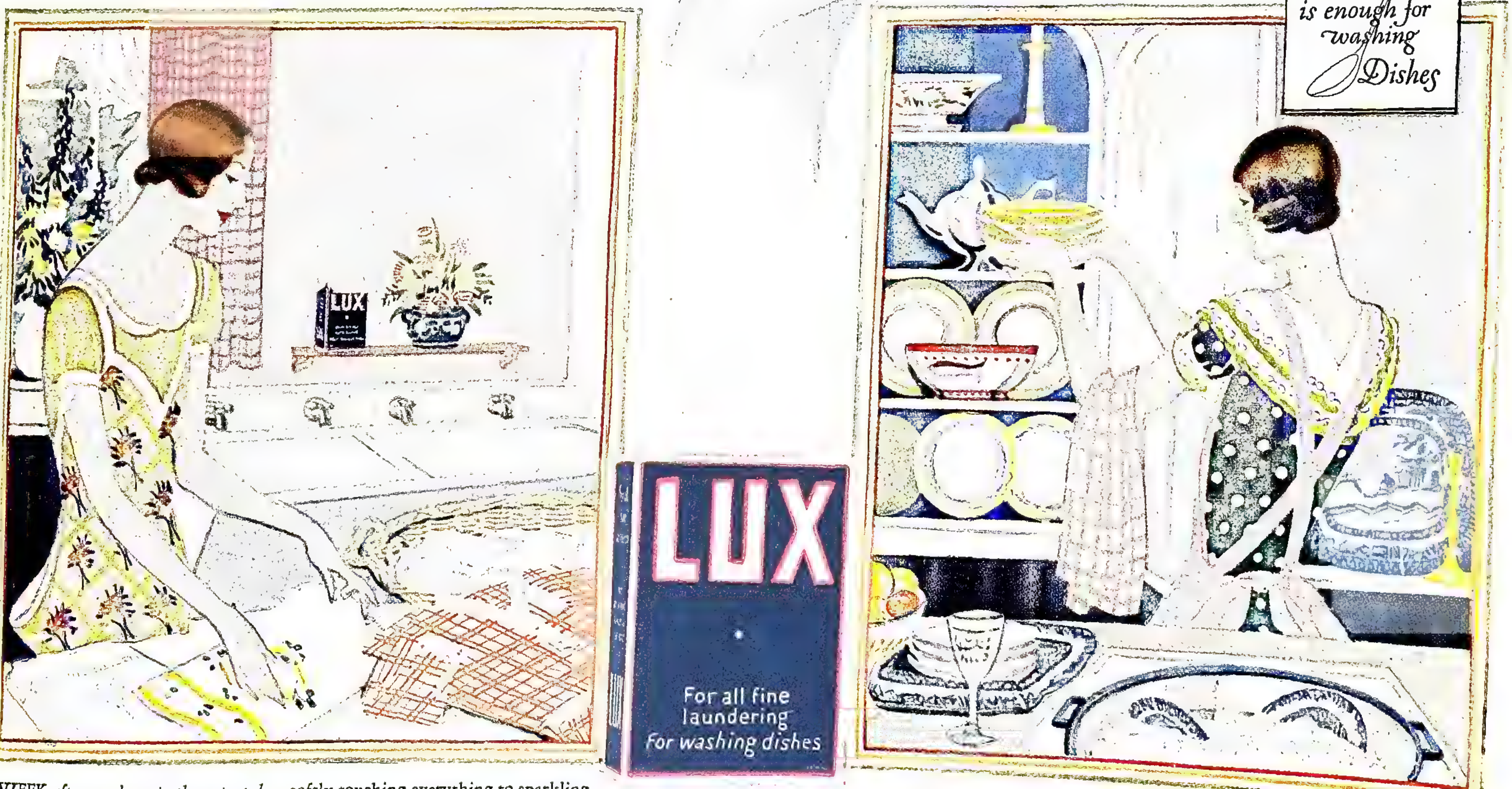
Hers is only one of thousands of letters coming from women everywhere.

"Lux above everything for the laundry" women cry. After all, it's the family laundry that gets the *repeated* washing that is so hard on clothes. All your clothes and your house linens are too nice nowadays—and cost too much—to deserve anything but the greatest care in washing! See how much longer they last when you wash them in sparkling Lux suds.

No harsh strong ingredients in Lux. Nothing but those familiar tender whipped-cream Lux suds—every buoyant bubble alive with cleanliness.

And every buoyant bubble full of comfort for your *hands!* So kind to them they stay soft and smooth and white—even though you do your own dishes and laundry! For there is no dread free alkali in Lux to dry up the beautifying oils which nature provides. Lux keeps your hands always soft and smooth. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

One teaspoonful is enough for washing Dishes



WEEK after week—it's the *repeated* washings that are so hard on your clothes.

Your fine bed and table linens—which you wash twenty times to once you wash your finest doilies—those special shirts about which your husband is so particular, the dainty things you embroidered so carefully for the children, your muslin undergarments, your gay house dresses—wash them all in gentle, tender Lux suds, bubbling with pure cleanliness, softly touching everything to sparkling freshness. Colors stay bright, whites stay snowy clean, cuff edges stay whole longer, fabrics don't wear thin so soon. *All* your things last longer when they are Lux-washed! An important matter nowadays—for things cost so much that they repay extra care for preservation.

So little Lux gives such a magnificent brimming suds that ever so many women find it the most economical thing to use for the laundry.

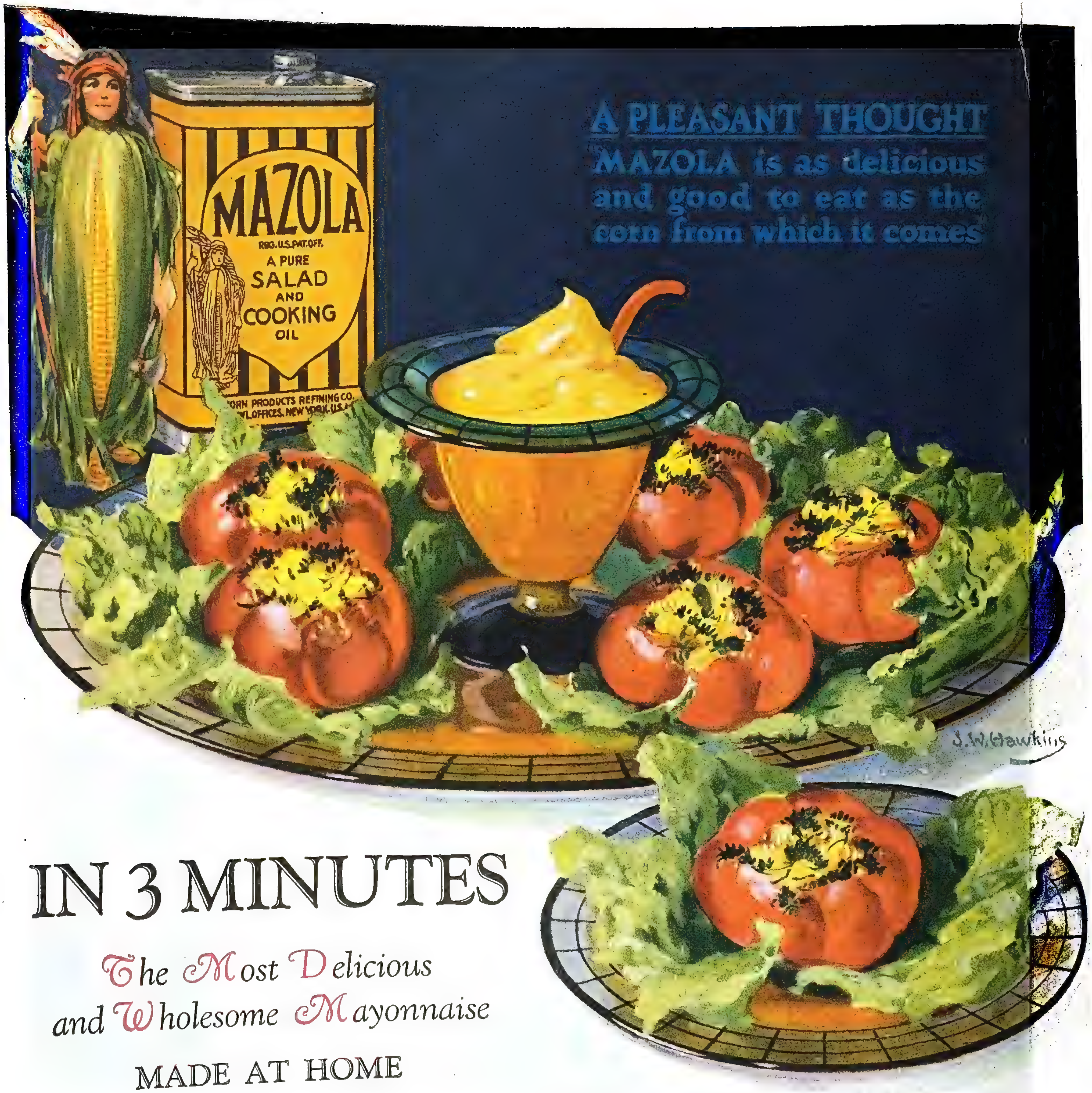
Now the Big New Package too

HOW you hated the thought of dish-washing—torturing your slim fingers and rosy nails three times a day with strong soaps and washing powders, giving them that in-the-dishpan look that made you ashamed to go to a bridge party. Then one day—it was like an inspiration—you thought—"Why not Lux in the dishpan!"

Why, you'd trusted your hands to it over and over again, washing your fine silks and laces and it always treated them gently. You'd grown to love that clean satin-soft feeling your hands had afterwards. Presto! a spoonful foamed in the hot water.

Wasn't it truly magical? Such brimming, bubbling Lux suds from just a few delicate white flakes! And your hands—your poor ill-used hands—feeling their way back already to crackless comfort and flawless beauty.

A little Lux goes so far it's an economy to use it


A PLEASANT THOUGHT
MAZOLA is as delicious and good to eat as the corn from which it comes
MAZOLA
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
A PURE SALAD AND COOKING OIL
CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
GEN'L OFFICES, NEW YORK, U.S.A.
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IN 3 MINUTES

The Most Delicious and Wholesome Mayonnaise

MADE AT HOME

YOU can prepare in three minutes a rich creamy Mayonnaise that is equal to the Mayonnaise served in the finest hotels by merely following the recipe shown on this page.

You can be sure of the purity of MAZOLA Mayonnaise because you know the eggs you use in it are absolutely fresh.

You will find that MAZOLA Mayonnaise always remains firm, fresh and smooth, and that it keeps longer without separating or getting rancid.

Once you try MAZOLA for salad dressings you will always prefer it to even the most expensive imported oil.

from "Delightful Cooking"

THE NEW CORN PRODUCTS COOK BOOK

DELICIOUS MAYONNAISE DRESSING

1 cup Mazola
1 Egg Yolk
½ teaspoon Sugar
½ teaspoon Salt
⅛ teaspoon Paprika
3 tablespoons Lemon Juice or Vinegar

Add well mixed seasonings to egg, with one teaspoon lemon juice or vinegar and beat well, adding one teaspoon Mazola at a time until mixture thickens, after which the Mazola may be added more rapidly. Thin with lemon juice or vinegar when necessary.

FREE: The new Corn Products cook book, beautifully illustrated, contains over 100 valuable recipes for preparing delicious foods. Write to the Corn Products Refining Company, Dept 14, Argo, Illinois, and you will receive a copy ABSOLUTELY FREE.

The Crystal Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

He felt he had his own reasons for annoyance. It was like Gita to forget that after a man married a woman he would be expected to remain in her house unless they left at once on a honeymoon; but altho he had thrown out several hints to that effect her mind had been too distracted to receive them. Nor had he been able to get a word with Elsie, who, however, might have been depended on not to overlook so important a detail.

Luckily, his friends would go directly from the manor to their hotel and leave by an early train for New York, either to spend Christmas day with their families or to pay visits elsewhere. As he was, in a way, the host of the occasion, he had an excuse to linger until the other guests had left—and then sneak home to his lodgings! But he'd have an understanding to-morrow. No one was more anxious to avoid gossip than Gita.

With a clear complexion and clearer head he presented himself before the future partner of his days shortly after a one-step had begun, and Polly once more was dancing with Dr. Pelham.

"Oh!" exclaimed Gita. "You look yourself again—except for that wig. Be sure you take it off before I come down. Nothing would induce me to marry you in it. I'd feel as if I were marrying old Cornbury."

"Well, if you wear yours I'll feel as if I were marrying my great-grandmother."

Gita laughed merrily, her equilibrium restored now that Eustace was himself again.

"It was terribly thoughtless of me not to ask you to bring your things over," she said. "But I'll have a room prepared to-morrow. Unless you'd like to go over to New York at once?"

"I'd far rather stay in the country." He drew a deep sigh of relief. Gita had a way of coming to her senses—tardily, but with a satisfying completeness.

He took her hand tentatively, and to his surprize she did not draw it away. She smiled at him serenely. "It's odd," she said musingly, "but I don't mind your touching me in the least, and I hate even to shake hands with another man."

He tightened his grasp. This was the scene and the hour for love-making, and the seclusion was complete. "I suppose you wouldn't kiss me?" Then as she frowned he added hastily, "Even men kiss one another in Europe, you know."

"Only on the cheek, and it always looks too silly for words. But you may kiss me there if you are feeling sentimental."

THE icy shower had steadied his nerves. He implanted a chaste salute on a cool cheek. "I'm not feeling in the least sentimental, but somehow it seemed the thing to do. Old Cornbury, no doubt, kissed every girl he managed to get into a corner. And knocked her wig off."

"Well, wigs certainly improve most of the men, as well as the girls. I never thought anything could improve Polly, but she looks like the most exquisite miniature ever painted."

"Old Geoff evidently thinks so. He's been dancing with her all evening, and he looks like a stunning old picture come to life. Polly may have met her fate."

"Wouldn't that be splendid!" Gita's voice rang with enthusiasm.

"Hardly for Geoff. But—how odd that you should countenance even your friends falling in love!"

"Ah, but Polly's bound to marry some day. They all think they must."

"Gita! Are you there?" Elsie appeared round the corner of the tree. "It's half past eleven. Time for you to dress."

Gita sprang to her feet wildly, her eyes darting about like those of a forest animal caught in a trap. "Oh, I can't! I—"

She met Bylant's smiling gaze, and her nerves, which had seemed to arch all over her body and hiss with a thousand voices, received a sharp admonition from her brain and subsided.

"Come along!" Her voice was gay again. "And Eustace, take off your wig."

GITA, attended by Polly and Elsie, stood before the psyche-mirror and smiled at her reflection.

The mass of delicate lace billowed widely about her slender figure and the long veil hung from a high coronet of orange-blossoms. She had removed her wig, and her hair, wiry and vibrant, and of an intense dusky blackness, had been drawn forward to soften the uncompromising stiffness of the head-dress. She wore her rope of pearls, and, about the base of her throat, a string of larger pearls, a present from Eustace. They had belonged to his mother.

Her eyes blazed with excitement, and her mouth, which had begun to take an upward curve at the corners, was very full and very red. Polly took out her lipstick with a sigh.

"You are the loveliest thing on earth, Gita," announced Elsie with the enthusiasm of both artist and friend. "If ever you are in the mood to hate life just remember to-night."

"Night of your life," agreed Polly. "Don't make any mistake about it. Spin out the descent of those stairs as long as you can. Such a chance doesn't come twice in a lifetime. Come along."

Pelham and John Trowbridge, a friend of Polly's, armed with large silver candelabra, stood near the head of the stairs. Polly posed Gita between them and regarded the tableau critically.

"Hold those candelabra a bit higher," she commanded. "And don't wabble. I must go ahead and drive that crowd to this end of the hall. Elsie, better light these candles first."

The guests were dancing, but the arrival of Mrs. Pelham, Mr. Donald, and the clergyman in his robes of office, had advised them of some startling change in the program; they were not surprized when the music stopped abruptly and Polly, her hand admonishing, appeared on the stairs.

"Come down to this end, all of you, and afterward move into the middle of the room." On the broad landing Elsie applied a lighted taper to eight long candles set in high brackets.

Dr. Lancaster took his position solemnly in front of the chimneypiece that had looked down on so many Carteret brides. Mrs. Pleyden wore a gown of rose-pink velvet with panniers made from a point-lace shawl, and had powdered her hair. She looked haughty and disapproving, however, and so did Mr. Donald, who was to give the bride away. Both were astonished that Polly and Eustace Bylant, the quintessence of modernism, should lend themselves to anything so theatrical. Of course anything might be expected of Gita, and, no doubt, she had been encouraged by Mrs. Brewster, who was by way of being a "bohemian."

Eustace, wigless and very pale, took his position at the foot of the stairs, the bridesmaids behind him. Topper and the other servants, who had been put into dominoes, stood in the background.

The slow opening strains of the "Lohengrin" wedding march stole down from the gallery, and there was a faint rustle from above. The hush became breathless. A moment later three figures appeared and stood on the high landing beneath the soft glow of the candles. Gita, a white wraith, her arms hanging at her sides, her eyes fixed on space, but dazzling with their own light, stepped slowly down the wide stairs, her attendants beside her.

A deep sigh rose from the audience, and even the scornful muscles of Mrs.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

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The Crystal Cup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

Pleyden's face relaxed. The music rose and swelled through the old hall. The torches seemed to flame higher. The stately trio reached the foot of the stairs, and Eustace took Gita's hand and led her forward, unmindful of Mr. Donald's crooked arm and heightened color. The bridesmaids spread out their trains and stepped daintily behind. The candelabra were lowered with a sigh of relief, and Pelham advanced to his position as best man. The ceremony began.

Once Eustace felt Gita's hand twitch as if she would snatch it away, but he held it firmly. Dr. Lancaster had a deep, solemn voice, and it boomed out much as it had done at the funeral ceremonies eight months ago. Gita shivered, but she uttered her vows firmly, and held out a rigid finger for the ring. Then she sank to her knees on the cushion thoughtfully provided by Topper as the solemn blessing rolled over her head. A moment later she was on her feet again listening to a loud, excited buzz of congratulations. She submitted to being kissed by Mrs. Pleyden and the girls, then broke away and ran toward the dining-room.

"If you are not all famished, I am," she cried in a high and not unhysterical voice. "And you must lose no time drinking our health."

In the July instalment of "The Crystal Cup" (out June 15) we see what happens when a unique and unconventional character like Gita comes into direct contact with the restricting demands of married life. How this hitherto care-free and unrestrained modern girl acts when she realizes all that her new conditions mean to her will interest every woman who reads it.

Unfinished Business

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

one has found a blanket formula for "extending the blessings of home into community life." There are different opinions as to how we should educate and train our children; and how shall we go about making human life safe and promoting general happiness and prosperity? We know what we want, but we don't know how to get it.

If we could find one way in which to accomplish one of these high purposes we would then be one step further along. So far we do not seem to have found even one way to do one thing. We argue more or less vigorously as to what is most important, as to what should be done first, and then we differ as to how it should be done. Our club year is about to close and there is much unfinished business left over.

The past year has been woman's greatest year if we may judge by the number of important meetings held throughout the world. Never have we had so many organizations and never have they had so many members. It was out of these meetings and the discussions their programs provoked that we have been able to crystallize even the general program stated.

Perhaps the most significant meeting of the year was the Woman's Conference on the Causes and Cure of War held at Washington in January of this year. Nine great organizations of women participated in this conference, the delegates to which represented five million women. While regret was expressed by some that the thirty-four speakers included only seven women, the meeting was very generally conceded to have been dignified, thoughtful, and altogether vastly worth while. These women are determined to make peace respectable, and to discuss it

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

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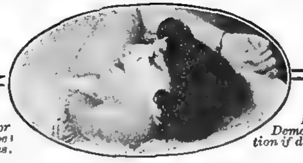

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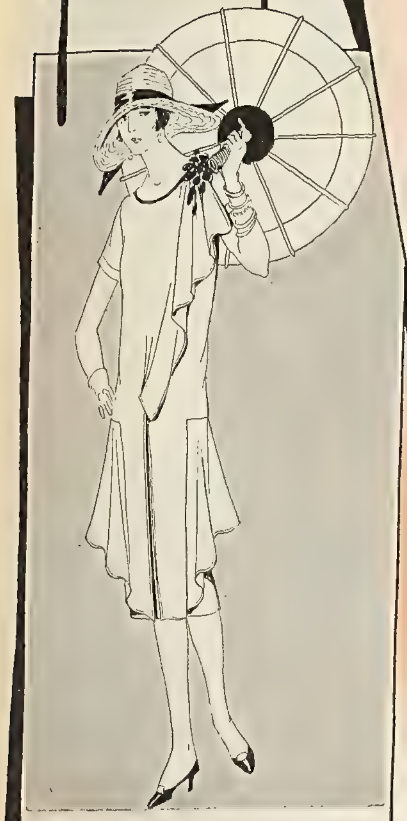
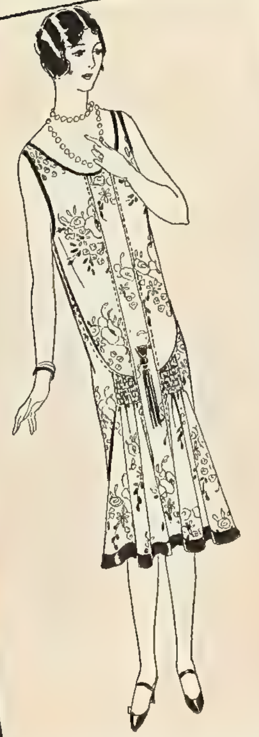
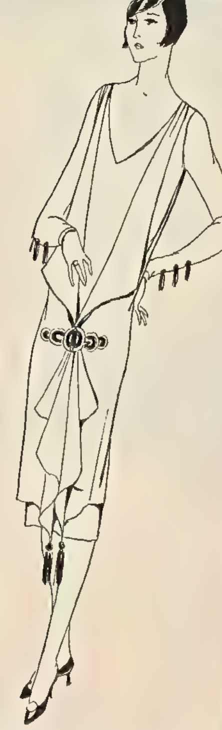


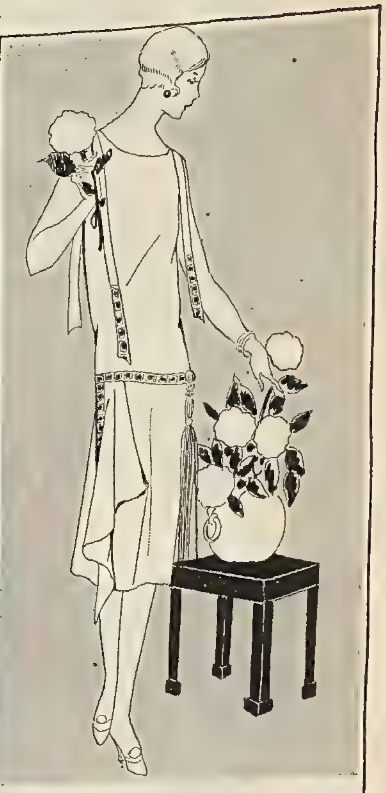
PATOU
No. 62—*Afternoon frock of sand crêpe with jabot and flared tunic.*
34 to 44 bust—16 to 20 years—$1.00



JENNY
No. 61—*Printed chiffon with shirring and flared front. Bound with satin.*
34 to 44 bust—16 to 20 years—$1.00



WORTH
No. 68—*Jabot frock of pale pink crêpe fastened in front with jeweled ornament.*
34 to 44 bust—14 to 18 years—$1.00



AGNES
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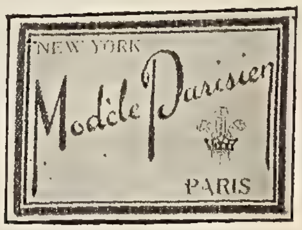

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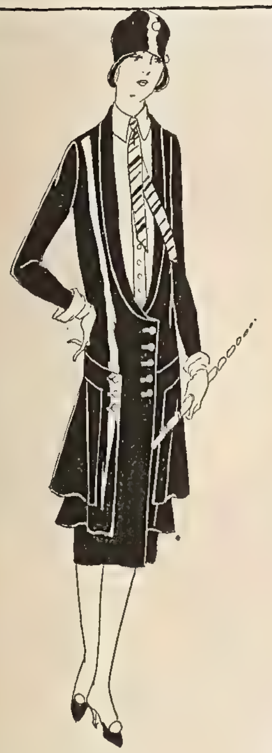
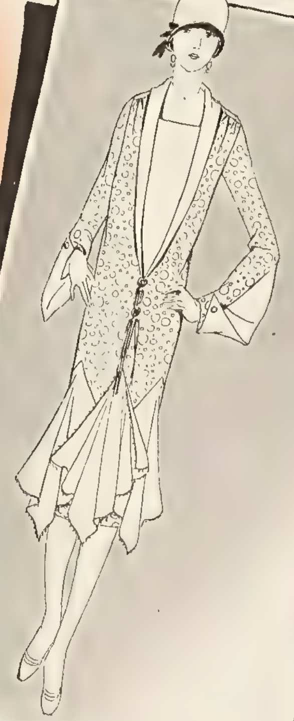


BERTHÉ
No. 65—*Day frock of dark blue rep with white vest and cuffs.*
34 to 44 bust—14 to 18 years—$1.00



GEORGETTE
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34 to 44 bust
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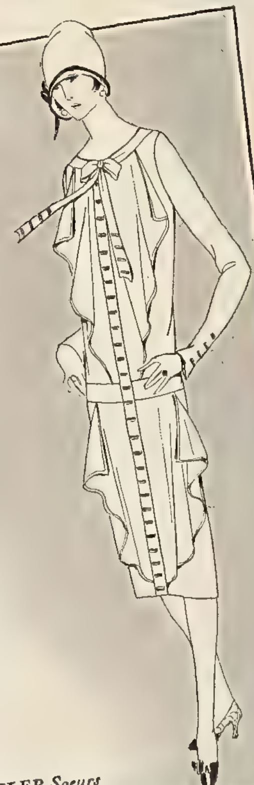

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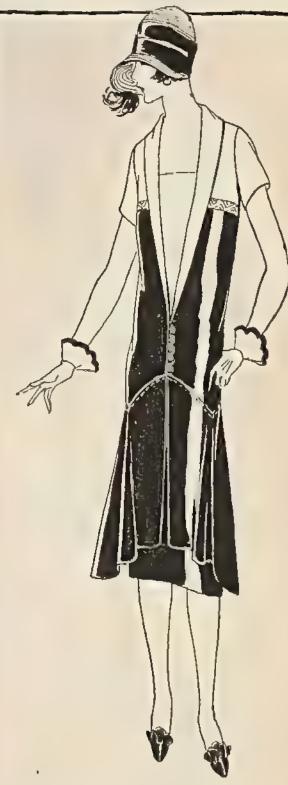

LUCILLE
No. 64—*Black satin with upper part of tan crêpe. Smartly flared tunic.*
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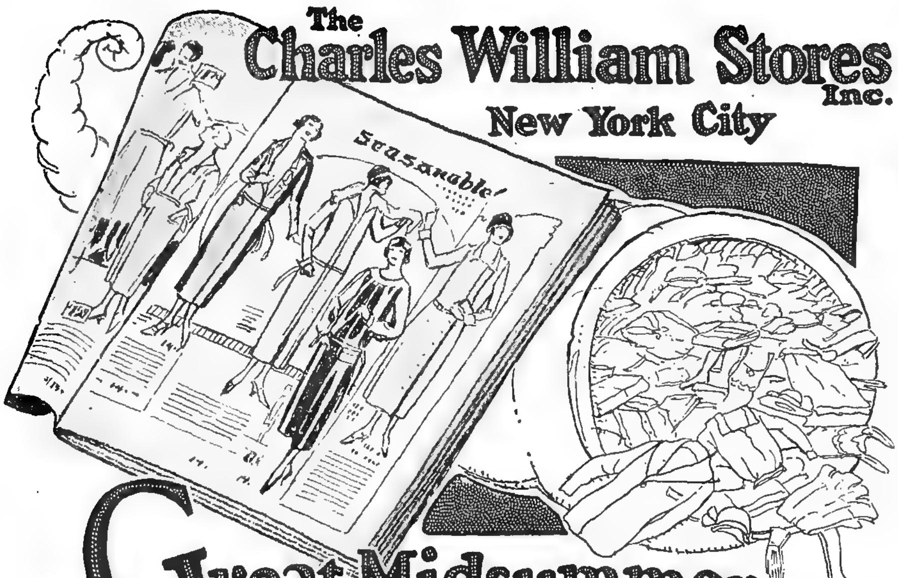

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Unfinished Business

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

calmly and with sweet reasonableness. It is distinctly worthy of note that among the nine organizations participating there was not one peace society. Representatives of five million women, busy about what they have considered woman's business, came together and said that the peace of the world transcends in importance all other issues.

This is undoubtedly the most important and urgent piece of unfinished business left on woman's calendar. But women's influence must continue to be indirect until women have more participation in government. There was very little said at Washington concerning the discrimination against women in the consular and diplomatic service. No one seems disturbed over the fact that no women sit among the men now composing the World Court that the conference so heartily indorsed. No women sit in the Council or the Assembly of the League of Nations, to which the conference gave negative approval.

Perhaps the next most important piece of unfinished business is that concerning child labor in these United States. The proposed amendment to the Constitution failed to such an extent as to leave no doubt as to the attitude of the American people on this point. It is a waste of time to argue as to why the State legislatures failed to ratify the amendment.

The most popular argument upon which opposition was based was the danger of extending the power of the Federal Government. The majority of the people of the United States seem to think that it is the duty of the individual States to regulate child labor within their borders. Everybody believes in protecting the child life of the nation. The disagreement is as to how this protection should come.

Every thoughtful person who is sincerely and impersonally interested in the principle upon which the amendment was based—the principle of the protection of child life—will be glad to see the States do some house-cleaning within the next two years. Only thirteen States are up to the well-accepted standards as to the hours regulating the employment of children. In North Carolina, where dramatic social progress has been made within the past few years, there remains much to be done. The standards in Georgia are notably low. Other States are about as bad. Alabama is to be congratulated in the recent improvement in its child-labor laws.

Twenty-four separate organizations joined forces to protect the child life of the nation. These organizations favored the proposed amendment to the Constitution, but they will doubtless be quite satisfied if the States will bring their regulations up to the accepted standard, thereby making an amendment unnecessary.

We have a Summer before us in which to think it all over and study these questions. Let us resolve that we will inform ourselves and that we will use our power for at least two high and holy purposes—the achievement of world peace through the active participation of women in world affairs, and the protection of child life through proper legislation.

When You Travel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

short-sleeved, or sleeveless dresses are very bad form.

For night you will need a very simple negligée or kimono of silk, cotton, or very light wool, in a dull color, with a little cap to cover your hair in going from your berth to the dressing-room. Pullman robes in pale colors, vividly figured, or of transparent fabric are very bad form. A pair of soft, loose gloves will protect your hands from railway grime.

Jewelry is never worn by smart women on a journey. The only exceptions are a wrist-watch and a very simple string of beads, harmonizing with the gown. Bracelets, rings, pendants, and brooches, studded with diamonds and other precious stones, attract the attention of thieves. On an ocean voyage a woman needs a simple tailored dress of cloth or flannel, a loose coat, a sweater, a soft hat, a long chiffon veil, and easy shoes for walking the deck; also a simple dinner-frock, not too conspicuous in fabric, color, and style.

For the man: A man dresses for traveling as he does for his daily business life. Bath-robes, sweaters, smoking-jackets, etc., are never worn on either train or steamer. Aside from the soft cap, he dresses exactly as he does for the street. Lolling about in seminegligée costume on either train or boat is never good form.

WHEN traveling in a Pullman car a woman should ask the porter and not a fellow traveler for service, such as opening or closing windows, disposing of her luggage, bringing her a time-table, or mailing letters. A porter will also supply a table on which to eat lunch, play cards, or write letters; and a pillow for day use, a paper bag for her hat. If asked to do so in time, he will bring you fruit, a sandwich, ginger ale and other soft drinks, or any sort of light refreshments from a railway station.

When you eat your lunch in a day-coach or parlor-car, spread it out daintily and have the porter remove all the débris. It offends your fellow passengers to see your lap or berth littered with fruit-rinds, soiled napkins, and crumpled paper. If you eat in the dining-car, order simple food and do not allow the waiters to hurry through the meal. This is a common cause of car-sickness. On the other hand, you are not expected to dawdle over your meals in a diner, thus keeping other people waiting. If you are not an experienced traveler, ask the dining-car steward to seat you facing forward.

Be chary of making railway acquaintances. All sorts of crooks and objectionable persons travel in public conveyances. If you want information ask an employee of the railroad company, not a fellow traveler.

Don't irritate your fellow passengers by leaving your window open to admit draft or dust, and if your shade is up so high that the sunlight prevents a fellow passenger from reading, do be courteous enough to pull it down.

Both men and women should protect their money and other valuables. A woman should carry her jewelry and any large sum of money she may have, attached to her person at night. In her hand-bag she should keep only her tickets, baggage-checks, and a small amount of change needed during the journey.

Above everything else, don't monopolize the dressing-room facilities. You are only one of perhaps a dozen persons who have paid for the privilege of using that dressing-room. If you want a dressing-room to yourself take a compartment or drawing-room. Particularly if you want to show that you are a well-bred man or woman leave the wash-bowl in a decently clean condition after you have used it. Wipe it out with a soiled towel, and remove wads of hair, soap-suds, powder-dust, and other reminders of your presence.

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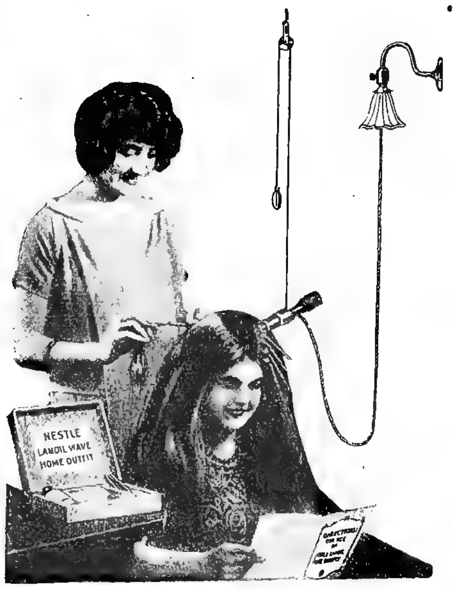
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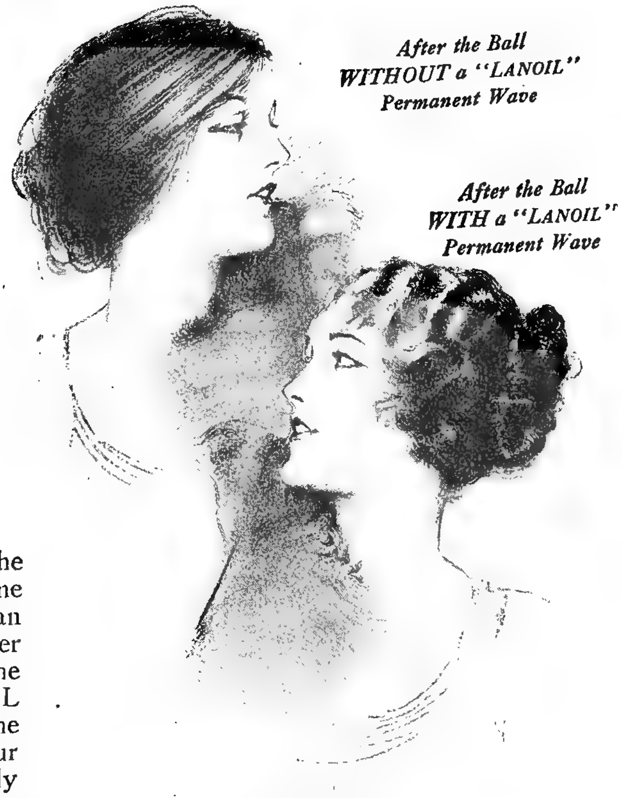

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You do not need to endure the embarrassment of straight hair this summer. You do not need to have straight hair at all, if you make up your mind to have *naturally curly hair*. For, waiting for you is a little Home Outfit, which transforms the straightest hair that grows on woman or child into delightful waves, curls and ringlets that curl of themselves, and look even prettier when you shampoo them, or go out into rain, fog or mist.

LANOIL Waves Laugh at Moisture of All Kinds

Of course this sounds hard to believe—yet we are willing to let you prove its absolute truth at *our* cost. All we ask is that you send a letter, or the coupon below for a Home Outfit, enclosing its $15 purchase price, or, if you prefer, SEND NO MONEY and pay the postman when it arrives.

If after testing your charming waves, curls and ringlets for thirty days, you are not convinced that the Home Outfit is the most wonderful purchase you ever made, and the gentle LANOIL treatment the *best* thing you ever did for your hair, return the Outfit, and by return mail you will receive in full every cent of its $15 purchase price without any deduction whatever for our packing and mailing costs, use of the free trial supplies and the Outfit.

A Simple—yet Fascinating Procedure

In the privacy of your own home, this Outfit gives you the same famous LANOIL Process for which hundreds of women visit Mr. Nestle's great New York Establishments every day. A few pleasant hours' pastime any afternoon gives to your hair a natural curliness that you can be proud of forever—a curliness which will last you through strolls in the damp night air, through bathing at seashore or mountain side, through dancing of evenings, or working all day long in warm offices or at home.

Do not delay. Spring is here. Summer is lurking around the corner. All sorts of pleasures that make naturally curly hair of prime importance await you. Imagine being able to compete in hair beauty and comfort with any woman or girl of your acquaintance who was born with naturally curly hair!

Send Today—

If you desire further explanations, send a letter, postal or the coupon below for our free booklet containing many testimonial letters and photographs. But a trial of the Outfit is also free so why not send for yours today? With it, you will get illustrated instructions, all our literature, free trial supplies, and in addition *sufficient waving materials for a couple of heads.* Remember, too, you can always use the Home Outfit to wave your family and friends as well, more supplies being obtainable for very little cost whenever you need them.

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD., Dept. P (Est. 1905)
12 and 14 East 49th Street, New York City

Fill in, tear off and mail coupon today.

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD., Dept. P
12 & 14 East 49th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me the Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Waving. I understand that if, after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Outfit any time within 30 days, and receive back every cent of its cost of $15.

☐ I enclose $15 in check, money order, or bank draft as a deposit.

or

☐ I enclose *no* money. Please send C. O. D.

My electric voltage is.................................

or check HERE.....................if only free booklet of further particulars is desired.

If your hair is white or *very* ash blond, mention it here.....................

(From foreign countries, send Sixteen Dollars, check, money order or cash equivalent in U. S. currency. Canadians may order from Raymond Harper, 819 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada, $20 duty free.)

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Street..

City..*State*....................

Many a woman has added to her reputation as a clever hostess with dishes prepared with

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

EVERY housewife should have Knox Sparkling Gelatine on her pantry shelf.

One package alone makes *four different desserts, salads or other dishes, each sufficient for six people.*

Try this delicious recipe today:

Strawberry Bavarian Cream

Soak ½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ¼ cup cold water five minutes, and dissolve by standing cup containing mixture in hot water. Strain into 1 cup strawberry juice and pulp mixed with 1 tablespoonful lemon juice. Add ½ cup sugar, and when sugar is dissolved set bowl containing mixture in pan of ice water and stir until mixture begins to thicken; then fold in 1½ cups heavy cream, beaten until stiff. Turn into wet mold lined with strawberries cut in halves, and chill. Garnish with fruit, selected strawberries and leaves.

Recipe Books—Free

Write for Mrs. Knox's "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," two very practical recipe books. Sent free for 4c in postage and your grocer's name.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
135 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring.

Have the Movies Changed Us?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

ateliers of the world's capitals—principally Paris and New York.

But the movie has done creative work in boosting the great outdoors; it has made the varied athletic costumes of women not only popular, but in their adaptations and modifications by the statuesque little celluloid ingénues, they have become bewitchingly smart. There are more breezes in the movies than breezy manners, and more airs than those put on by the *movie-riche*. Again, the screen may have shortened bathing-suits, but it has lengthened lives.

IN THE past ten years the motion-picture theater, in its best examples, has given the whole people of the United States a musical culture, an artistic appreciation of the works of the great composers, which would not have been equaled in other ways for fifty years. I dare to say that the picture theater has been the greatest factor in creating a taste for good music that America has ever known. It is not in human nature, en masse, to deliberately seek culture. The few always do it; the many only accept it when it has been made pleasant and diverting, when it has been given to them unawares.

Ever since motion-picture theaters began to be something else than converted storerooms, the managements have instinctively called good music to their aid; first with tinny organs, then with willing but incompetent little orchestras —and to-day? With grand organs of supercathedral equipment and variety, manned by famous organists; with complete symphony orchestras, with trained choruses and celebrated soloists—and the best music in the world. A celebrated Chicago college has just added a "chair of motion-picture music," aimed to train men solely for the artistic musical scoring of films. Ten years ago this would have sounded as incredible as the transmission of a photograph on a wireless wave.

In architecture the modern picture theater has made the pompous and stuffy "grand opera-house" of the nineties as out of date as a bustle.

The picture-producer is the public's purchasing agent. His enterprises are conducted, of necessity, upon such a scale that he can not exist unless he gives the public what it wants.

It is possible to write music for posterity, and to paint pictures, like Benjamin West, in a garret. Books are printed for limited circulation, and theatrical productions are often made for particular followings, but the motion-picture has no selective audience. It is accepted or condemned by one judge—the average American citizen.

Whatever may be the status of the picture, the public is in its infancy. And this is not said in disparagement. Far better to be a sound child than a worn-out old man. Our people are a young, simple, healthy people. That in the main they prefer simple, healthy, unsophisticated stories, with plenty of physical action and inevitable happy endings, proves nothing except that our fictional tastes are the cleanly, youthful, simple tastes of a young nation.

SOME critics decry a lack of art and even a lack of intelligence in narrative films, but I suspect that what they would really like to see is sophistication and subtlety. Sophistication is the attribute of a weary and disillusioned race, and America is anything but weary and disillusioned. Subtlety to a certain degree is a good thing, coming more and more into the better class of photoplays, but subtleties on the fast-moving film and subtleties in books which may be pondered over are a mighty different matter.

We can not "high-hat" the average intelligence without risking confusion and loss of plain narrative interest—without which no film is worth while.

There is no producer of any record to-day who has not shelves full of beautifully artistic failures, alongside shelves full of simpler, "popular" pictures which have pleased thousands or millions of people—and have made possible the making of better films.

Money can not be, in itself, the criterion of producing success; for the producer who is thinking only of making money is not thinking of constantly improving the artistic stature of his product —and that constant, careful improvement is the only thing that enables any producer to last from one year's end to another. Picture-making, like other American affairs, is a competitive business, and the most successful man is the one who keeps closest to the public's slow but sure advance in artistic appreciation.

OCCASIONALLY, more in fun than in comparison, serious film narratives of a few years ago are flashed upon the same screens that regularly show our multi-reel celluloids of to-day. These strange exhibitions are the most effective possible answer to those who assert that the screen standard has not advanced—is not advancing in every way.

I am sure that no art-form, within one hundred years of its birth, ever produced an imaginative work superior in creative excellence to the finest things of the screen.

Not all of the screen's "popular" successes are worthy successes. I think some of them are deplorable! Yet there are successful books which are abominable trash, and notorious theatrical triumphs which ought never to have seen the footlights.

In the matter of morals the screen is the cleanest narrative influence to-day. And this not because of militant censor boards or crusading organizations, but because the screen is closer to the whole public than any other art-form, and public taste as a whole is clean and sane. I dare to say that the screen is the strongest counter-influence opposing the loose books of the past half dozen years—and Heaven knows that printed floodgates of perversity and innuendo have been opened since the War. Even where salacious novels have been filmed the results have been ridiculous rather than demoralizing.

ONE of the greatest social services of the screen has never, to my recollection, been publicly acknowledged. It would not have been possible to make the Volstead Act a part of this country's law had not the neighborhood motion-picture theater already destroyed the saloon as a social center. Has this ever entered the minds of those who fought for prohibition, and accredited themselves with all the triumphs of victory? The neighborhood theater is the new social center of the American town, the one place which draws *all* the family together.

Not since the austere old meeting-houses of pioneer New England demanded universal attendance has there been one community edifice which young and old, male and female, rich and poor, were wont regularly to frequent. The hold of the neighborhood theater is stronger, if anything, because attendance is not a duty, but a pleasure. The possibilities of the neighborhood theater in general public service have scarcely been touched, and they are indeed very great.

Once the saloon and the poolroom offered the only nocturnal chances of masculine good-fellowship—and therein lay a very great part of the saloon's hold on the public.

I say that the motion-picture won the first and perhaps the greatest single victory in the War against alcohol when it destroyed the saloon as the village club. Saloon men all over the country complained that the picture theaters were killing their business—at least three years before prohibition.

The educational power of the screen —its ability to bring all the world to the secluded valleys; its friendly force in making neighbors and friends of alien peoples; its magic faculty of fixing great events and making them happen again, at any time, before far-distant eyes; its talents as instructor and informer in the sciences; its patronage of the arts—these attributes have often been discussed.

Do not expect too soon the great original narrators in celluloid. They will come, inevitably but very slowly. A more hopeful sign of the moment, and one which unmistakably denotes the screen's far-reaching influence, is the growing cinematic quality of our best novels. This is quite apart from the expedient "picture plot," by which the author cunningly hopes to take two immediate revenues—one from the publisher and one from the producer. The written narrative itself—the picture's extremely haughty older sister—is learning a lesson of clarity and visualization from the screen.

THE allied art-forms of the movie are just beginning. For instance, the opera of the future will in some of its most brilliant and conspicuous examples be a picture-orchestra affair. The orchestra has already—thanks to the modern composer—almost exceeded the bounds of the human voice, but when coupled with the picture as an interpreter of dramatic emotion it knows no limitations whatever.

The coupling of great pictures and great music is no new thing, but the new union, the startling union, will be that of a composer and an imaginative director. Opera of world-wide appeal is made no more, now that Puccini is dead. The librettist of to-morrow may be a man behind the camera, supplying material for flights of orchestral inspiration with a conviction that the poets of Verdi or Gounod never equaled.

As a matter of fact I look confidently for just this sort of thing as America's contribution to the field of dramatic music. America is conspicuously missing in operatic composition—and that may be, for one reason, because the old forms are worn out; because, as in everything else, America to do the thing at all must do it in an entirely new way, her own way. I should not be surprized at any time to see an American musical-pictorial composition which would sweep the world—a composition in which melody and vision are not fortuitously pasted together, but are twin ideas—conceived and born together!

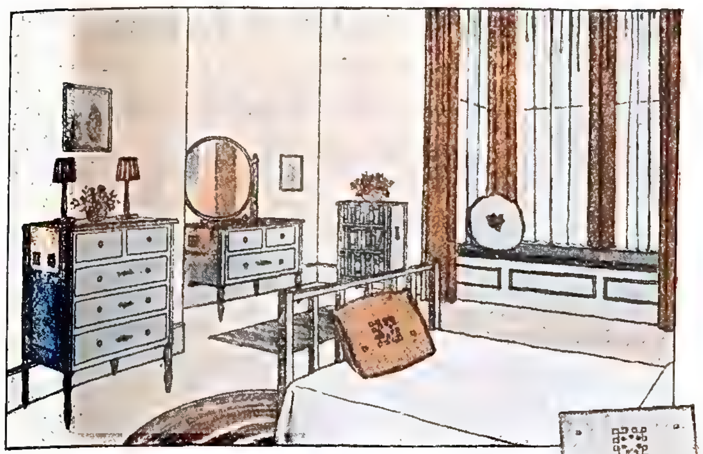
In medicine, in surgery, in biology, in astronomy, in sport, and even in the detection of crime the use of the picture is an every-day affair.

BUT we must not make the glory of the movie its utility, its adaptability, or its material splendor. All these are and should be only aids to further a new and typically American art-form along its road as an exalting yet honest and unflinching interpreter of human life.

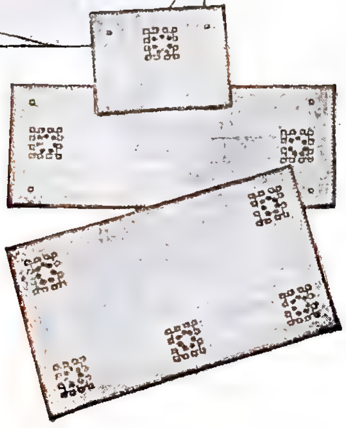
The narrative picture must be such an interpreter to justify and perpetuate its existence.

The farther America's towers of commerce reach toward the sky, the deeper are their foundations planted in the common earth beneath. The movie, with its pedestal planted deep in humble soil, is a strong, primitive, intrinsically vital art. Its fortune is its commonness. It has peasant power. Had it been born into a nursery of delicate culture it might have died teething.

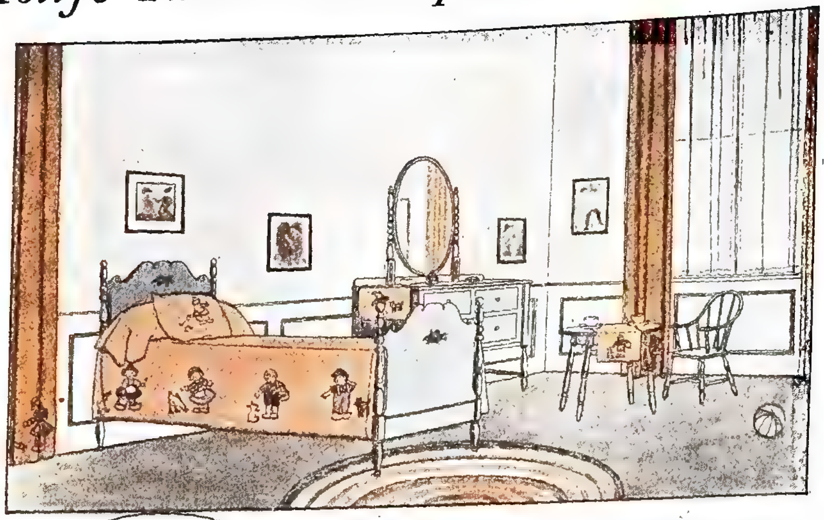
The New in Drapery, Linen, and Dress Motifs That Are Simple to Develop



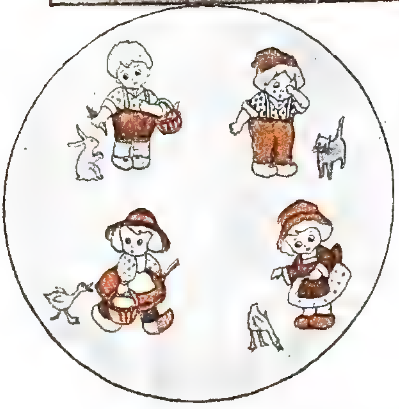
No. 13016—One-Stitch Motifs



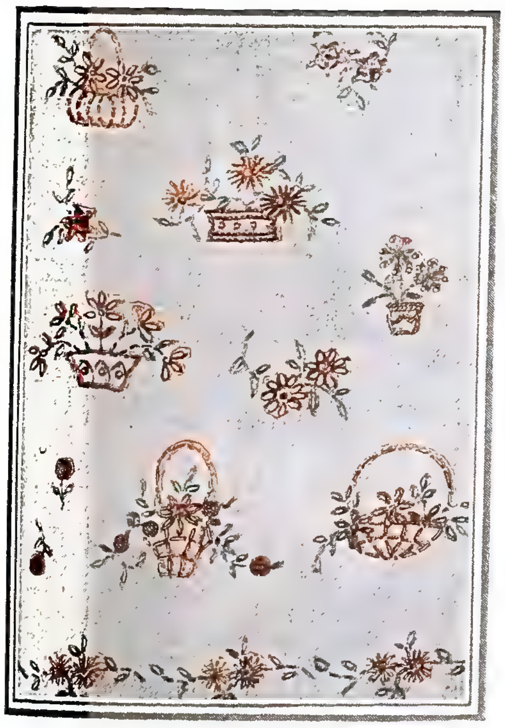
THE Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13016, blue only, furnishes the outline and design of a dresser scarf, vanity table scarf, and pillow top suitable for a girl's bedroom. On unbleached muslin the set is dainty with the flowers worked alternately in yellow, blue, red, and lavender, each with a green French knot center. The squares are outlined with black in one-stitch and the edges of the pieces are buttonhole-stitched with black silk floss. Three sheets of design are also furnished.



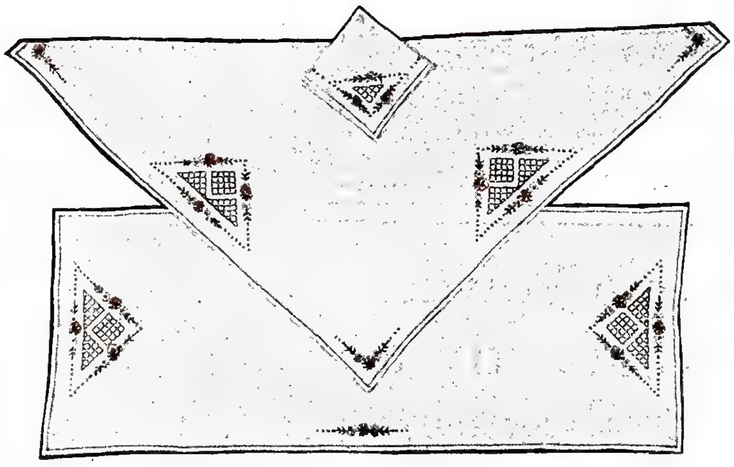
No. 13019—Appliqué Motifs



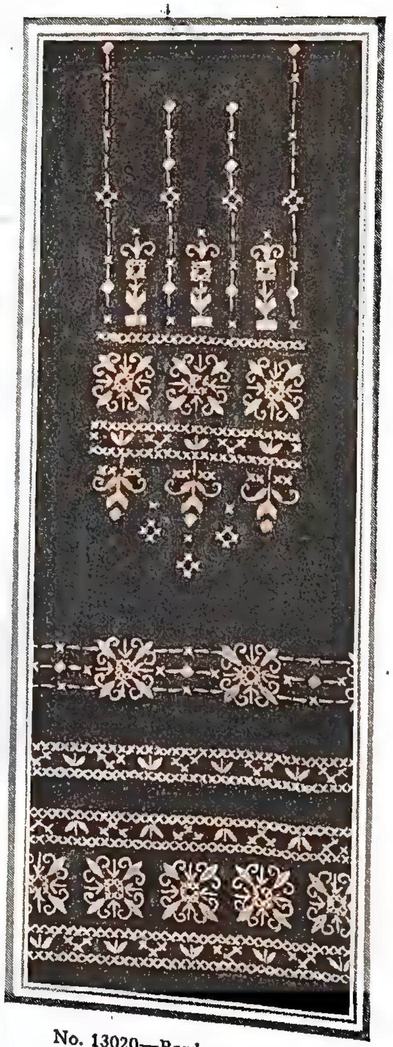
THE Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13019, blue only, furnishes 2 and 2 reverses of four different appliqué motifs to be used for trimming a bedspread, bolster, pillow-slip, and curtains for a child's room. Appliqué guides are also supplied. It is effective when the background is made of unbleached muslin and then edged with crochet lace of matching shade. The motifs should be in gay colors.



No. 13017—Cross-Stitch Border and Motifs



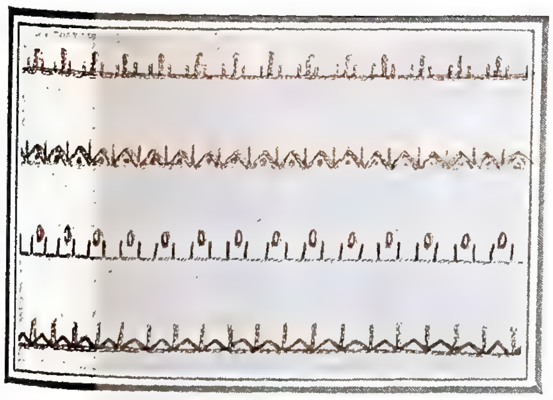
No. 13015—Luncheon-Cloth, Napkins, and Buffet-Scarf



No. 13020—Border and Motif

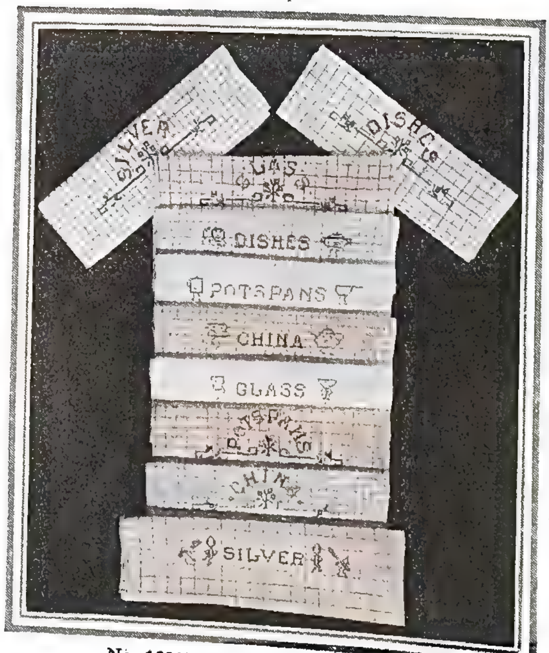
THE Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13017, blue or yellow, furnishes 2 and 2 reverses of 10 motifs and 2 yards of 1⅛-inch border designed for the adornment of children's blouses, dresser scarfs, guest towels, etc. Pastel shades are most effective, including yellow, light blue, pink, lavender, light green, and rose. Lazy-daisy, chain, outline, solid, and rambler rose stitches are used.

THE Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13015, blue only, furnishes design for a luncheon cloth, buffet scarf, and six napkins. The set may be made in any desired size. On white linen the design is attractive with the squares outlined with blue rope silk, the dots in French knots the same shade. Hemstitching makes a nice finish for the edges.



No. 13014—Attractive Borders

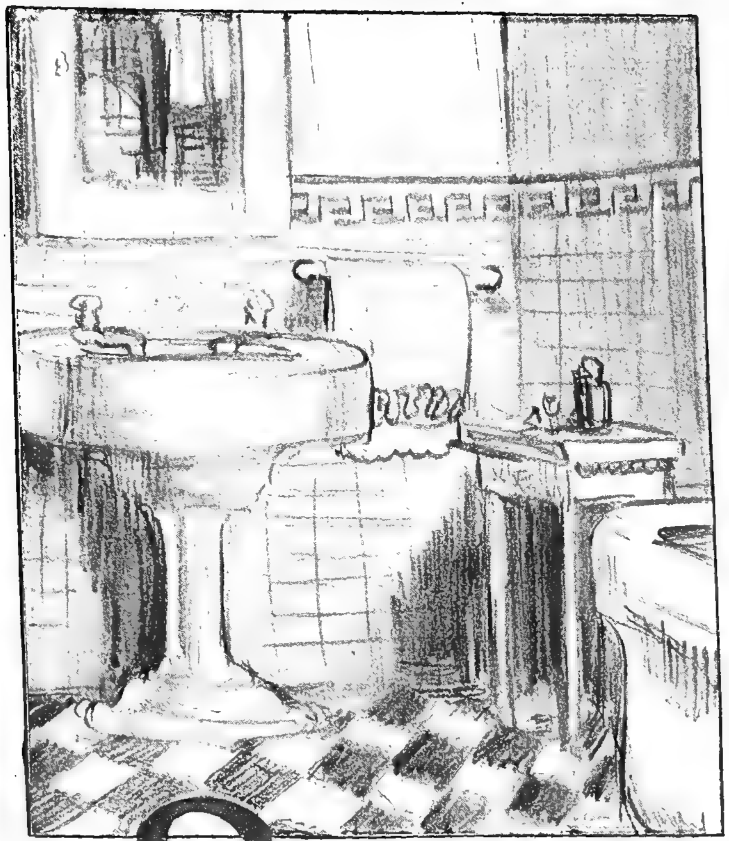
THE Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13014, blue or yellow, furnishes 2 1-3 yards each of four different borders of unusual daintiness. They are so simple to make and so effective that they are ideal for trimming children's dresses, rompers, etc. These simple borders are ⅜ and ½ inch in width.



No. 13018—Cross-Stitch Towel-Ends

THE Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13018, blue only, furnishes ten different cross-stitch motifs to be used for the ends of towels. On red-and-white, blue-and-white toweling, or plain white crash, the designs are most effective in contrasting and harmonious colors.

THE Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13020, blue or yellow, furnishes 2 yards each of three borders 3¾, ¾, and 1½ inches wide, and two motifs 13¾ inches high. On a background of navy blue crêpe de Chine the design is most effective developed in rose, green, and gold silk floss, using solid, single, long-and-short, and cross-stitches. Frocks, blouses, and scarfs, as well as pillows, etc., for the home, may be trimmed with these borders and motifs. Two sheets of design are furnished.



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TILE and MARBLE

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If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and 10c for full size cake to
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MORGAN'S SONS
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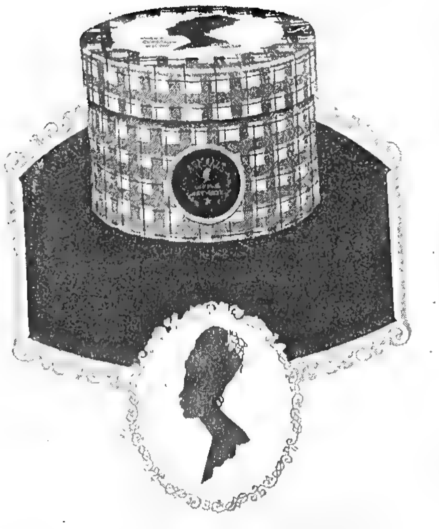
ARMAND Cold Cream Powder is kind to your skin . . . try it



KIND to your skin in the same sense that a becoming hat is kind to your face! Armand Cold Cream Powder keeps your complexion looking its very best during a busy day—out-of-doors, traveling—under artificial light. When properly applied, rubbed in thoroughly, it brings out the fresh natural color in your cheeks, and emphasizes the fine texture of your skin. (This is because it is so soft and clinging, with a magic bit of cold cream in it.) . . . And it is kind to your skin in another sense. It is beneficial to the most sensitive skin.

Armand Cold Cream Powder is Armand's origination, dense and very fine, always $1.00 a box. Armand Peridore is a light-weight face powder to be put on quickly, also $1.00 a box. Armand Bouquet is a medium dense face powder, greatly favored, 50c a box. . . . Clip the coupon and send it with ten cents for guest-room boxes of Cold Cream Powder and Peridore. Mention the tint you wish. Address Armand—Des Moines. Address in Canada, Armand, Ltd., St. Thomas, Ontario.

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Armand Flame (double brunette)
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Street..
City..........................State..................

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

"You run right along," she says, "and if you got anything to do, go and do it now, for those trunks will be waiting when the man comes for them," and they was, because I was never late. Of course Mr. Clemens thought it was wonderful because he really didn't think I'd be ready and would be the cause of not catching the train that day. It used to fuss him terribly.

He was on an awful rampage that time because we had to go without the guide. He was afraid he would have to buy the tickets and do all the fussing with the luggage, and it was a great mountain on him to have to take Mrs. Clemens and Mrs. Crane and all us six in the party and get car-seats and everything. You know, it was really a great burden on him. The trains then were bad, but he'd always get a car for nine people. He used to buy seats for the whole car, nine, so then he wouldn't have to let anybody else in.

We went to Switzerland that Summer. We went to all the beautiful places there. We had a cottage near the hotel down by the water. I don't remember the name of the place. Clara had a piano and she practised, and Mr. Clemens wrote during that time, but I don't remember what he was writing. And then they used to go up to the mountains. He used to think he'd walk up, but he never did—they used to go in the train; but he used to take long walks every day that wasn't climbing. He was very happy there.

He used to get all the things he liked to eat at that hotel because after the chef got acquainted with him and he had seen him a couple of times and greased his hand, he used to fix special things for Mr. Clemens, which was very nice, and of course we always had a private dining-room, too. We had a suite generally—bedroom, sitting-room, and dining-room. Always just like royalty. It was in Switzerland that Joseph, the lost guide, turned up.

WELL, after Switzerland the family went on to Berlin for the Winter, and I came home that Fall—the first time I ever left them. They didn't want me to go, but I felt they could get along without me and it would save money. Mrs. Clemens said the girls were getting so big they could pack for themselves, so I thought they could get along without me.

They were going to live in one place all Winter, and I told Mrs. Clemens I'd come back to them any time they wanted me. Mrs. Clemens thought it would be a good thing if the girls had to get used to packing twenty-five trunks. So I went home and they went to Berlin. I went home to Elmira and began to work as I used to before I went to Hartford, sewing by the day.

And every day I was hoping and praying a letter would come from the Clemens family asking me to come back. Well, one day the letter did come, and it said: "We're making up our minds to go around the world and are coming to America in July, and want you to be ready to join us." Of course that was the happiest day I had seen for three years. I just sang for joy. They come back and went up to Quarry Farm, and when I went up to join them I was beside myself with delight to see that family again. I didn't cry; I just laughed and laughed, I was so glad! I felt as if I'd been dead a thousand years and had just come to life.

Well, they was making plans to go around the world, and it was then that Susie made up her mind not to go with them. Madame Marchesi, the great singing-teacher in Paris, had told her she could be a fine singer if she would only get a little stronger. She advised her to go on a farm for a year and get fat and strong and drink lots of milk and live outdoors to get her chest broader and stronger because then she'd have more volume to sing with.

Of course, Susie took in every word she said, and believed it, and so she decided that she would live on the farm while the family was going round the world. Then when Susie backed out, Mr. and Mrs. Clemens made up their minds that they'd let Jean stay in America too. She was going to a preparatory school in Elmira. And I was to live with them and take care of Susie and Jean.

So they got ready to start on this great lecture tour so Mr. Clemens could make money and he could pay back all his debts. They started off and, oh, it was hard to let them go! We all felt terrible at parting again. They went to Vancouver and California and lectured, then to Australia, where they started their grand tour. He lectured all around them different places, and then they came back to London and was going to take a house there, and I was to meet them in London with the girls later on.

BY THIS time Susie had got kind of lonesome staying up on the farm, so she decided to go up to New York. She visited Dr. Rice, and then she stayed with the Howellses too, then she went back to Hartford. She went to Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner's and stayed, and I took a little apartment on Spring Street and lived in it, and Susie'd come over there and do her practising and singing. There was always a crowd outside in the street listening to her, for she had a wonderful voice. Well, we lived that way till Susie got word from the family, and then it was she was taken sick.

Mr. Clemens was having great success with his lectures, so they decided to take that house in London and for Susie to go to Paris that Winter to study with Marchesi. I was looking forward to that too, going to Paris and the gay life.

When Susie got back to Hartford that time from visiting in New York, she didn't seem very well.

Now we were getting letters that the family was nearing Europe, and the next thing we got a cable to come at once, to sail on the following Saturday—Susie, Jean, and I. Well, I hurried right up to Elmira to get Jean ready. I left Susie at Mr. Warner's. Everything was in order. My! It was the hottest day we had that Summer. Mr. and Mrs. Crane and Mr. Langdon and Jean and myself went down the day before the sailing, and then I went back to Hartford to bring Susie down and all the trunks. Mr. Langdon had the tickets and everything was ready.

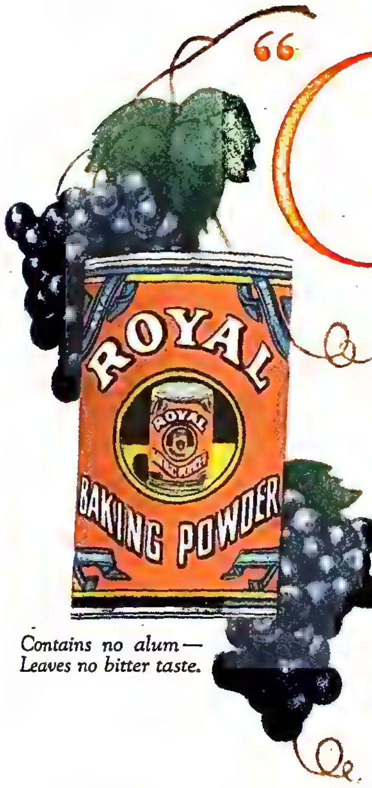
Susie looked very bad, and she says, "Oh, Katy, did you come for me?" I said, "Yes." Then she says, "Oh! Have I got to leave now?" She was really in an awful state, and I said, "Yes, Susie. Our tickets are ready and we are sailing to-morrow." "Well," she says, "I can't start now. Couldn't we wait till evening?" "Well," I said, "that's all right. It's pretty hot and we can go in the evening when it's cooler."

THIS was in the morning, but in the afternoon, oh! Susie was in a pitiful state, so sick and full of fever. I took hold of her hand and I said, "Susie, Susie, you got a fever. What shall we do? I am going to send for the doctor." "I can't have any doctor, Katy," she said. "You will have a doctor," I says; but she said, "No, I don't want any doctor. I don't want any medicine. Miss F. will treat me." I says, "Nobody will treat you but the doctor."

I went over and got Dr. Porter, and he said she was coming down with spinal meningitis, and then at six o'clock she was very bad. There was no chance of our sailing the next day, so I telephoned to Mr. Langdon in New York, where he was waiting for us, and told him Susie was sick. He cabled right away to her mother, "Unavoidably delayed, and we

CONTINUED ON PAGE 77

Unhesitatingly, definitely *these experts say—* "Cream of Tartar baking powder is best"



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of a representative group of **Domestic Science experts** in all parts of the country, when asked "Which type of baking powder do you use and prefer?" answered unhesitatingly "Cream of Tartar." An overwhelming testimonial from 3,679 experts for the principal ingredient of Royal Baking Powder.

86%

of the **Home Economics teachers** in high schools, who answered this same question, said: "Cream of Tartar baking powder gives the best results"—"There is no harmful residue"—"It leaves no bitter taste"—"It insures success."

81%

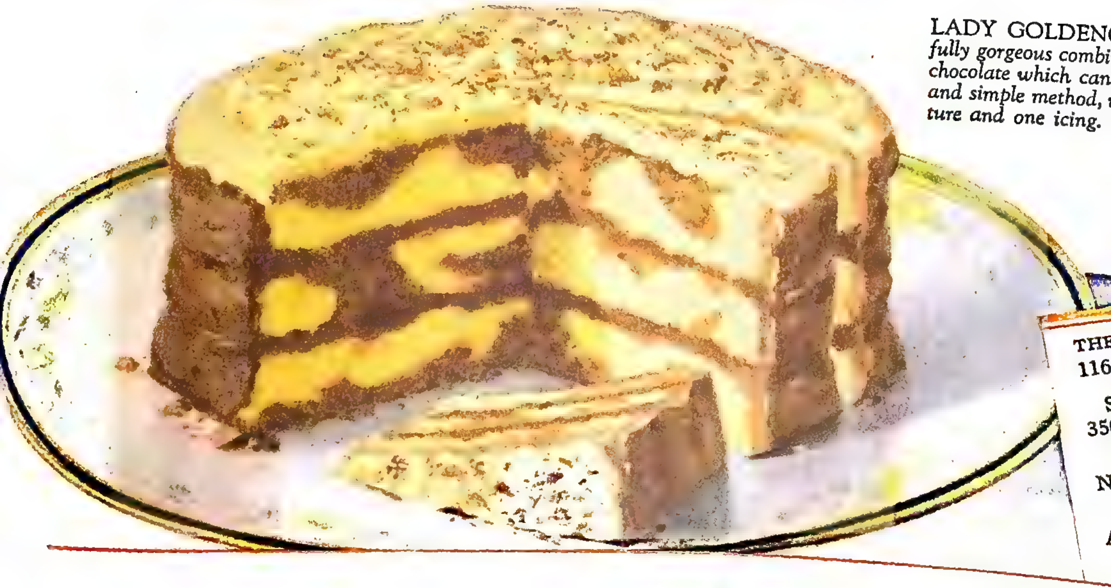
of representative **New England doctors** who answered the question "What kind of baking powder do you consider best from a health point of view?" said "Cream of Tartar."

82%

of a group of **dietitians** in recognized hospitals all over the country when asked this same question said also "Cream of Tartar baking powder is best from a healthful point of view."

88%

of **teachers of Domestic Science** in the universities and technical schools of the country who answered the question "What kind of baking powder do you prefer?" said definitely "Cream of Tartar."



LADY GOLDENGLOW—*a delightfully gorgeous combination of orange and chocolate which can be made by a quick and simple method, using one batter mixture and one icing. Send for the recipe.*

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Few things are easier to make than good mayonnaise.

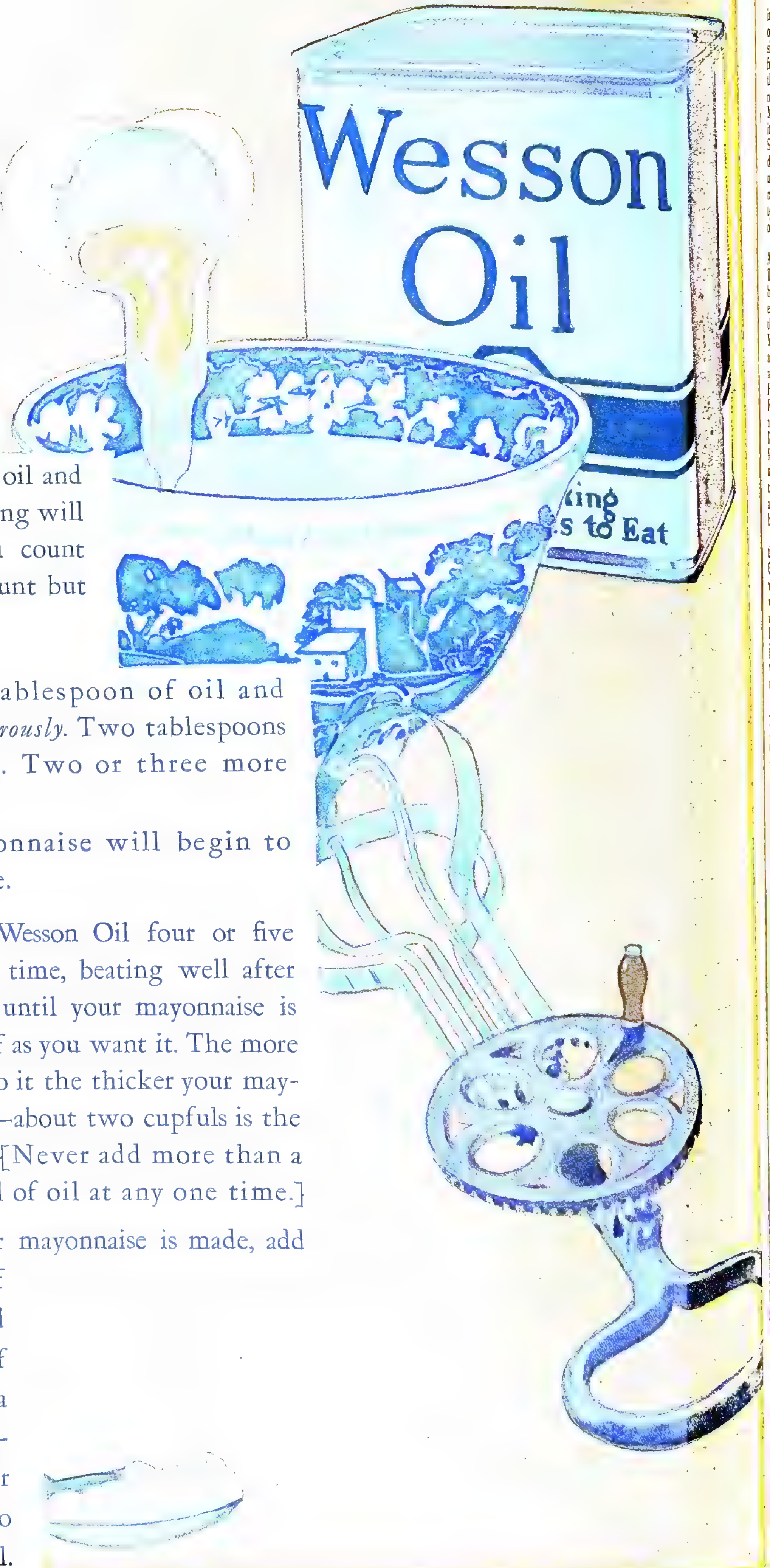
Wesson Oil and a fresh egg—beaten together and seasoned to taste—and you have a mayonnaise you'll be proud of!

Quickest results are obtained if the oil and egg are not too cold. The ordinary temperature of your kitchen is just right.

Break the egg in a bowl—

Add about a tablespoon of Wesson Oil.

Beat vigorously with an egg beater or a fork—until the oil and egg are *thoroughly mixed*. How long will that take? Perhaps while you count fifty—not as fast as you can count but as fast as you can beat.



Add another tablespoon of oil and beat again—*vigorously*. Two tablespoons and beat again. Two or three more and beat again.

Your mayonnaise will begin to thicken a little.

Then add Wesson Oil four or five tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition—until your mayonnaise is as thick and stiff as you want it. The more oil you beat into it the thicker your mayonnaise will be—about two cupfuls is the usual amount. [Never add more than a quarter cupful of oil at any one time.]

After your mayonnaise is made, add seasoning. Mix a half teaspoon of salt, a teaspoon each of sugar and mustard, a generous pinch each of paprika and red pepper—add a tablespoon of lemon juice or vinegar and stir until the salt and sugar are dissolved—then pour into the mayonnaise and beat well.

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

would leave on the next steamer." But poor Susie got worse and worse.

Mr. Langdon come to Hartford early in the morning, and then we took her over to our own home. She was very sick and wouldn't take a bit of medicine from anybody but me. She wouldn't let the nurses come near her, so I sat by her night and day. Oh, it was a terrible time! My heart aches even now when I think of it, after all these years. Poor little Susie! She died before we ever could sail. She died a few days after. We dressed her nice, and brought her little body to Elmira, and lay her in the Langdon house to wait for her mother, who was on the ocean.

Mrs. Clemens and Clara had sailed for America right after getting our cable. They didn't know how sick Susie was, but they hurried right off, and Mr. Clemens was to take the next steamer after them. We was all waiting there in New York for them to land, and Mr. Howells and Mr. Twitchell was there, too. I'll never forget how bad Mr. Twitchell felt. He said to me that day, "Oh, Katy, Katy! I don't know how I'm ever going to tell Mrs. Clemens. I don't know how I can ever talk to her about Susie." He felt then as if he couldn't see her, but I urged him to stay on, and he did, and he talked to her, and I think she was better after that, if anything could make her better.

I'll never forget Mrs. Clemens that time, the way she looked, and Clara, too. Oh, Clara! She was a pitiful object. I was afraid for Clara. All the time I watched her like a cat would watch a mouse. Such grief as that is terrible. I could hardly bear to see Mrs. Clemens just at first. It was something awful when she turned to me and she stretched out her hands and said:

"Katy," she said, "Katy, Susie's gone—they have killed her!" I said, "Oh! Mrs. Clemens, no. No, she just died. God wanted her and so she died. Everything in the world was done for her and she was talking of you all the time and thinking of you when she died; and the last words she ever said was that she wanted to see her mother."

That seemed to be some little comfort to Mrs. Clemens. I had to repeat it over and over again. The anguish in her heart was terrible. I told her how that Sunday night I was lifting Susie up in her bed and how she put her arms around my neck and she rubbed down my face with her two little hands and she laid her face against mine and said, "Mama, Mama, Mama." I know she must have thought I was her mother then.

WHEN I told her this Mrs. Clemens was sitting in a big chair in the Waldorf, leaning back, just crushed with her grief. When I told her this she just stretched out her two hands and held mine hard, and I was weeping then; I was weeping so I couldn't speak, and so I just held her hands hard, and she held mine, and I tried to brace her up that way. It was the only thing we could do for each other.

We talked a long while, and then we got ready to go to Elmira, and we went up in the train together. We cried together, both of us, then we'd talk again, and she wanted to hear all over again the little things about Susie, the things that anybody else would have forgot, and I told her everything—every single thing: how I gave her the medicine and she wouldn't take it from anybody else, and that she wouldn't even let the nurse do anything for her, and how I just lay on that couch day and night, right in front of her little bed where I could see her, and how I jumped up every time she wanted anything.

"Oh, Katy," said Mrs. Clemens, "oh, Katy! If it could only have been *me* instead of you! But how glad I am that you were able to do for her when I wasn't there!"

I didn't think Mrs. Clemens would live at that time. Her heart almost broke in front of our eyes. You know, Mr. Clemens, he wasn't there to help her, so she was very much alone. I believe it was just the thinking about him that kept her up, if anything could keep her up. When we got to Elmira I went with her to the drawing-room where Susie lay. I was afraid to have her go alone. I hurried in after her and saw her standing there looking at Susie. Such anguish! She moaned soft—a little bit, and I said:

"Oh, Mrs. Clemens, come away"; but she says, "Oh, Katy, can't we stay here just a little longer and look at Susie? See how beautiful she is," and she did look beautiful. So quiet and peaceful like, and so fair. The very sight of her was lovely. It seemed to calm Mrs. Clemens a little, and somehow or other she lived through that awful time, and two weeks later we got ready to go back to Europe without our little Susie.

THAT was the first death in the family—the first break that had ever come—and they never got over the loss. I don't think Mrs. Clemens ever stopped grieving for Susie. She was a beautiful character. She wouldn't hurt anybody's feelings, not for the world. She was always so tender and sweet. Why, I can't tell you how many wonderful qualities she had. She was so pretty too, and her voice was lovely. She had what they called a perfect soprano and her notes was wonderful—high, without a break.

I think back at that time and know that she was in a very nervous condition then. She was trying so hard to be a singer. I think it all preyed on her mind, her efforts to get strong, for whatever she did she was very serious about. She was always that way about everything.

They were such wonderful companions, Susie and her mother; there wasn't ever a secret between them. Susie would pour her heart out to her mother and her thoughts and everything to her, you know.

After she died, some time after, Mrs. Clemens said to me one day (she was talking about Clara), "Clara is a dear little thing, a sweet little thing, such a real comfort to me," she says. "Do you know, Katy, I don't think I ever knew her before, just as I know her now." Susie's death had brought them closer together than before, but oh! she never really got over losing Susie. It was always on her heart. She was not the kind of a woman to resent it, tho. She knew God knew best what to do. That was her faith and her comfort.

Susie was buried in Elmira long ago. They found a little poem once that her father liked, and put it on her headstone. I copied it one time on a piece of paper and I'll give it to you. I never forgot it. This is it:

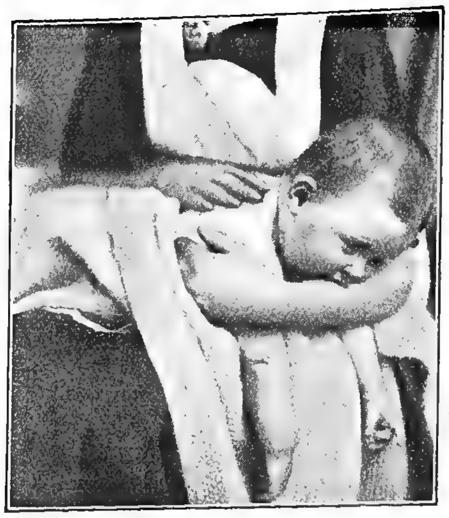
Warm Summer sun shine brightly here,
Warm southern wind blow softly here,
Green sod above lie light, lie light.
Good night, dear heart; good night, good night.

Isn't that beautiful? And just what it should be for little Susie. Everything soft and kind. 'Twas just like saying "Good night" to her, wasn't it? Perhaps that's all it was, anyway.

We went back to Europe, Mrs. Clemens, Jean, Clara, and me, just as quick as we could after this. Mr. Clemens was waiting there for us, you know. Mr. Rogers arranged everything about the sailing for us. He was so kind.

The fourth instalment of "A Lifetime with 'Mark Twain'" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published June 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

A remarkable New Product
—to strengthen the tired or fevered body
—cooling and soothing for the skin



For the alcohol sponge

often given in case of fever in babies — eight ounces of Alcorub to a little more than a pint of water may be used. The child is wrapped in a sheet, one part exposed, wet and rubbed lightly with the hand until dry. In this way the whole body is covered. Compounded with special soothing ingredients, Alcorub cannot dry or burn the baby's tender skin.

PHYSICIANS, nurses, physical directors came to the world's largest makers of industrial alcohol for help.

"Many of the rubbing alcohols now sold are ineffective," they said—"some of them actually harmful to the skin and hands.

"We need a new product. A rubbing alcohol with all the advantages of pure grain alcohol. And with special ingredients added for the protection of the skin."

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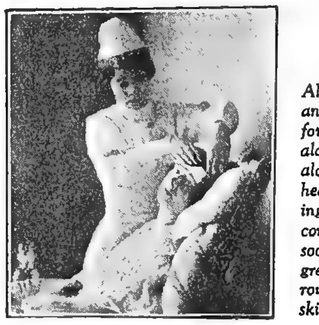
Alcorub, with 70 per cent alcohol, is more effective even than pure alcohol and cannot hurt the tenderest skin—even a baby's.



In fever and in convalescence

Alcorub brings coolness and relief. Use Alcorub for the alcohol rub, the alcohol sponge bath or the alcohol compress. It takes heat from the blood, helping to reduce fever. And combined with special soothing and healing ingredients, it cannot dry or roughen the most sensitive skin.

More than 70 per cent alcohol is too strong. It dries and roughens the skin tissue. And is actually *less* antiseptic—instantly coagulating the albumen around germs instead of penetrating and killing them.

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To get true Alcorub, look for the label of the U. S. Industrial Alcohol Co. Alcorub comes only in pints, specially sealed for your protection. In square bottles with the finger grips on the sides. Insist on Alcorub and keep it in your home for emergencies.

For comfort in hot weather

Babies and children especially suffer acutely from the heat. Two or three alcohol sponge baths a day will often relieve them and help them to sleep at night. Use a little more than a pint of water to eight ounces of Alcorub and sponge the entire body for ten or fifteen minutes.

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Made with Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple

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Mail the coupon for your free copy! And, in the meantime, try the recipes below:

PINEAPPLE HALF-AND-HALF: Soak 2 tablespoons gelatine in ¼ cup cold water. When softened, add 1 cup boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add ½ cup sugar, 1½ cups Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and juice of one lemon. Into half of this mixture, beat stiffly-beaten egg-whites and half-fill molds, then pour on the clear gelatine mixture until molds are full. Set in cold place until firm.

WAIKIKI PUNCH: Mix 2 cups sirup drained from canned Hawaiian Pineapple, 2 cups ice water and 2 cups of grape juice. Add cherry. Serve with crushed ice.

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Georgy Porgy, Prodigy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

"Do you see that man over there with the artist's tie? I think——"

"Yes, I see him. But could one discover another flower as fragile and beautiful—for that moment *was* fragile and beautiful, wasn't it?"

"It was awfully nice," said Persis. She kept nervously turning her head this way and that, trying to see the faces of all the dancers in the central area. "No, it wasn't Pierre," she said. "Maybe if we danced—shall we dance?"

She was delighted with the assured college steps he pursued rhythmically back and forth across the checkerboard.

"I knew when I saw you this afternoon," she murmured against his shoulder, "that you would be a marvelous dancer. You have such nice, long legs."

"I'm glad you like my legs," he meditated. "You don't dance quite as well as Harriet down at school; but that doesn't, of course, matter. You really should know Harriet——"

"It is Pierre!" cried Persis breathlessly. "Yes, it is! I thought he might be here. Quick, dance over in the corner, Georgy Porgy."

"You mustn't call me that," he began desperately, but she was leaning out of his arms toward a pallid, emaciated fellow with rumpled black hair. "Come over to our table, Pierre!" she shouted in a new bold, husky voice. "Want to see you!"

"Don't shout like that," said Georgy in a well-bred, fastidious tone. "You really shouldn't, you know." He wanted to wound her. That horrible, absurd nickname! It was far worse than plain Georgy.

"Oh, everybody shouts," she said calmly as they slid into their divan again. "You have to shout if you want to get on with artists. I hang around with lots of artists and writers and people and they all yell. I know a woman who simply *screams* and everybody is crazy about her. She is a marvelous writer; she goes around at every party actually *screeching*. She attracts a great deal of attention."

"That's rather an idea," said Georgy. "Harriet is a little like that. You should have seen her at the Lambda Beta formal. She——"

"Oh, shut up about Harriet! I know she is dumb."

Georgy determined to talk a great deal about Harriet now that he knew it aroused jealousy in Persis.

Leaning toward him, she said portentously: "But I do want you to meet Pierre Scoville. He could do so much for you. He is a marvelous artist. Have you ever heard of him?"

"Of course," said Georgy. "Who hasn't?"

AND when Scoville came to their table Georgy felt a pleasant satisfaction in his arrival. It was so easy to get on when a married woman like Persis maneuvered to have you meet celebrities. He tried not to mind when he was presented as "Georgy Porgy, the cutest boy I ever met."

Pierre Scoville, wearing a long black bow-tie and an unpressed blue suit, stood running his fingers through his temperamental hair.

"Sit down," said Persis, eagerly careless, "and enjoy the furniture."

Now the conversation became rather one-sided. Pierre, lounging in the corner, began a spirited monolog about his exhibit at the art institute. He called a great many people who had made comments on his picture "asses" and "morons."

"Oh, they must have been dumb!" said Persis. "Your pictures are simply marvelous!"

Then Scoville began to criticize the work of his fellow artists. Georgy grew quite impatient. He wished to set Scoville straight and reveal himself to Persis as the prodigy he was.

But Persis said she was hungry, and soon they were all having scallops with tartar sauce, and salad, coffee, and spumoni. The artist ate enormously, and afterward smoked eight of Georgy's Turkish cigarets with great good humor, altho he said they were puerile. As he talked he waved his hands, and it seemed that he wore no cuffs, for his wrists—very white and thin—emerged shamelessly from his sleeves. Georgy's distaste and irritation were increasing.

"Here's the thing," cried Pierre: "an artist succeeds in spite of his country——"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Georgy pleasantly; "does anybody succeed in spite of Chicago? And why, by the way, do you live here?"

Pierre, leaning away from Georgy, stared at him with narrowed eyes and uplifted brows, a most perverse combination of facial expressions. "Where," he demanded, "would one live?"

Georgy considered.

"Oh—London." He thought again, and added, "Oh—Rome. There are only two cities, of course, in the world." He waited patiently to be contradicted.

PIERRE'S silence and incredulous stare prodded Georgy into exquisite pedantry.

"Have you ever," he inquired, "been in London? If you haven't you must."

For a moment the artist was speechless and then he burst into convulsive laughter. "I didn't know—" he gasped—"that they still—made them—so young! Isn't he lovely, Persis? Isn't he wonderful? Isn't he?"

Imperviously calm, Georgy lit his remaining cigaret. Persis closed her hand over his with a protective air.

"You will hurt his feelings," she admonished Scoville.

"She is very stupid," thought Georgy, "if she imagines this fellow can hurt my feelings."

Suddenly the artist remembered an engagement, so with exaggerated politeness he said his good-bys.

"You'll be at Bobby's to-night?" he asked Persis. "And please bring Mr. Porgy. Both of you be sure to come." He patted her shoulder lightly. "I want to whisper in your ear to-night, Persis."

In silence they watched him go. Persis thoughtfully turned her coffee-cup round and round. Georgy sat trying to put his opinion of Pierre into a single phrase, but failed to find one adequate. Finally he turned to Persis, who put both hands on his arm. The mysterious wisdom of her mouth fascinated him. There were inscrutable secrets in her eyes. He felt frightening certainties regarding her, and a delicious pain returned to his heart.

"You will take me to Bobby's to-night?" she appealed. "I don't think Howard can go until very late."

Georgy had no notion who Bobby was, and feared instinctively that he would be another dreadful person, but he looked down at Persis and sighed, "Oh, that would be jolly! When shall I call and where?" he said.

Her delighted smile repaid him. Then the bill was presented, and he felt dully annoyed at the intrusion of money matters. It was one of those indecent bills that men dare not look at squarely, and Georgy darted oblique glances at it, hoping that the first figure might vanish somehow, but it was immutably $17.50. Trying to seem nonchalant instead of appalled, he smoothed out the creases of his last twenty-dollar bill. The waiter bore it casually away. When he returned with the change Georgy waved it all aside with a superb gesture.

He remembered all the food Pierre Scoville had eaten, and an adequate description came instantly to his mind.

"He is not a gentleman," Georgy thought, and was astonished that he had not known it at once.

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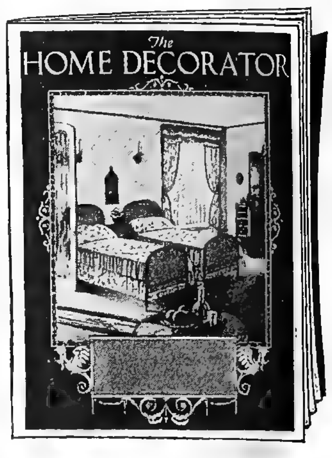

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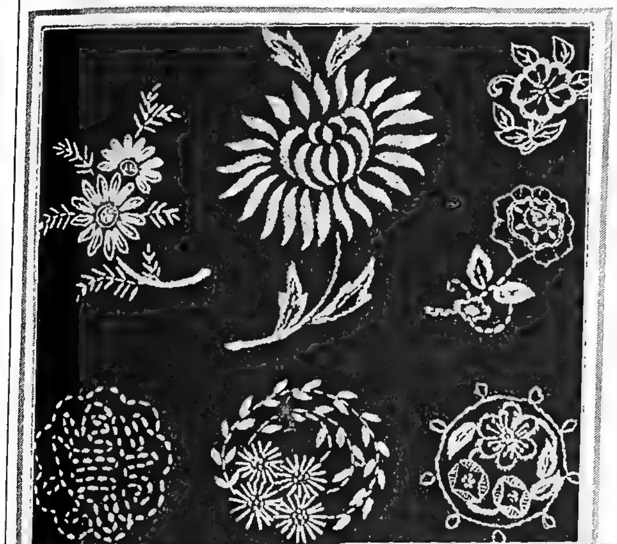
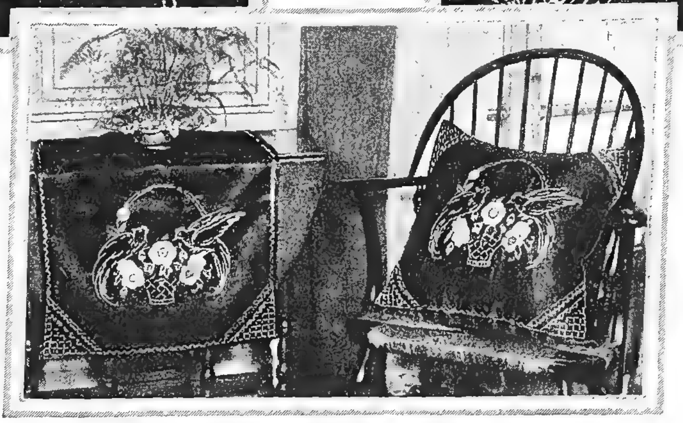
Smart Designs for Various Trimming Purposes



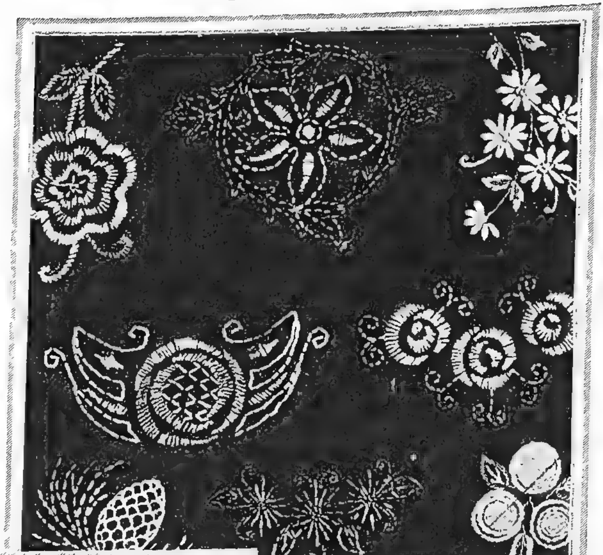
No. 12935—Embroidery Motifs

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12935, blue or yellow, furnishes 2 and 2 reverses of seven different motifs in sizes 3, 4, 5½, and 8 inches high. Bright colored silks or worsteds such as orange, blue, red, combined with gray, produce lovely effects when trimming frocks of serge and blouses of silk, but they are equally effective on pillows, scarfs, etc. Outline, chain, running, lazy-daisy, long-and-short, and French knot stitches are used to embroider these designs.



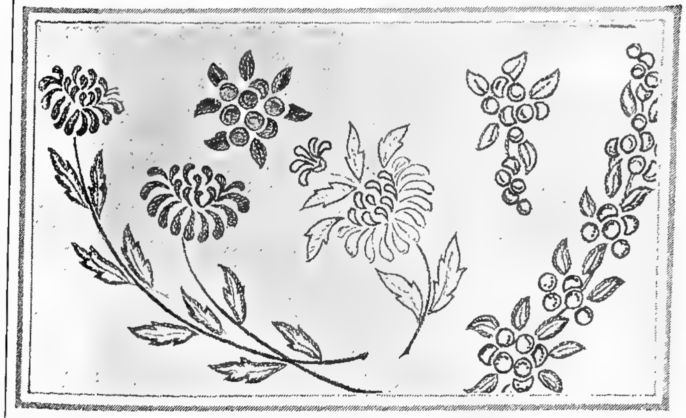
No. 12925—Pillow and Scarf

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12925, blue or yellow, supplies a design for a pillow-top 17 inches high by 18 inches wide, and one scarf design 44 inches long.

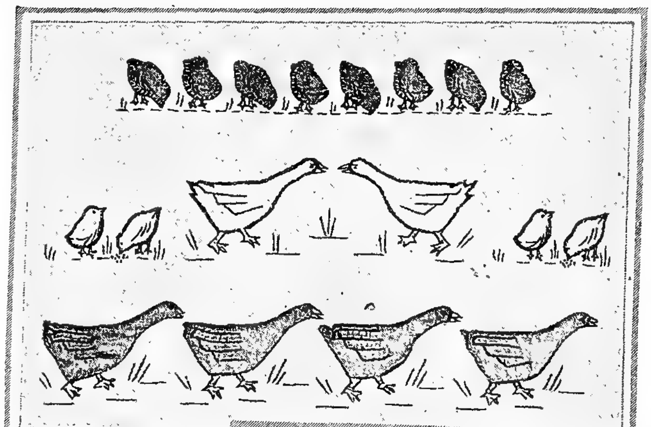


No. 12912—Embroidery Motifs

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12912, blue or yellow, furnishes designs to be embroidered in outline, running, and one stitches, or beads, and used to trim frocks, blouses, etc. There are 3 and 3 reverses of a motif 7½ inches high; 3 and 3 reverses of a 7¾-inch motif; 3 and 3 reverses of a 5½-inch motif; 3 and 3 reverses of a motif 6¾ inches high; 3 and 3 reverses of a 4-inch motif; and 6 each of motifs 3¼, 4, and 4¾ inches high. Easily worked, attractive designs.



No. 12933—Embroidery Motifs

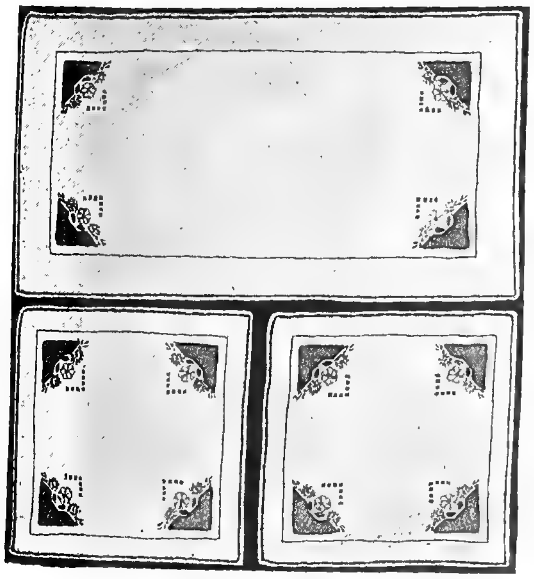


No. 12948—Appliqué Borders

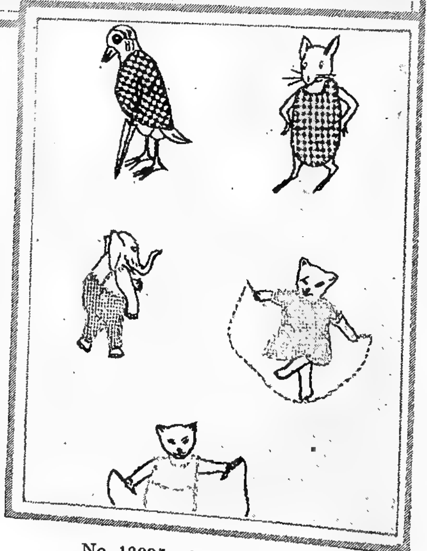
The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12948, blue or yellow, furnishes 2⅜ yards of a border of chicks 1⅝ inch wide; 2⅜ yards of duck border 3¼ inches wide; and two each of two duck and chick motifs; the chicks 1¾ inch and the ducks 3¼ inches high.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12963, blue only, furnishes the shape and design of a three-piece buffet-set. Light blue linen edged with black chain stitching is used for the appliqué basket, yellow and pink silk floss for the flowers, green for the leaves, and black for the flower centers, basket handles, and enclosing lines.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12933, blue or yellow, furnishes 2 and 2 reverses each of five different designs.



No. 12963—Three-piece Buffet-Set



No. 12995—Appliqué Motifs

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12995, blue or yellow, supplies 1 and 1 reverse of each of five animal motifs, 3⅝, 4, and 4¼ inches high. Extra cutting guides are provided for appliqué.

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Success used to depend entirely upon the presence in the fruits of a substance called pectin. Some fruits contained little or none; others contained a lot when green, but the quantity always decreased as the fruits ripened. That's why under-ripe fruit had to be used—why there were so many failures and no two batches were alike.

Now you can be sure of perfect jams and jellies every time. A way has been found to separate, refine and concentrate the jelly-forming property of fruit, so it can be used with any fruit to make the best jam or jelly you ever tasted—quickly, easily and economically. This product, called CERTO (Surejell) is simply concentrated liquid pectin, made entirely from fruit.

Makes One-Half More Jam or Jelly with Better Color and Flavor

Boiling only one minute with CERTO saves the juice with all its bright color and delicious flavor. By the old long boiling method one-half the juice was boiled away, the color was darkened and the flavor escaped. More sugar is used with CERTO simply to jell the juice which formerly was boiled away.

How to Make Strawberry Jam

Crush about 2 quarts of berries in single layers so that each berry is actually crushed or broken up to a pulp. Best results are obtained by running berries through a food chopper. This allows fruit to quickly absorb the sugar during the short boil, and prevents fruit rising to the top or floating. Measure 4 level cups (2 lbs.) crushed berries into a large kettle, add 7 level cups (3 lbs.) sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard from 1 to 2 minutes, remove from fire and stir in ½ bottle (scant ½ cup) CERTO. Skim and stir repeatedly for just 5 minutes after taking from fire to cool slightly. Then pour quickly and seal hot. Use same recipe for Blackberry, Raspberry or Loganberry Jam.

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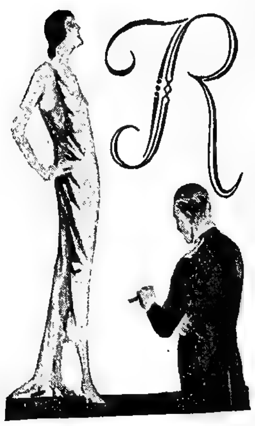

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Georgy Porgy, Prodigy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

George Miles Standish hated Chicago.

Hurtled, that night, in the elevated across the loop, he felt for the first time the insensate power of a city to intimidate. Doors were flung open, lights poured through, people hurried in, staggering and swaying as the train lurched forward. They crowded Georgy on either side. They stared down pendent from their straps. They sat facing him, silent and inimical, their countenances wooden. He found it terrifying to be so young when every one else was so old and alien. Across his mind wavered his first doubt that some high niche was awaiting him.

He wondered if it wasn't his uneasiness about money that made him feel so shaken. It is impossible to be quite confident on a dollar and sixty-five cents. Howard McPherson was the only person he could ask for a loan, and he knew that his spirit would have to be quite broken before he asked a favor of the husband of the woman he loved.

Fortunately it was not far from McPherson's apartment to Bobby's bungalow. Georgy paid the taxi-driver one dollar and thirty-five cents and valiantly added a fifteen-cent tip. He calculated rapidly that for his remaining fifteen cents he could get home on the elevated and even afford a cup of coffee for breakfast. The memory of the small, warm, tawny head he had so carefully supported in the cab kept him from calculating further.

Persis wore a black-velvet dress, a long, lithe dress with a single ejaculation of orange, and Georgy was content to follow in her wake. Without, the bungalow had appeared ordinary and demure, but inside it was perplexing and sophisticated. No chairs in the bare living-room, only narrow seats, and around the walls a huge bench cushioned in olive and overhung with a lavender-lighted mural of Balkan figures.

"That picture is by Mucha," said Persis. "Pierre studied with Mucha, you know."

"It can't, of course, be original," said Georgy, refusing to stare at it. It was a bit absurd—expecting a man who had viewed the Louvre to exclaim over a painting in a Chicago bungalow.

Excepting a maid, they had seen nobody. But Persis knew her way about and led Georgy to the basement stairs.

"Everybody's down here," she said. "I wonder if Pierre has come."

"Does it matter?" asked Georgy with wistful sarcasm, but his remark was lost in tumultuous noise. On the waxed, cement floor jovial people were shouting and dancing to the persistent undertone of a phonograph. At once Persis was swept away, leaving Georgy at a loss until he derived some importance by changing the dance-records. He took to examining the incongruous oils that hung upon the olive walls. Most of them were decidedly stupid, he thought.

HE WAS grateful when a thin, oldish woman in a queer batik shawl came up and danced with him. But as she chattered superciliously in a high voice to draw attention from her uncertain steps, he felt a deep nostalgia for Harriet and the familiar coziness of University Inn. If he had a chance he could show all these strangers that he understood the world. If he had a chance he could show Chicago—but he suddenly felt himself curiously handicapped—he who had always thought himself a runner with a long head-start! What could be wrong? His precocity had always been unmistakable—he had thrived as a prodigy with an erudite background. Where was he at fault? And why this growing dread and timidity?

Remembering Persis, he felt warmed and reassured. He would go to her and tell her all about it and she would comfort and shield him from his enemies. Searching through the crowd at last, he found her with Pierre. The rest of the dancers were ascending the stairs, but Georgy lingered.

"Oh, Persis and Pierre!" he heard somebody cry, "why so frightfully clubby?"

Persis and Pierre! How right it sounded! Georgy cast little hurt glances at them on the wicker bench. Pierre, who looked more significant in a dinner-jacket and a glass with a black cord, was talking with intensity. Persis sat with her chin cupped in her hand, and often she knit her brows as if she were troubled. Georgy thought of the day's events and of how often Persis had spoken of the artist and of how twice she had gone places to meet him. But perhaps now she was breaking with him.

SCOVILLE rose and sauntered carelessly toward the stairway. Georgy slid quietly into his place on the wicker bench. They were alone. He could talk. She would say lovely, tender things. She was so much older than he and so wise.

"Chicago depresses me," said Georgy.

"Me, too," said Persis, her chin sinking lower into her hand.

"I've been trying to analyze myself and I don't quite see how I'm going to fit in. Sometimes I have the most curious reactions—I feel almost an inferiority complex. Isn't it stupid of me, as tho—well, as tho I weren't quite ready to begin a career?"

"Dear Georgy Porgy, I am so glad you came just now because I——"

"I feel as if being broke was a dreadful thing and it is, Persis, if you haven't a job. And I haven't a job. I didn't want to take anything stupid, but it seems——"

As if she had not heard, Persis interjected in a mournful voice:

"I'm most awfully unhappy."

"So am I," said Georgy, and he hastened on, expecting that at any minute she would surely stroke his hair. "I feel awfully lonely. And my parents are in London and I won't get my allowance until next week."

Persis did not stroke his hair. She looked smaller and more childish every minute.

"You can't think how it feels, you really can't, to have a man tell you——"

She stopped and looked expectantly at Georgy for encouragement, but he was staring moodily at the floor.

"I don't quite know what's the matter," he said. "I never felt this way before. But it does seem as if nobody in Chicago cares about me at all!" The tears suddenly stood in his eyes.

"Pierre says he's in love," said Persis, "but it isn't with me, altho you might think it would be for I've always looked up to him and been proud—proud—of the way people always said, 'Persis and Pierre'!" And tears of pity stood in her eyes, but it was obviously not pity for Georgy.

He turned obstinately away from her, thinking how unkind she was—trying to make him jealous at a time when he most needed maternal sympathy.

"I don't quite know what's the matter," he repeated. "People are even cruel to me. That isn't of course important because they are often nasty people. But sometimes one gets sick of being treated as if one were *young!*"

He had not noticed that Persis was holding up her handkerchief to her eyes, and he was most astonished when she jumped up from the bench, sobbing with rage and childish wo.

"You *are* young!" she cried with the candor youth has for youth. "That's all's the matter. You're *too* young! *They oughtn't to allow people to be as young as you are!*"

In the moment of tense silence footsteps were heard descending the stairs. Dismayed, Georgy once more

CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

The dangerous toast-and-coffee breakfast

THE meagre breakfast, hastily eaten, is becoming a national bad habit. We may not need the amount of food our ancestors ate. But we need more real nourishment. For in this age of intensive work we use up considerably more nervous energy. Therefore, if *your* appetite dictates a small breakfast, be sure the food you eat contains the vital elements of nourishment you must have.

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NATURE demands that your body be supplied daily with a variety of food elements if it is to be properly nourished—but the modern diet rarely gives you all of them in sufficient quantities.

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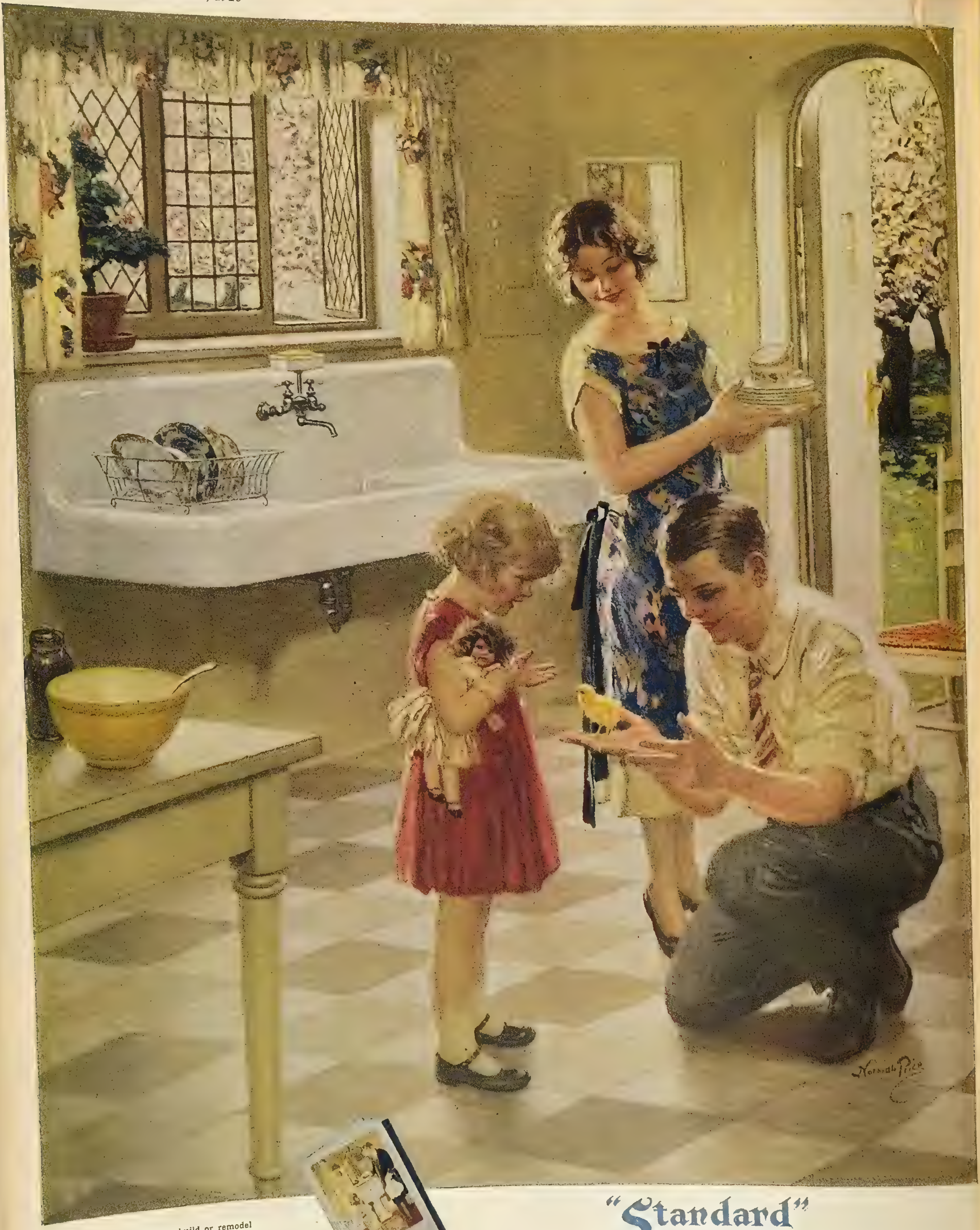

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Georgy Porgy, Prodigy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

studied the pictures which he hoped devoutly never to see again. He heard a little shriek from Persis, but it sounded strangely joyful. Over his shoulder he glimpsed her crying unrestrainedly in the arms of her husband. Looking at an ecstatic green nymph disporting on a purple sward, Georgy stood in the shadows. He heard the wicker settee squeak—heard McPherson saying blandly, "Now, baby, tell Howard all about it."

There was a little sniff, and the bench squeaked again.

"Well, it's Pierre," said Persis tragically. "He's in love. You know, I told you how I thought—he was in love—with me and he isn't at all!"

"You don't mean Eugene, do you?" came Howard's calm voice, "but I remember now you're all over with Eugene. Pierre, of course. And so he's in love?"

"Yes, and, oh, Howard, I'm so glad you're here. I had to tell somebody, and nobody would listen and——"

"Poor child," said Howard with delicious tenderness that made Georgy feel lonelier than ever. "She's making watered silk of my lapel."

"Dear Howard," said Persis, "I love you so much!"

"But Pierre," said Howard gravely, "what of him?"

"Yes, what of him?" thought Georgy venomously.

"He hurt my pride," explained Persis with unique self-understanding. "And then it was so lovely to hear everybody say 'Persis and Pierre.' And they won't any more."

"I'll find you a Paul," Howard proffered gravely. "Paul and Persis is so nice. Or how about Peter or perhaps Patrick?"

"Oh, Howard, you're so funny!"

Georgy was amazed at the frivolity of her laughter. He thought humbly that perhaps McPherson did know something about women.

Having sent Persis off to powder her nose, McPherson walked straight to Georgy, standing disconsolate in the corner. Face to face with this large man who was stooped and had faint wrinkles at the corner of his eyes, Georgy knew suddenly that there was almost nobody he liked more.

"Standish," said Howard seriously, "have you had a bad time?"

Georgy nodded without wondering how Howard knew.

McPherson motioned him to the wicker bench and produced cigarets with an air of comradeship. Lighting one, Georgy began at once to talk.

"I know what's the matter with me now," he said sadly. "I didn't know, but Persis told me, and tho it hurt I was glad to find it out."

"And what is the matter?" said Howard with gratifying attentiveness.

"I'm too young," said Georgy. "Much too young."

"Curable," observed Howard without smiling.

"Not for a long time. I have so much more of it to get over than most people." Georgy thought out the truth with painful care. "You don't understand. They oughtn't to allow one to be as young as I am. I'm only nineteen," he confessed.

"Really?" Howard seemed astounded.

"Yes, really. And I used to think it was clever to have been graduated at eighteen. But the more I think about it the more I see it was cruel of my parents to let me. It's p-pretty hard," he stammered, "to be having a career and—and acting mature—when most fellows are in school. Nobody cares about one if one is too young, McPherson. And—if one is broke——"

"Broke?" exclaimed Howard with concern.

"Could you—" Georgy looked away. "Could you——"

"You bet I can!" said Howard. "And let me warn you, Standish, that my wife is a little gold-digger and you had better not play with her. At least not any more than you can help."

It was scarcely right, Georgy felt, to discuss Persis in this way even with her husband. It was bad enough to borrow money from him. So he changed the topic.

"You don't happen to know of a job, do you?"

"I thought," said Howard, "that you weren't interested in advertising or newspaper work."

"If you have heard," said Georgy, "of an opening I might consider it."

"I could start you out at twenty a week as a cub copy-writer. You might drop into my office Friday at eleven and talk it over."

"I'll write that down in my engagement-book," remarked Georgy, trying to be businesslike and, fumbling in his pocket, he came upon a clipping which bore the picture of a prodigy. Nervously he crumpled it into a wad and tossed it onto the floor.

With the elasticity of youth his spirit was beginning to rise.

"Don't say anything to Mrs. McPherson," he said. "I mean don't lead her to believe I said anything disloyal." He was growing profound again and a trifle lofty. "'*I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion.*' Have you ever read Dowson's poems, McPherson? If you haven't, you—well, I think really you might like that one."

But McPherson, enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke, seemed not to hear. A captivating advertisement for the house of Hume & Hume had suddenly come to him. Its appeal must be tuned to the younger generation, in which the herd instinct lay so strong. Individuality was expensive; how many could afford to pay the price? He had a sudden vision of an army of young men marching and countermarching, all clad alike in his "Katchy Klothes That Cost So Little." He smiled at his idea. Georgy Porgy would be invaluable as copy, and as for Persis—well, she was his wife.

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Teeth stay white and safe – *when the mouth glands flow normally*

By a simple natural method you can now prevent Dry Mouth that causes tooth decay

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A few years ago you rarely heard anyone say that. But today thousands can truthfully claim it. More and more men and women are learning how to keep their teeth safe by correcting the dangerous mouth condition that is the underlying cause of most modern tooth decay.

Modern, cooked foods — soft and quickly swallowed — give the mouth glands almost no work. From sheer lack of exercise they gradually stop flowing. And in your dry mouth, your teeth, unprotected by the alkaline fluids of the glands, are defenseless against the acids of decay.

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Pebeco acts directly on the salivary glands. As soon as it enters your mouth it starts a full, normal flow of alkaline saliva.

With constant daily use Pebeco completely restores the natural, protective action of your glands. Their alkaline fluids again bathe your teeth day and night. The acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form. And the deadly mucin and tartar deposits are gently softened and removed.

Pebeco leaves your gums clean and soothed—your whole mouth healthy—*your teeth not only white and shining but safe.*

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Absorbine, Jr. promptly rids the body of that ache-all-over feeling. Welcome relaxation of tense muscles quickly follows.

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Old Man Ledge

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

"Wa-al, ef 'at's the way Em'ly feels I guess she's got a right," Mrs. Widden broke in.

"Now, Maw!" Widden counseled. "Stay out uv it an' let the young folks fight things out fer tharselves."

But his wife was not to be so easily silenced. "Tell yer maw 'bout it, Em'ly," she commanded soothingly. "Tell yer maw what the trouble is. Ye didn't want ter live thar 'count uv the grave? Wuz 'at it?"

Emily nodded.

"Wa-al, I mus' say—" Mrs. Pettishall began heavily.

"Orin said we'd hev ter live thar," Emily explained. "An' I said I didn't hev ter. An' he said—" She dissolved into tears.

"Wa-al, he didn't hev no right ter say it!" Mrs. Widden stormed. "Guess my girl ain't goin' ter set up housekeepin' in no graveyard!"

"Orin didn't aim ter live in no graveyard," Mrs. Pettishall returned sharply. "I mus' say, Lucindy——"

"An' he kin jes' stay 'way f'om Em'ly!" Mrs. Widden threw down the wooden needle with which she had been knitting trap-heads, crossed the kitchen, and took her disconsolate daughter into her arms. "Thar! Ye don't need ter take on! Ye don't hev ter do nothin' ye don't want ter!"

Mrs. Pettishall got to her feet.

"Ef ye'd leave the young 'uns 'lone, Lucindy, an' mind yer own business," she said angrily, "they'd mebbe git things patched up! Stan's ter reason they won't so long ez ye keep interferin'!"

"Who's interferin'?" Mrs. Widden demanded belligerently.

"You, fer one! I mus' say I think Orin's patient to put up 'ith Em'ly actin' like she's doin'——"

"Thar now, Maw! Ca'm yerself!" Widden interposed.

"An' ef I wuz in his place I wouldn't stand fer it!" Mrs. Pettishall continued bitterly. "They's other girls——"

"Now, now, Hannah Anne!"

"Ez fer you, Jeremy Widden," Mrs. Pettishall turned to him, the slowly kindling wrath of a fat woman in her voice, "ef ye wuzn't so petticoat-ruled an' put upon in yer own house ye'd do better——"

But here Mrs. Widden found voice. "Ef ye'll jes' go out uv my house, Hannah Anne," she said majestically, "an' stay out it's all I ask. I don't want you ner none uv your fambily ter darken my doors ag'in!"

"Now, Maw—" but the sound of the kitchen door slamming to behind Mrs. Pettishall drowned Widden's vain attempts to make peace.

BEFORE nightfall every one in West Harbor knew that Lucinda Widden had put Hannah Anne Pettishall out of her house because Hannah Anne didn't want Orin to marry Emily Widden, that some one of whom no one had ever heard was buried over on the old Beath place, and that the real-estate people had given Orin Pettishall a hundred dollars to take the place off their hands. Additional zest was given to these rumors when, in the store that afternoon, the elder Pettishall told Jeremy Widden that he'd just as soon have back the trawl which Widden had borrowed, and Widden had retorted that any time Pettishall wanted to pay for having the new engine put in his boat he'd better do it.

West Harbor gasped! Nothing so exciting had happened since the time Hepsibah Gutch and Lefey Williams quarreled one day at dinner and threw hot soup at each other. This was even worse than Hepsibah and Lefey!

Fred Hosmer said that in his opinion "growed-up folks hed oughter hev more sense'n ter fight like kids."

Will Ellery retorted that "it's all in the way a feller looks at things. Some folks ain't got 'nough spunk ter start a fight."

On which Fred Hosmer promptly invited Ellery out into the back yard if he had any doubts about there being enough spunk around to lick any Ellery that ever walked!

Some one intervened and a truce was patched up. Thereupon Mrs. Will Ellery, indignant at the insinuation directed against her husband, instituted a campaign against Mrs. Fred Hosmer, whose dearest wish it was to be elected president of the church sewing-circle. She was defeated by three votes and indignantly resigned, taking with her six devoted friends who were among the best workers and who had always cooked lavishly for box-socials and baked-bean suppers.

Mrs. Uriah Goomes was heard to say that no one but a fool would think of marrying Orin Pettishall, anyway. He was too smart and always trying to get ahead of other folks. It was time he stubbed his toe. Which remark, duly repeated, immediately dissolved friendly relations between the Goomes and Pettishall families and led Mrs. Widden to remark caustically that maybe Emily wasn't such a fool as some people seemed to think and, anyway, she wouldn't ever be fool enough to marry any one as lazy as Uriah Goomes, who, with his family, would have starved last Winter if every one in the Harbor hadn't turned to and fed them!

ALVA RYDER, the storekeeper, told some one that in his opinion the whole trouble started with the Widdens and Pettishalls and ought to have stayed there. Folks were foolish, he said, to mix up in other folks' rows. Every one on hearing this said that it was no wonder Alva Ryder thought West Harbor folks foolish. The way they'd dealt with him, year in and year out, paying the awful prices he charged for everything, would make any one think they were weak in the head! Hereafter they would buy groceries in Bath or Portland or else do without.

Meetings at the schoolhouse had to be discontinued. No one but old Uncle Henry Breedon, who was too deaf to hear anything, would go to meeting after the Sunday when the Reverend Amos Putney preached from the text, "Blessed are the peacemakers," and referred pointedly to local difficulties. Every one felt that Brother Putney might say what he liked about people who danced or played cards or smoked—that was his business. But any disagreement we might have with the Goomeses or the Pettishalls or the Widdens was our own business and why did he want to interfere? Besides, hadn't the Widdens and the Pettishalls and the Goomeses been the first to start trouble? Well, then, what could you expect?

Time failed to heal the dissensions, which, indeed, grew in number and bitterness as the weeks went by. Two of West Harbor's most respected citizens charged two others, equally respected, with stealing lobsters from the former's traps. The fish-warden was pressed into service and spent several long, chilly, and fruitless nights in watching for the supposed offenders. He did not catch any one, but the sight of a mysterious figure "pokin' 'round" on Jim Mears's dock so upset Mrs. Mears that she took to her bed and remained there until Jimmy, junior, was born. Thereafter she laid blame for the undeniable fact that Jimmy wasn't very bright to the scare which Warden Jimp had given her, and talked darkly of suing the State and getting even with somebody.

With the Sunday meetings discontinued and the sewing-circle disrupted West Harbor women no longer convened save in groups of two or three. Friendly borrowing of a cup of sugar or the "lend uv 'nough flour ter make a mess uv biscuits" had ceased. Crochet- and dress-patterns were no longer exchanged.

When the Fred Hosmers drove to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

L Soderston

She refused to become a "Cripple!"

Little chapters from the story of how the Arch Preserver Shoe changed the ideas of a Nation. Number 8.

"ALL that the women of my family ever talk about is how terribly their feet hurt," Mary B——, of New York, said one day shortly after her graduation from college.

"Aunt Jane can't dance because she can hardly stand up. Aunt Ethel can't entertain because it kills her to be on her feet more than an hour. And even you, Mother, won't go down town to luncheon with me because of your pesky old feet."

Her mother smiled a bit wistfully. "I guess weak feet run in our family, dear. All the B—— women have been troubled in the same way."

"All the B—— women!" There was defiance in Mary's voice. "Well, I can name one woman in this family who isn't going to have awful old feet. I refuse to be a 'cripple!'"

"Of course," replied her mother, "you can wear the ordinary health shoes, if you wish. They're so ugly, though. I'd rather have aches than to try to appear in them."

"No, I don't mean to do that. I don't believe it is necessary to suffer with your feet just because you insist on being well groomed. I believe there are correct shoes that are both stylish and healthful and that will keep my feet comfortable. And I intend to find them right now before I have a single ache. I'll try every shoe in the world until I do find them."

It was six years ago that Mary B——looked for and found the one shoe that felt best on her well feet and also satisfied her ideas about appearance.

She is twenty-eight now, well into the "foot suffering" age in her family. She is a young mother, too. But she is happy and healthy and enjoying perfect feet. She plays tennis and golf, dances, and often walks for miles through the country with her husband and young son.

She refused to be an old-young woman. She refused to wear "unsightly health" shoes. She proved that no woman in her family, in spite of tradition, need have a single foot ache or pain.

She found in the Arch Preserver Shoe the features which keep feet well, features which allow the feet to function normally, without strain or abuse.

She has learned how wonderfully the concealed, built-in arch bridge supports the feet, preventing any tendency to sag and weaken. She has learned how perfectly the inner sole, because it is flat, eliminates the pinching and "bunching" of the forepart of the foot. She knows that the blood-vessels, bones and nerves of the feet are not interfered with in any way in her Arch Preserver Shoes.

And finally, she has learned that because this shoe is fitted differently — from heel to ball — she never has to worry about getting a comfortable pair, or about "breaking them in."

She wears the Arch Preserver Shoe to all of her social functions, and she is pridefully upholding the traditions of the B—— family regarding the appearance of its women. In other words, she is living a normal, happy, healthy life, without a thought to her feet.

Instead of being held back by the old-time foot problem she is being constantly urged by her vigorous feet to do more, to take part in things. She has proved, too, that it is so much more satisfactory in young womanhood, or, at least, before foot troubles begin, to adopt the right shoe, the shoe that keeps feet well.

It might also be interesting to note that Mary's mother, grandmother and aunts are all wearing the Arch Preserver Shoe now.

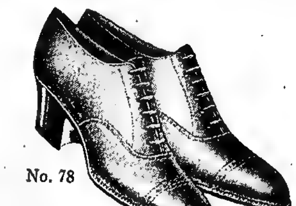
Won't you write us for our special little booklet, "Use Your Feet?" It will tell you so many important things about your feet and the shoes you should wear. It costs you nothing, yet it may mean a great deal of happiness to you.

THE SELBY SHOE CO.
329 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O.
Makers of Women's Fine Shoes
for more than Forty Years

Use Your Feet

Don't wait until your feet become troublesome. Let this book tell you now how to keep them well while wearing the smartest styles.

The Selby Shoe Co., 329 7th St., Portsmouth, O.
Please send postpaid your booklet, No. 29, "Use Your Feet", and name of Dealer.
Name____________________
Street and No.____________________
P. O.____________________State__________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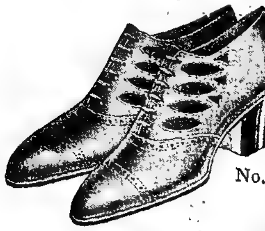
THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE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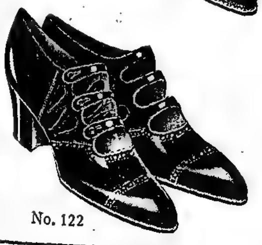
Supports where support is needed— bends where the foot bends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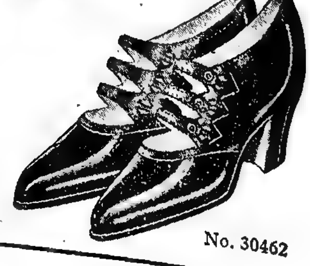
Look for trade-mark on the sole and lining of every genuine Arch Preserver Shoe. Sold by 2000 dealers. Styles for all occasions. All widths, AAAA to E.

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
TRADE-MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Made for women and misses by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio; for men by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.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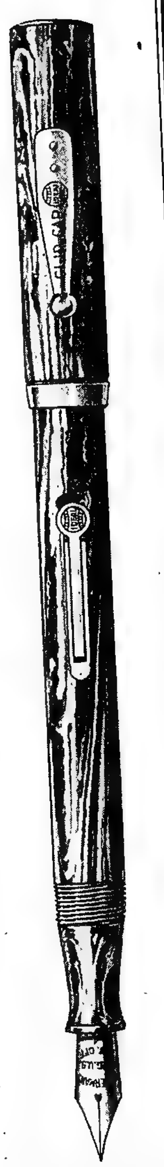


Your hand and your pen
are partners in the expression of your thought

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen is the choice of millions because it makes thinking and writing easier. There are no annoying hindrances when a Waterman's is used—just a steady flow of perfectly written words.

Made with different sized holders and different pen points to suit all hands and styles of writing.

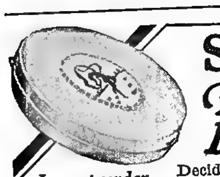
50,000 merchants have selected Waterman's as the best pen to sell because they know it satisfies all who buy.

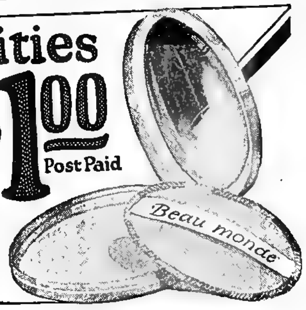
Ask a nearby merchant to show you Waterman's lip guard models (see cut) with mottled, black and cardinal holders; then select a pen you like, at a price you will be glad to pay.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

L. E. Waterman Company, 191 Broadway, N.Y.
Boston : Chicago : San Francisco : London : Paris : Montreal

Illustration shows mottled holder ⅞ actual size of $5.50 model.





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Loose powder cannot spill

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LEWIS TEA ROOM INSTITUTE
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Mary Catherine Lewis, Director

Old Man Ledge

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

Bath in their car they did not, as in former days, stop to ask folks if they wanted anything from town, but drove straight ahead. Fishermen no longer gathered in Alva Ryder's store in the evenings to exchange news of the Portland market or to "swap yarns." The chair dedicated to the fisherman who could tell the best story was empty evening after evening. Down at the fish-houses or out in the boats solitary figures worked sullenly, refraining from looking up or giving a friendly hail when another boat passed.

Such was the state of things when Grammy Tagel—grandmother to the Ellerys and the Tagels and great-aunt of Hannah Anne Pettishall—came over from Augusta for a visit.

At first Emily Widden had refused to admit even to herself that her quarrel with Orin was serious. He would come over to see her, she was quite sure, and they would talk things over. Then Orin would sell the old Beath place and buy somewhere else. She *couldn't* live beside a grave. Nobody could! But Orin would see how things were, once they had a good talk.

But Orin did not come. The days became weeks, and still, to Emily's dismay and hurt surprize, he made no sign. She couldn't believe he meant to stay away. Surely he was just mad at the fuss every one was making and the things she herself had said. But he would get over it soon. Then he would come to see her and they would talk things over. From her father Emily learned that Orin had begun to "fix up" the old house in his spare time. Mereen Tagel had gone over to help him repair the foundation and build a fish-house.

The girl's spirits sank at the news. She was forced to admit to herself that Orin had no intention of selling. And that meant he didn't really care for her or how she felt about things. He had never cared! Perhaps—the awful thought smote her like a blow—Orin must be going to marry some one else. He wouldn't be fixing up the house unless he planned to live there soon. The girl ceased to watch for his coming. At night she cried into her pillow quietly and unobtrusively as she did everything else. She refused to say anything when her mother railed angrily at the Pettishalls, and only her pale, miserable face and red-rimmed eyes told Mrs. Widden her daughter was not forgetting Orin Pettishall—that she would never forget him.

AND Orin was no happier. A hundred times he planned to see Emily, to talk with her. Then he would remember that Emily did not really care for him, that she had turned her back on the home he had bought for her, refusing to live there. What was the use of going to see her when she didn't think enough of him to give up that silly feeling about a grave? Some time she would be sorry for acting like she did!

He would fix up the old place and live there alone, the way Captain Beath had done. Perhaps he would die there, alone. Emily would come to the funeral. Maybe she would cry when she saw what she had done—sent him away to die. Or, perhaps, she wouldn't care enough to come to the funeral. She would marry some one else, and when she heard the news she would say, "He was always queer. Went away to live alone with nothing to keep him company but a grave. No wonder he died!" Orin resolved bitterly to live. What was the use of dying when nobody would care what happened to you?

The only comfort he found was in hard work. He rose before dawn, hauled trawl, carried his fish to market, then came back to work on the old house until approaching twilight warned him it was time to bait trawl for the next day's set.

All through the quiet afternoons of late August he worked about the place, completing his fish-house, cutting away weeds and brambles from paths long unused, resetting bricks in the walk, repairing the broken settle. Sometimes he pictured Emily sitting here in the long Summer evenings, busy with her sewing. He would be down at the fish-house baiting trawl. Emily would come out after the supper-dishes were washed and wait here for him. When all the tubs of trawl were finished he would come up to sit in the other high-backed seat. They would talk or, perhaps, just sit listening to the tides along the beach.

He shook his head angrily, winking back unmanly tears. Emily would never sit there in the quiet evenings. One seat would always be empty. When his work was done he would come up to the house. There would be no one to welcome him. He would sit there, watching the empty place—an old, old man—alone.

WEST HARBOR folks looked on Grammy Tagel as a "character." Perhaps, in days not so far gone, she would have been known as a soothsayer, and people would have consulted her when grave decisions were to be made and followed her shrewd advice. But now she was just an old woman with a philosophy wrought out of long, hard years, an old woman who didn't hesitate to tell folks what she thought of their words and actions, and who took an unbounded interest in the affairs of those about her.

Altho more than ten years had passed since Grammy Tagel moved to Augusta to make her home with a married granddaughter she still kept in touch with all the principal events of the Harbor. She knew about all births, marriages, and deaths. She could tell you who had moved away in recent years and who had "built new"; had accurate information regarding those who had "perfessed" religion at the annual revival meetings and those who were still unsaved.

To-day, with her chair drawn comfortably close to the stove, the old woman turned inquiring eyes on Hannah Anne Pettishall.

"What's wrong 'ith Orin?" she asked. "Looks kinder meachin' ter me."

"Yeah, he's meachin', a' right," Mrs. Pettishall agreed. She carried a pan of cookies to the oven, put them in, dusted the flour from her hands, and wiped her face thoughtfully with a corner of her blue-and-white-checked gingham apron.

Grammy Tagel waited patiently.

"I hate ter say it," Hannah Anne went back to the table and began to roll out another mound of cooky dough, "but it looks ter me like he's still takin' on 'count uv Em'ly Widden."

"Which Widden?"

"Em'ly—Lucindy Means's girl. Ye mind 'at Lucindy married Jeremy Widden, Uncle Uriah's first. The other boy, Lige, went ter Po'tland, an' folks say he's doin' well workin' in a garage. Makin' money hand over fist, Uncle Uriah says. I dunno."

"Don't seem like Orin's old 'nough ter be keepin' comp'ny." Grammy Tagel deftly brought the conversation back. "Wuzn't nothin' but a leetle squirt when I went off ter Augusty. Wuz they keepin' comp'ny, did ye say?"

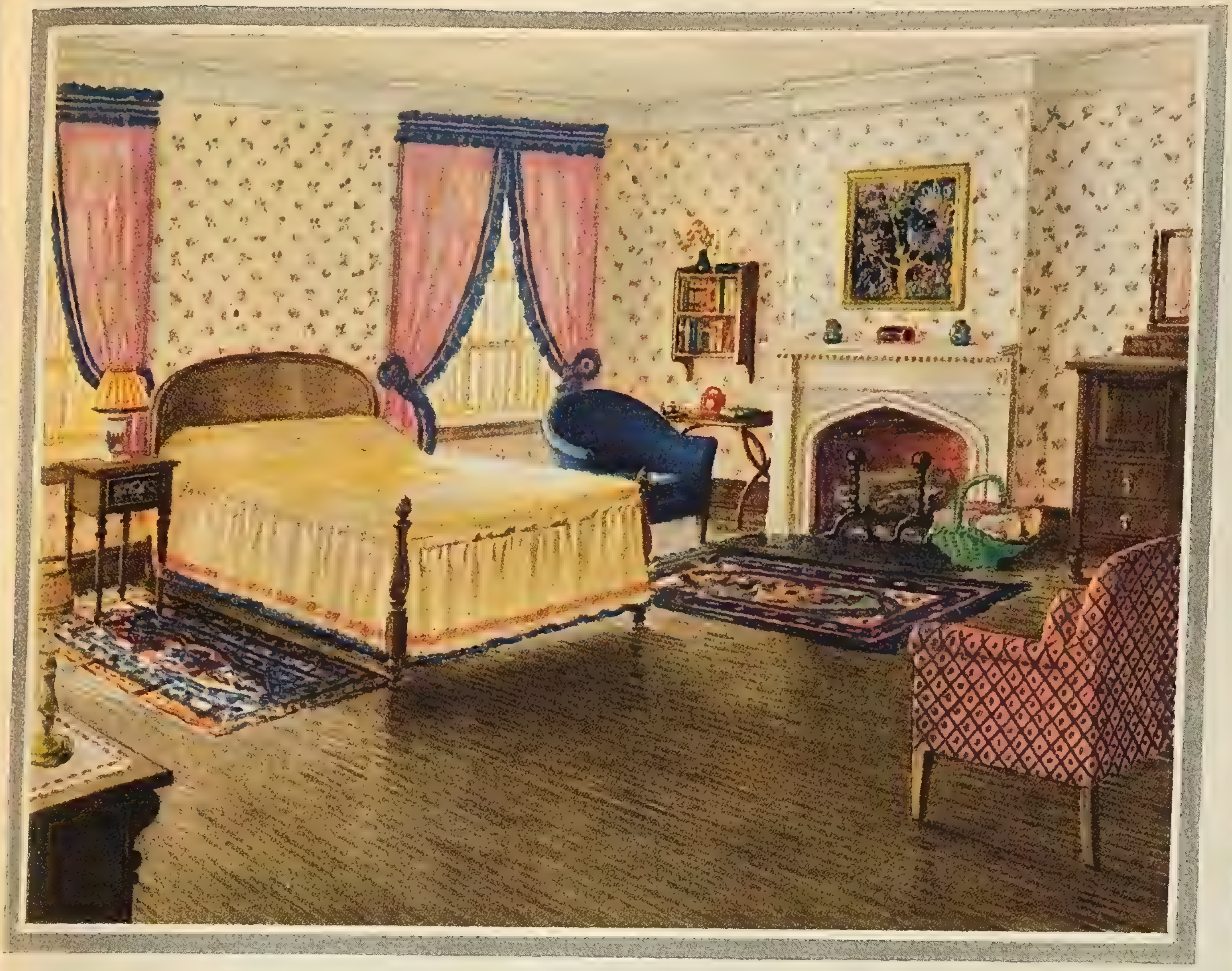
Mrs. Pettishall nodded. "Yeah, fer more'n a year. Right up ter the time Orin bought the ol' Beath place——"

"Did he, now? Ye hedn't told me afore. He's a smart boy ter buy it. Reel sightly place."

"'At's what I say—mercy! I fergot the cookies!" Snatching the pan from the oven, she tested its contents anxiously, found them unharmed, and transferred the cookies to a plate. "Hev one, Aunt 'Miry?"

"Don't mind ef I do. An' 'n what happened?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90



The colorful glow of this brown Jaspé floor served as an inspiration to the decorator who planned this room. For such a floor forms a basis for the whole color scheme—a bright foil for fabric rugs, a mellow setting for well-chosen furniture.

New book on home decoration sent FREE

THIS book, entitled "Floors, Furniture, and Color," includes color ideas for decorating different rooms and presents simple and interesting principles for the use of color in home interiors. Its author, Agnes Foster Wright, is an authority on home furnishing and decoration. She was formerly President of the Interior Decorators' League of New York and is a contributor to House and Garden and other magazines. "Floors, Furniture, and Color" will be sent to anyone in the United States for 25c postpaid. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 2539 President Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Fine fabric rugs show at their best on a *Modern Linoleum Floor*

THE floor of a room is (with the exception of the ceiling) its greatest single area. Everything in the room, and especially the rugs, will be seen in relation to the floor. The color and pattern of the floor are the basic background from which the entire scheme of the room is built up.

Every interior decorator knows this.

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Why linoleum floors make beautiful rooms

Start to build your color plans upon a well-chosen, well-laid linoleum floor, and at once your most vexing problem has become a real help and a source of suggestions.

Your pretty rugs take on a new life and olor when laid against the background of olor and design of the linoleum floor.

Whether you work with a "color wheel" or vith only your eye and natural taste to guide ou, you are much more sure of happy reults if your floor sets off your rugs, harnonizes with your furnishings and has the ualities of smoothness, cleanliness, and permanence that are found in floors of Armstrong's Linoleum.

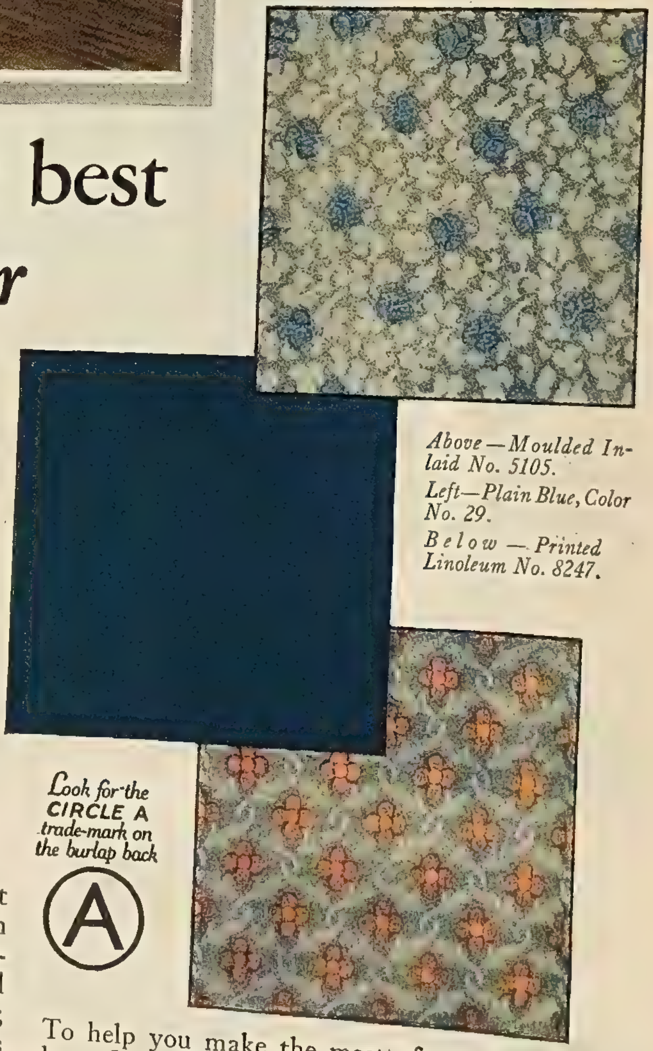
Housekeeping advantages of the linoleum floor

It is pretty well known that linoleum is the easiest of all floors to keep clean. The linoleum floor saves money too as well as time and work. When a linoleum floor is not tacked down but is carefully cemented in place, over a lining of builders' deadening felt, it is a permanent floor. It never needs refinishing. Its seams and edges are tightly joined. A regular waxing and polishing keeps it always new-looking. It wears for a lifetime.

Modern linoleum colors and designs are beautiful

Go into a good store, and ask the merchant to show you some of the modern designs in Armstrong's Linoleum. You may be surprised to see how beautiful they are. You will see tile inlaids for porches and entrance halls; beautiful two-tone Jaspés for living-rooms and dining-rooms; attractive carpet and figured effects for upstairs rooms; new Handcraft tiles, marble tiles, rich plain colors.

It is not hard to imagine how much brighter your nice soft rugs will look on one of these floors.



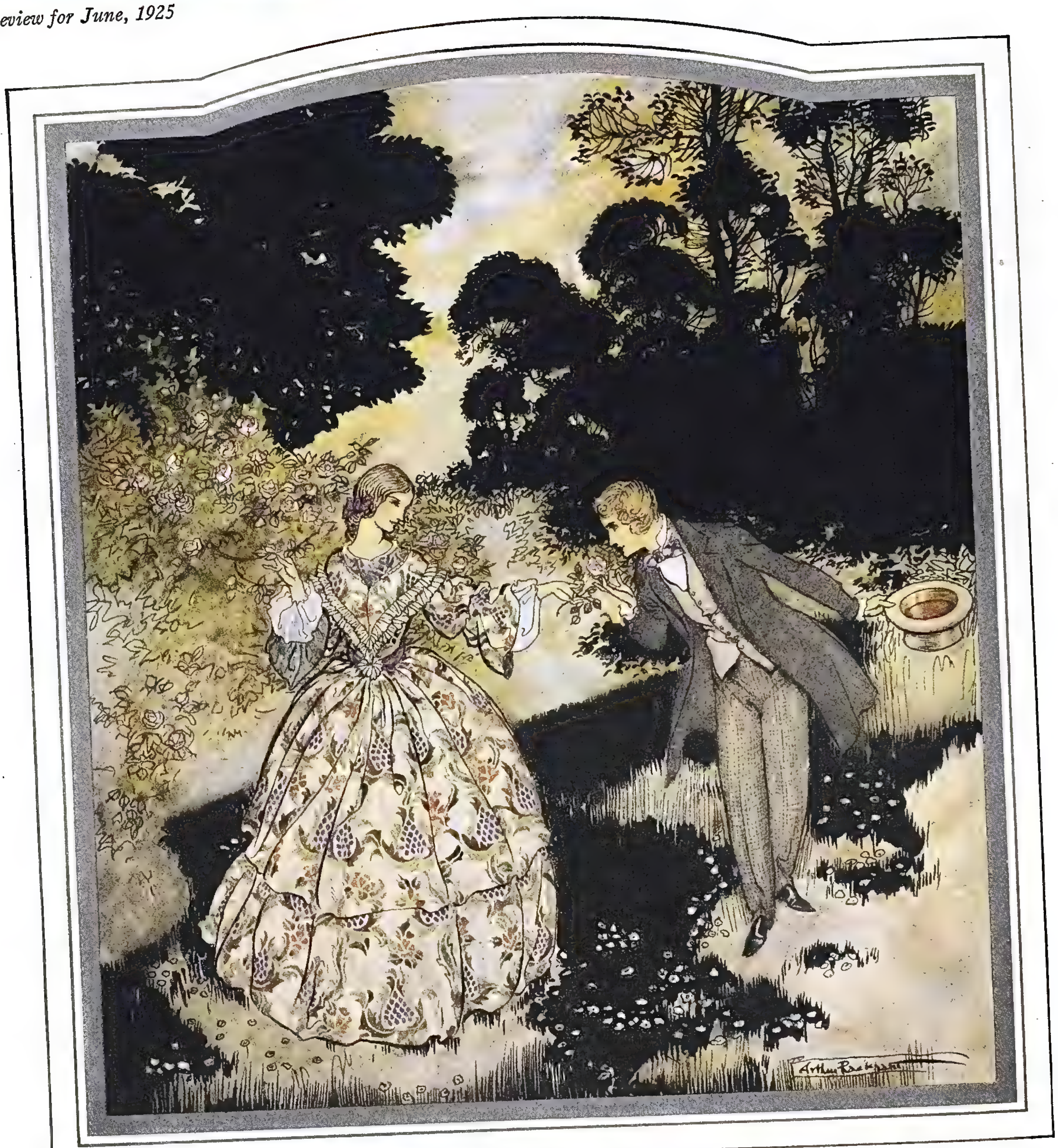
Above—Moulded Inlaid No. 5105.
Left—Plain Blue, Color No. 29.
Below—Printed Linoleum No. 8247.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Ⓐ

To help you make the most of a modern linoleum floor, our Bureau of Interior Decoration will give you individual advice in planning and purchasing the decorations of a particular room or any group of rooms. No charge. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 2539 President Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

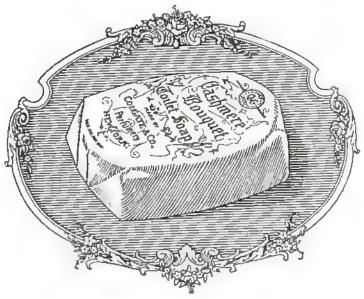
Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*



© "The Scent of The Rose"

Painted for Colgate & Co. by Arthur Rackham

Cashmere Bouquet Soap



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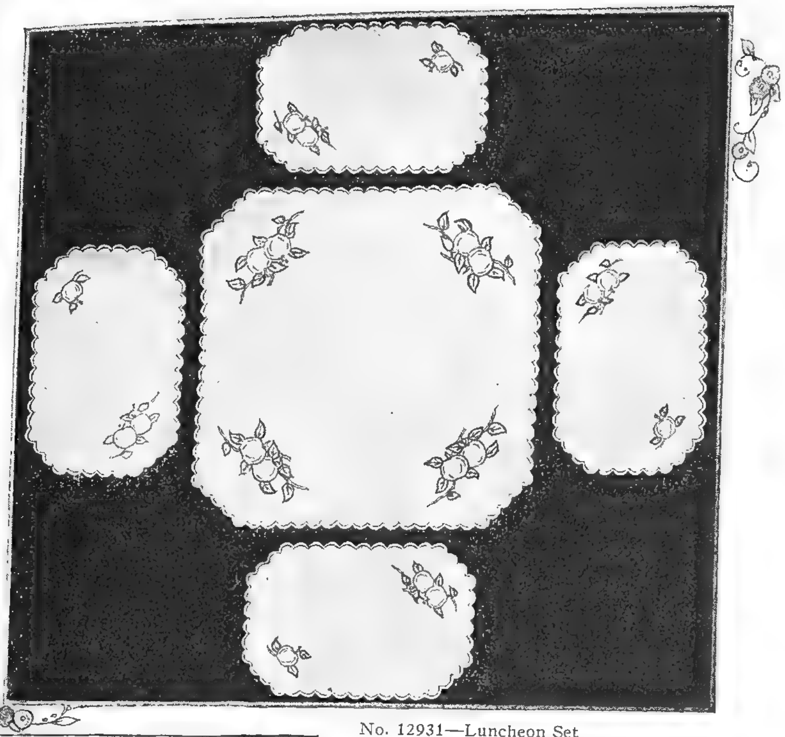
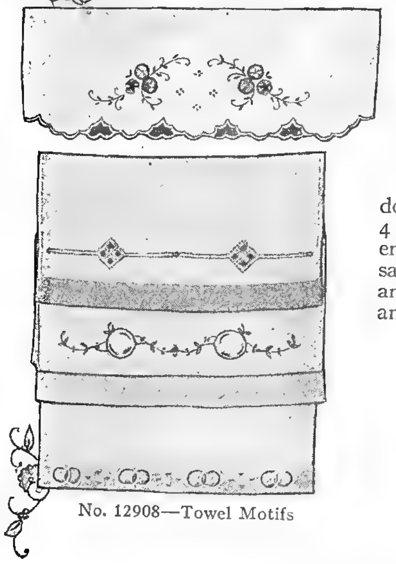
The New in Decorative Embroideries



No. 12931—Luncheon Set

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12931, blue only, includes luncheon cloth, 22 inches square and four place mats, each 10 x 15 inches. Scallop edges and work fruit motifs in appliqué and embroidery stitches.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12908, blue only, consists of 4 floral and conventional designs for towel ends, to be worked in French knots, raised satin stitches and appliqué. One towel has an unusual edge, combining appliqué patches and scallops, to be used on both ends.



No. 12908—Towel Motifs

No. 12909 on Spread and Bolster; No. 12910 on Pillow, Scarf and Curtains

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12909, blue only, provides a basket and a floral design, 29 inches high, and four corner motifs for a bedspread and a design for the bolster.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 12910, blue only, completing this bedroom set, supplies the basket motif for pillow, sprays for curtains, and two motifs for dresser scarf.

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Make this unique test. Find out what beauty is beneath the dingy film that clouds your teeth

Do you seriously want dazzlingly clear teeth?—teeth that add immeasurably to your personality and attractiveness?

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Modern science has discovered a new way. A radically different principle from old ways; and based on latest scientific findings. This offers you a test, free. Simply mail the coupon.

How to gain them—quickly

There's a film on your teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel it. *Beneath it are the pretty teeth you envy in others.* Ordinary methods won't successfully remove it.

That is why this test is offered. For when you remove that film, you'll be surprised at what you find. You may actually have beautiful teeth already —*and yet not realize it.* Find out!

What that film is

Most tooth troubles now are traced to film. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

That film, too, absorbs stains . . . stains from food, from smoking, from various causes. And that is why your teeth look "off color."

New methods now remove it

Old-time dentifrices could not successfully fight that film. So most people had dingy teeth. And tooth troubles increased alarmingly.

Now new methods have been found. And embodied in a new type tooth paste called Pepsodent.

It acts to curdle the film, then harmlessly to remove it. No soap, no chalk: no harsh grit dangerous to enamel.

It proves the folly of ugly teeth. It gives better protection against pyorrhea, of tooth troubles both in adults and in children.

Ten days' use will prove its benefits. And that 10 days is offered to you as a test. Why not make it then —*have* prettier teeth, whiter teeth? Send the coupon now.

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These letters are on great generators used by electric light and power companies. They are on electric lamps and on tiny motors that make hard housework easy. By such tools electricity dispels the dark and lifts heavy burdens off human shoulders. Hence the letters G-E are more than a trade mark. They are an emblem of service.

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Old Man Ledge

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

"Wa-al, right arter he bought the place Em'ly found a grave thar—leastways she *says* she did—an' started actin' up. Lucindy, who'd oughter hed more sense, ups an' sides 'ith Em'ly. Says 'at no girl uv hern is goin' ter set up housekeepin' in a graveyard. The very idear! I'm a good-tempered woman, ez ev'ybody knows, but I don't stand fer bein' put upon, an' I give the hull Widden fambily a piece uv my mind."

"An' 'n what happened?"

"Folks 'at hed any sense tuck my side an' some tuck 'tother. Stirred up considerable to-do, ez ye might say."

"Sh'dn't wonder," Grammy Tagel commented dryly. "What'd Orin an' his girl do?"

"They ain't spoke sense—not 'at I know uv. An' ef Orin hez any right pride 'bout him——"

"Guess he's got pride 'nough. I've allus noticed 'at young folks hez too much pride 'bout things 'at matter." The old woman got stiffly to her feet. "Guess I'll go 'long over an' set 'ith Jerushy Spinney fer a spell. Still in bed, ain't she?"

"Yes, an' likely ter stay thar. Doctor said 'smornin' 'twuz the wust stroke he'd ever see anybody hev."

"Sh'dn't wonder. Allus hed considerable temper, Jerushy hed, an' temper brings its own reward. You comin' 'long?"

"No, don't guess I kin. Got a mess uv biscuits ter make when I git these here cookies done an' a couple uv pies."

"Wa-al, I won't be long."

Gathering an ample gray shawl about her shoulders and grasping her stick, Grammy Tagel went down the steps and along the path to the Spinney house. But she did not spend many minutes there. On learning that Mrs. Spinney was asleep she declined an invitation to come in and sit for a while, and turned to hobble along the road.

"Mercy me!" Mrs. Widden exclaimed, "ef 'at ain't Grammy Tagel comin' ter see us!" She hastened to the door. "Come right in, Grammy! I wuz kinder wonderin' ef ye'd drop in ter see us er ef ye wouldn't—things bein' like they air." She ushered her visitor into the kitchen.

"When ye git ter be my age, Lucindy," Grammy Tagel replied, "ye won't pay much 'tention ter folks' foolishness"; then, as Emily put down her crochetting and came forward to place a chair for the old woman, "Ye don't say this is Em'ly! My, ain't she growed up!"

"Sure is," Mrs. Widden rejoined. "Kain't make myself b'lieve it sometimes."

Grandmother Tagel regarded the girl searchingly, nodded as tho some question in her mind had been answered satisfactorily, and said, "I stopped in ter see Jerushy Spinney on my way over. They been wonderin' ef they'd oughter move her down-stairs, but I tol' 'em ter wait till they'd talked 'ith you. I said ef anybody'd know whether they'd oughter move her it'd be Lucindy Widden."

"S'pose I best go over some time today," Mrs. Widden mused.

"Yes, ef I wuz in yer place I'd go right now an' see how things air. I'll jes' set here an' talk whilst ye're gone."

"Wa-al, I won't be long."

When Mrs. Widden's apron-clad form had disappeared up the road Grandmother Tagel beckoned to Emily.

"Come here an' set down by me," she said. "I got somethin' ter tell ye 'at mebbe ye'll be glad ter hear."

THE sunshine of early afternoon had disappeared, swallowed up in threatening, black clouds which trailed sooty vapors faster and faster across the sky. Fitful gusts of wind had begun to lash the tops of the long rollers into foam. Waves climbed higher and higher, vainly seeking to escape the fury of the wind. Like a toy in the hands of an angry child the fishing-boat was tossed and shaken violently to and fro. It slipped sideways in the trough of a wave, started sluggishly to climb, stopped half-way, and buried its nose in the water, which swept over the canvas covering of the bow and flew backward in sheets of spray.

The girl, who had until now been working frantically over the engine, started up, grasped the tiller-ropes, and coaxed the bow up into the wind. With no power to keep it going the little craft dropped off again and swung about. The next wave caught it a violent blow and poured water over the canvas until the floor of the boat was awash.

"Ef I c'd only make this en-jine go!" Sweat stood out on the girl's face in spite of the bitter chill which had crept into the air. Lifting an arm impatiently, she swept the damp hair back from her forehead and once more bent over the lifeless engine.

IT HAD seemed such an easy thing to do a half-hour back. She had left Grammy Tagel sitting by the fire and hurried down to the dock, the old woman's words ringing in her ears: "They's only one time ter put trouble straight an' 'at's right away."

She hadn't even noticed that a storm was gathering. Her father's boat was not at the mooring. That meant he had gone to Portland. He wouldn't be back before five or six o'clock, and she couldn't ask any one to take her—not with the whole Harbor knowing about her quarrel with Orin. It had seemed such a simple thing to just take Will Ellery's boat for an hour. He wouldn't be using it again until to-morrow morning and the engine was the same as her father's. Who would think that it would stop when she was out here opposite the Head?

A huge, wind-driven mountain of water towered suddenly above the helpless boat, crashed down, just missing the bow and blotting out the world in a welter of foam. A white squall! She *must* make land somehow. The boat wouldn't ride out a squall with the engine crippled.

She couldn't even hope for the chance of a tow. The weather-wise fishermen had seen the storm coming and were all safe in harbor. If only the engine would start she could still make the shelter beyond Bald Head altho wind and tide were sweeping her each moment farther and farther out to sea.

Against the frail shelter of canvas the wind was now beating with long moans that ended in furious shrieks. All around the drifting boat the waves rose, horrible monsters with the foam of madness on their lips. They struck against the boat with blows that made the frail thing tremble like a creature in the last agony of fear. It plunged, rose, and plunged again, vainly striving to shake off its tormentors. Long, jagged streaks of lightning played across the sky and were reflected fearfully in the black, tossing water, but no rain fell. If it would only begin to rain! The sea would grow calm with the rain lashing across it. But still the pent-up torrents remained in the black clouds. Wind and sea screamed across the world.

Suddenly a new sound, a sound as of giant drums beaten furiously, made the girl creep to the stern of the boat, heedless of the lashing spray, and stare westward.

Old Man Ledge! The helpless boat was being carried straight toward it, to the place where mighty waves lifted high in air before crashing down on the jagged teeth of the reef. No boat could live once it was caught in the grip of that swirling water! The girl sank to the floor of the boat, shivering convulsively, her fear-numbed hands still clutching the tiller-ropes.

At sight of the approaching storm

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

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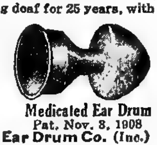

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Old Man Ledge

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

Orin Pettishall ceased work on the dock and went up to the house to close windows and make everything secure. Kindling a heap of driftwood he had piled in the fireplace, he sat down before it to watch the leaping flames. The wind struck against the old house, rattling windows and screaming angrily around the gables. Through the windows, which looked westward, the boy could see inky clouds rolling above the water and watch the giant waves pounding across Old Man Ledge.

"Gosh, I hope ev'ybody's in!"

Even as he spoke Pettishall's eyes were caught by a black speck which showed for a moment on the crest of a wave, then sank from sight. When it appeared again the speck was farther out. It was some time before it rose again, and then the young fisherman's experienced eyes told him something was wrong. No one would dare go near Old Man Ledge in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of PICTORIAL REVIEW, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1925.

STATE OF NEW YORK
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } SS.:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William P. Ahnelt, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the PICTORIAL REVIEW and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher—THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, 200-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

Editor—ARTHUR T. VANCE, 200-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

Managing Editor—NONE.

Business Manager—WILLIAM P. AHNELT, 200-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

2. That the owners are: THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, a corporation, 200-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

W. P. AHNELT, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.
P. BLOCK, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.
H. B. GOODSTEIN, 1457 Broadway, New York City.
R. LEWIN, 609 West 114th Street, New York City.
B. A. MACKINNON, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.
C. W. NELSON, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.
I. B. TRUMBULL, 35 East 84th Street, New York City.
M. TRUMBULL, 35 East 84th Street, New York City.
A. T. VANCE 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY has issued and outstanding bonds aggregating $3,250,000, which were sold to Harris, Ayers & Co. and the Manufacturers Trust Company of New York, and resold to a large number of persons whose names and the extent of whose holdings are unknown at the present time.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

WILLIAM P. AHNELT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23d day of March, 1925.

[SEAL] IRVING DITCHIK,
Notary Public, Kings Co.

Kings Co. Clk.'s No. 192, Kings Co. Register's No. 6025, New York Co. Clk.'s No. 522, New York Co. Reg. No. 6368. Term expires March 30, 1926.

(My commission expires March 30, 1926.)

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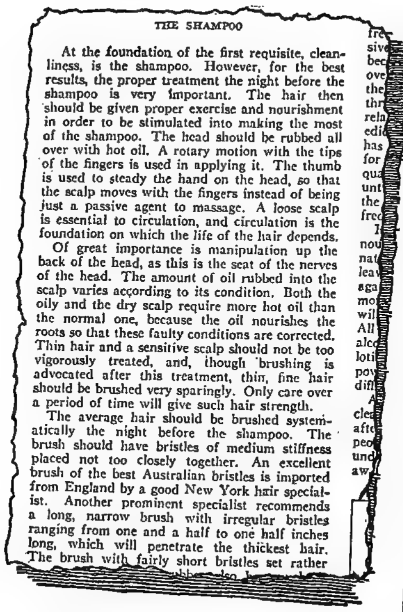

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At the foundation of the first requisite, cleanliness, is the shampoo. However, for the best results, the proper treatment the night before the shampoo is very important. The hair then should be given proper exercise and nourishment in order to be stimulated into making the most of the shampoo. The head should be rubbed all over with hot oil. A rotary motion with the tips of the fingers is used in applying it. The thumb is used to steady the hand on the head, so that the scalp moves with the fingers instead of being just a passive agent to massage. A loose scalp is essential to circulation, and circulation is the foundation on which the life of the hair depends.

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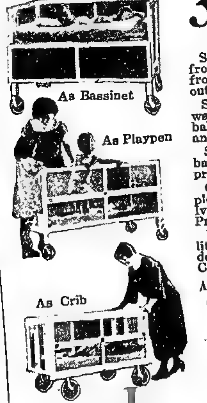

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Old Man Ledge

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

such a storm. He looked again, then hurried out of the room. A moment later he was running down toward the dock, struggling into a sweater as he ran. By the time he reached his boat, started the engine, and headed out toward sea, the storm had burst in full fury.

Yielding to the furious onset of wind and sea, his boat checked, then came up stanchly to its work, water and spray streaming from the canvas covering, rising and plunging while the engine coughed convulsively. Pettishall bent over the engine, nursing it with care against the onslaughts of flying spray while he guided, almost instinctively, the desperate battle his boat was making. Twice only did he catch sight of the helpless craft which was his goal and each time his heart came up into his throat sickeningly, for it seemed that no power on earth could snatch it away from the threatening reef. Still he urged his boat on, confident in its strength, in the power of the engine choking and coughing at its labor.

A third time the drifting boat rose. "Will Ellery!" the boy gasped in astonishment, but the wind caught up the words and seemed to drive them back into his mouth. Now he was near it! He swung his own boat out in a wide circle, rope coiled in his hand ready to throw. A figure in oilskins scrambled to its feet and called something which he could not hear. His spray-blinded eyes tried to measure the distance between the boats. He threw the rope, only to see it fall short in the boiling water.

No one but a fisherman, born and bred to the world-old cruelty of the sea, could have coaxed his boat once more near the disabled one, fighting inch by inch nearer to the reef, the roar of its waters beating in his ears and the driven spray striking against his face like flying needles. Only a fisherman, fighting desperately for the life of another, would have dared swing his boat in until for one ghastly moment it stood poised on the crest of a giant wave, directly above the one which wallowed helplessly in the trough beneath. It slipped, clung to the wall of water for the eternity of a second, then plunged, barely missing the other. In the moment he shot past, Pettishall flung the rope outward. As it was caught and made fast he saw the girl's white face and knew who it was he had come out to rescue.

BLINDING torrents of rain had begun to fall, drawing a swirling white curtain across the water. Presently the rain would cease and the sea grow calm, but there could be still no question of rounding the Head. He would have to take Emily ashore with him instead of bringing her home.

Towing the crippled boat as far back of him as the length of his painter permitted, Pettishall at last gained shelter. After making his own boat fast to its mooring he drew in the other.

Emily looked up and made a brave attempt to smile. Glancing sharply at her blue lips and haggard face, the boy swept her into his arms and put her down in the dory.

"Hev ye ashore in a minute." Swiftly he moored the second boat and then dropped into the dory with her. When they reached the dock he asked anxiously, "S'pose ye kin go up the ladder?"

"Sure I kin." She stood up, swayed, and would have fallen had he not caught her.

"I kin walk now," she told him when he had climbed with her to the dock, and went slowly beside him along the path to the house.

In the living-room the fire still burned. Orin threw an armful of wood on it.

"Set up here close an' git yerself good an' warm," he said. "Maw left a dress here the day she come over ter clean fer me. I'll fetch it fer ye."

When he returned a second time, after leaving oilskins and sea-boots in the kitchen, Emily looked up and smiled.

"I'm a' right now," she told him. "I wuz jes'—jes' kinder upset."

"Yes," he returned grimly, "sh'dn't wonder ef ye wuz. What wuz ye doin' out in 'at boa-at? Ye might 'a' been—ef I hedn't happened ter see ye—" The words stuck in his throat.

"I'd 'a' been drownded," she said soberly, "ef ye hedn't come out. I'd 'a' struck the ledge in no time. I wuz comin' here," she explained simply; "I hed ter see ye."

"Comin' ter see me?" he echoed incredulously. "Comin' here?"

She nodded. "I hed somethin' ter tell ye—somethin' 'at made me want ter git here fast ez ever I c'd. Set down here by me. I kin tell it plainer ef ye do." She nestled her cold fingers in his.

"IT'S what Grammy Tagel tol' me," she began, "'bout this house an' the grave out yan an' how they happened ter be. She wuz only a young 'un when it happened, but she says 'at she minds the awful storm an' hearin' folks tell 'bout how Captain Beath's vessel wuz wrecked on Ol' Man Ledge an' nobody saved, only jes' him. Seven men in the crew an' only him saved, an' he wouldn't 'a' been ef it hedn't been fer one uv the men. Him an' Captain Beath hed gone ter school tergether an' they'd allus been friends, grammy says.

"They wuz hangin' onto the dory, jes' the two uv 'em. The vessel was bustin' up an' they wa'n't no trace uv the other men. Twict Captain Beath wuz washed off, but the other feller got him both times an' fetched him up. The las' time he says, 'Ye got ter hang onto the plug-strap. It's yer turn,' he says, but Captain Beath allus said arterwards 'at it wuzn't his turn.

"Grammy says 'at when the captain come ter hisself he wuz layin' on the beach here. The storm wuz over an' the sea wuz all shinin' an' blue. He got up onto his feet an' called fer his friend an' then went 'round lookin' fer him, but they wa'n't nobody else thar—only the shinin' water an' the white beach an' the tide comin' in. They never found no sign uv the other feller, never——"

"The other feller," Orin asked in a hushed voice, "who wuz he?"

"Arter a while the captain built him a house here, so's he c'd allus see the place whar him an' his friend wuz tergether fer the las' time. Grammy says 'at when folks made him see 'at his friend hadn't been saved it wuz then he put up the gravestun—kinder so's they c'd be tergether like they'd allus been. He uster tend it an' put flowers on it an' got inter the habit uv settin' out thar an' talkin'.

"They wa'n't never nothin' in the grave, nothin'! Grammy says 'at's the way things often is—'at folks makes trouble an' sorrer fer tharselves an' fer others over things 'at wa'n't never thar in the fust place—like—like I done—" The words were lost in a passion of tears.

The boy swept her into his arms, murmuring broken words: "It's a' right! They wa'n't never nothin' wrong, Em'ly. It's a' right!"

Emily stood up at length, wiping the tears from her eyes. "Look," she said, "the storm's breakin'."

The rain, which had been pattering steadily on the old roof, had ceased. A broad band of sunlight streamed through the western window, flooding across the quiet old room like a benediction.

"Come on," the girl said in a low voice, "it'll be a good time arter the rain ter pull weeds. We got ter git all the weeds 'way f'om 'round the grave. I'm glad they's lots uv lilies still so's I kin trim it up nice. Arter a while they'll be bayberry- an' maple-leaves fer me ter put on it—an' in Winter they'll be pine."

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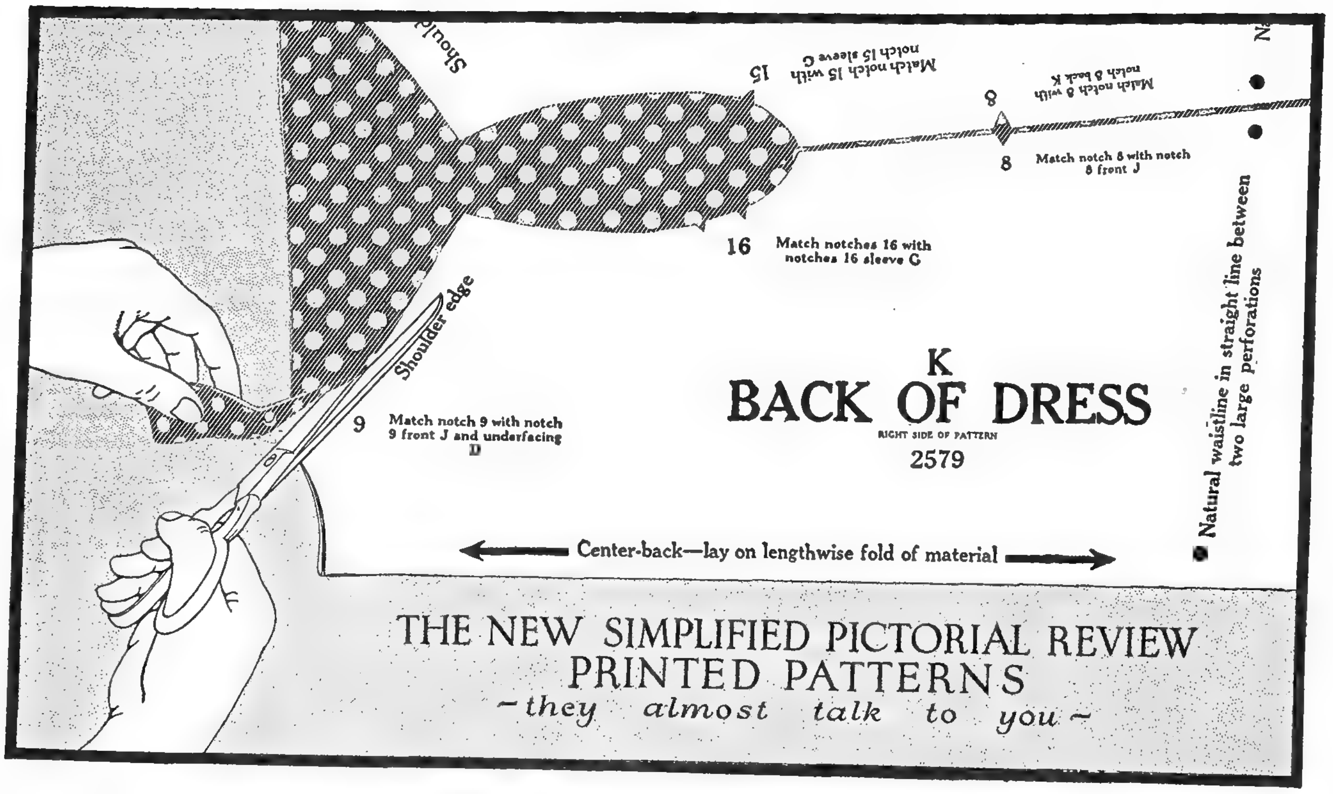
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Oh What Joy!

I am Free, you may be

WARM days are here again. And with them that dreaded affliction, armpit perspiration. Surely you will not again spend unhappy hours of humiliation. Like every wholesome woman, there is nothing you dread so much as armpit odor and unsightly perspiration stains.

Old reliable NONSPI has brought glorious freedom to a million women. Why not to you? Harmlessly and certainly this wonderful remedy for a disordered condition, keeps the underarms normally dry and free from odor. It is the preparation that trained nurses use, that physicians endorse and that toilet and drug dealers everywhere advocate.

No inconvenience to use—two simple applications weekly protect you from the embarrassment of excessive perspiration—protect, too, your gowns from ruinous perspiration stains. Let a trial convince you. Purchase a bottle from your dealer or send us your name and address and we will gladly mail you a liberal FREE sample. Use coupon or post-card.

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THE NONSPI COMPANY
2625 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.
Please send free testing sample to address listed below.
Name____________
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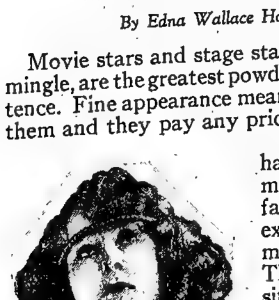
An Actress

Is a crank on powders

By Edna Wallace Hopper

Movie stars and stage stars, with whom I mingle, are the greatest powder cranks in existence. Fine appearance means everything to them and they pay any price to get it.



My powders have always been made to order, by famous powder experts. They cost me $5 per box. They are so exquisite that all my friends have always begged me to supply them.

Years ago I began to supply my beauty helps to women. But no powders. I knew that most women would never pay what I paid. But women overwhelmed me with countless requests for my powders.

So I went to the makers. I told them I could use a million boxes if they could supply my identical powder at a price which all could pay.

Now they have done so. These very powders I use are put up for you at 50c and $1. All druggists and toilet counters supply them. Ask for Edna Wallace Hopper's Powders, and you'll get them.

There are two types. One is a heavy, clinging, cold cream powder based on my Youth Cream. I like it, because it clings and stays. But many prefer a powder light and fluffy, so both kinds are supplied.

These are exquisite powders. In all my world-search of 40 years I have found nothing to compare. I am delighted that I can now supply them to all lovers of fine powder.

Mail this coupon and let me send you samples. You will gain a new conception of what modern powder is.

Sample Free

919-P.R.

Edna Wallace Hopper,
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.
I want to try
☐ Youth Cream Powder ☐ Face Powder
White—Flesh—Brunette—Peach
....
....

The Man Between

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

Chuffleigh and the General were spontaneously enough enjoying the company and charm of their hostess. And Frances herself, apart from an occasional glance of concern at her husband's rapid consumption of wine, was serene and untroubled. Grave, gay, thoughtful; woman and girl by turns; high-spirited, yet controlled and considerate; thoroughbred to the core, no man's best would ever be good enough for her; and even from women she always extracted a fine loyalty. Yet her queer devil of a husband could not or would not see it.

The moral sluts of erotic experience and feminine obliquity were his preference. Unscrupulous variability amused him; decency and loyalty bored him. His vanity was hurt by his suspicions of his wife. His primitive sense of possession was outraged. That he neglected her continually, insulted her shamefully, did not weigh with him. In ignoring that fact, he betrayed the fatuity of the average husband who in effect claims complete freedom for himself, and slave-like fidelity for his wife. This point was about the only one where he touched conventionality, where he was ordinary.

Looking across at Railton, I saw him smile grimly at the unconscious tenderness in Chuffleigh's attitude toward Frances. I felt a sudden wave of unreasonable anger myself. Not only because of Chuff's obviousness, but—well!

I was glad when dinner was finished, and we all went into the gun-room for coffee and liqueurs.

Owing chiefly to the keenness of the old Surgeon-General, we commenced bridge almost at once. Frances refused to cut in, and sat by the fire with a couple of new novels.

The play of the first few hands showed that Chuff's mind was not on the game. Mine was not, either, but Railton's concentration on the cards was, in the circumstances, uncanny. However, as soon as Chuff began to exhibit active signs of restlessness it became evident that Railton intended allowing neither Chuff nor myself any opportunity of a private conversation with Frances. When I strolled over to talk to her during my dummy, he called me back twice to answer some point he had raised regarding the play, tho he knew the game backward; and when Chuff was dummy, and made a similar attempt, Railton politely but firmly objected on the technical grounds that dummy should not leave the table while the hand was being played. With her wonderful tact, Frances smiled charmingly, and changed her seat for one nearer the card-table.

THERE we all remained until 11:30, when a footman renewed the fire and produced refreshments. Frances yawned, apologized for being sleepy, and announced her intention of going to bed.

"What about a little fresh air, Frances?" suggested Chuffleigh. "It is bad to go to bed straight from a smoky atmosphere."

"I don't think it would be very good for Frances to go outside," objected Railton. "It is cold, and I do not want her to get a chill."

"How nice of you, Payne!" smiled Frances, endeavoring to hide her surprize at his unprecedented thoughtfulness. "As a matter of fact, Chuff," she added, "I am distinctly tired, and want to get up early in the morning and try the new bay mare. If you like, you can come with me then." And she left the room.

It took us about another hour to finish the rubber, altho everybody excepting the old Surgeon-General now seemed unusually anxious for it to end. When we finally parted, and I reached my room, I did not immediately begin to undress, but filled my pipe and sat down in front of my bedroom fire to weigh up the situation.

Railton's attitude during the evening had made me definitely apprehensive. His drinking at dinner, his self-control and subtlety afterward, were very disquieting. But as every one was in bed in his respective quarters, there seemed no danger of further developments until morning.

There seemed no reason why I should not go to bed, but I relighted my pipe and remained by the fire. The warmth of the latter and the temporary reaction from strain had a natural result. I fell asleep.

MY NAP was beginning to lengthen when I was awakened suddenly to complete alertness, either by some sound foreign to the night's stillness or by the functioning of that sixth sense possessed by men who have spent long periods in dangerous surroundings. The habit of such experience impelled me, quietly and carefully, to the automatic Webley in my kit-bag.

Clicking in a clip of cartridges, I stood listening for a few moments before gently opening the door. Up to that instant Railton had gone clean out of my thoughts. My mind was subconsciously working on the recollection of a desperate attempt to burglarize the Montsaye jewels.

But as I crept along the dimly illumined corridor and saw ajar the door of Railton's room, that idea vanished abruptly.

I pushed open the door and entered the room. The bed had not been slept in. I was out again in the corridor like a flash, and on my way in the direction of the wing where Frances slept; in my mind a clear picture of her dear, innocent face, and in my ears Railton's cynically devilish statement of his intention to be his own law. My Heavens! If he had so much as laid a finger on her I'd murder him!

The way to Frances's apartment lay along the gun-room gallery, which connected the north and south corridors. I had advanced to within a few yards of this gallery when I perceived that the lights were on in the room below. I halted, and the sound of a cough or an exclamation came faintly up to me. Moving lightly forward over the carpeted distance that separated me from the gallery, I reached the oak-balustered balcony, and peered over it into the gun-room below.

In one great chair sat Chuffleigh, still in evening dress. Opposite him, in another chair, sat Railton, with sneering yellow face, and a heavy Mauser pistol.

"Any interruption, or any further movement from you," he was saying—a flame from a falling log glinted on his face—"there will be an instant dissolution of one member of the House of Lords and—another scoundrel in hell!"

Chuffleigh shrugged his shoulders. "I repeat, you are making the greatest mistake. Lady Frances is the purest woman that ever lived. Your accusation is absolutely infamous; surely you know that. I leave myself out of the question."

"Do you imagine you can deceive me with such twaddle?" snapped Railton contemptuously. "What of your visit here to-night when you thought I should be absent? What of the charming scene in this room which Harding and I interrupted? What of the note which I intercepted to-night—shall I read it to refresh your memory?"

He put his left hand into his pocket and drew out the letter, which he unfolded across the butt of his pistol.

MY DEAR FRANKY: I must see you alone for a few minutes. If there is no suitable opportunity during the evening, I'll go down to the gun-room after every one has gone to bed, and wait for you. Yours,
CHUFF.

In the shadow above I stood staring

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

Lovely Locks
Tell the Secret!

That mysterious "something" which wins all hearts—this is what all women rightly crave. And the vital secret lies in lovely hair!

Hair that is lustrous and colorful; hair so fluffy that the light shines through, making it an aureole of loveliness! All this is possible with

CANTHROX
SHAMPOO

This delightful cleanser removes excess oil and dandruff and by its stimulating quality, leaves the scalp healthy and the hair-roots nourished.

The Hair Dries Quickly

Nothing could be more easily used, just take a teaspoonful and dissolve it in a cup of warm water. Apply the mixture to the scalp and hair, rubbing it in well, all over the head. Notice how all the grease and grime comes out in the rich creamy lather!

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EARN MONEY selling our silk and woolen fabrics in full or part time, men or women, storekeepers or dressmakers. Write today for our attractive offer. FASHION TRADING COMPANY, 661 Bergenline Ave., West New York, N. J.

The Man Between

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

at them, breathing a fervent hope that Chuffleigh would answer quietly, humor him; for to convince Railton of error was the only chance he had of life—and a very thin chance, it seemed to me. Obviously, any interruption from me would precipitate tragedy.

"My dear Railton," drawled Chuff, "that letter and this incident are capable of a perfectly natural explanation. I came to prepare your wife for the news you were bringing. Harding rang up Miss Travers from Waterloo, asking her to come and see Frances, and prepare her for your news, but, as luck would have it, she had a smash in her car which shook her up rather badly, and caused her to ring me up as the next best person for the task."

I had a curious feeling of relief at Chuff's explanation, tho I had not doubted either of them for a moment.

"Very ingenious," sarcastically commented Railton. "Presumably you brought your preparation in your bag?"

AT THIS Chuffleigh made a sudden movement as if to leap at his interlocutor. Railton sighted the pistol in the crook of his left hand, and stopped him with a caution.

"Don't move," he snapped out curtly, dangerously. Chuffleigh stared at him fiercely, but sank back to his seat.

"Railton, you're mad," he asserted quietly, "and you have a disgusting mind. My bag has no significance whatever. It is by no means an unknown accessory to country travel. I was just opening the subject of your health when you arrived, and this appointment was to enable me to finish my task. You'd better put down that gun and talk a little sense."

"You are lying," retorted Railton, "and badly. You do not even use the opening that Harding gave you—that you came here to meet him. Why don't you say that Harding also set you upon this assignation?" he added ironically.

For a moment the expression on Chuffleigh's face caused me to fear that he would leap at his taunter. But he checked himself.

"It is perfectly true that Harding is responsible for my visit," he announced steadily, "altho I did not exactly come here to meet him. As I have told you, Miss Travers gave me his message—and I came at once."

"How very interesting!" remarked Railton. "Such solicitude is most touching. I suppose it did not occur to either of you that I was able to tell my wife anything it was necessary she should be told. Your lie is not even a logical one. An indifferent liar and a careless lover."

"You were capable enough," retorted Chuff, ignoring the insult, "but from what I know of you, you were also more than capable of being a swine about it, just as you are being now. As you positively decline to believe me, I suggest that you stop wagging that pistol in the face of an unarmed man, and call Harding, who should be able to convince you."

"You amuse me," criticized Railton. "Harding never left me at Waterloo, excepting to get a few papers from the book-stall, and therefore did not telephone to Miss Travers, or any one else. I have no doubt you are ready to say, under the influence of this"—he shook his weapon—"that it is an error to have suspected you of being in love with my wife." His voice rose as his anger began to elude control.

"If it comes to that," replied Chuffleigh quietly, "I would not dream of denying it. I have always been in love with Frances. But my kind of love is a different thing from what you understand by the term—and does her no dishonor."

"—— you!" exploded Railton, "do you think that I have not always known that your fool type was more to her liking than I was? Do you think I did not know that she only took me because you were then, like most of your parasitic breed, practically penniless? Do you imagine that I am fool enough to believe that you have not taken advantage of the opportunities which my absences have afforded? I bought the fruit and you ate it! Isn't that it? Of course it is! Well, you have got to pay now. I have two months to live; you have two minutes—or less—if you move. I will spend that two minutes in telling you what will happen."

Chuffleigh gazed steadily at the madman opposite. I could do nothing; a movement from me, and that lunatic's pistol would finish Chuffleigh.

Railton's voice continued: "This note will be found near you. It will convince any jury of your amours, and justify my action. It will blight your name and your memory just as effectually as it will blight that of your mistress. The knowledge of this will no doubt enliven your approaching journey. I shall, of course, follow you in due course, but you shall be my advance guard, so to speak." He chuckled horribly. "All I want to wait for now is to see the result of this little drama."

As I listened and watched, the hands of the great silver clock crept to the quarter-hour. A desperate resolve took possession of me—a decent man of the country's best should not flick out at the will of a jealous fiend—one who had lived a life of vicious recklessness. And Frances's heart should not be broken—if she loved Chuff.

I could not shoot out the lights, because there were two clusters, and the blaze of burning logs. My first shot would be the signal for Railton's. There was only one way—the only possible way—I must shoot at Railton. I did not bother about the consequences—they did not occur to me. My only thought was that I would not remain a powerless spectator of the murder of a friend, and the destruction of Frances's honor. Frances! I'd do anything to protect her.

"I can imagine your lover, or mistress, in the witness-box," continued Railton—"the cold shoulder afterward—the social ostracism—" The whirring of the clock in preparation for its chime interrupted his words.

"Ah!" he exclaimed loudly, his emotion losing all restraint. The deadly muzzle of his Mauser lifted slightly and his face dropped nearer in careful aim.

I DROPPED on one knee and steadied my Webley against one of the baluster pillars, sighting it carefully, with a prayer that in the distance and bad light I should not miss. At the same moment I saw Chuffleigh gather himself together as if for a desperate leap, and Railton stiffen himself to his weapon. I pressed the trigger at the same moment that Chuffleigh leaped.

Railton fell sideways off his chair and rolled onto his back. Chuffleigh stood staring at him, momentarily paralyzed and bewildered.

I rushed out of the gallery and along the corridor to the Surgeon-General's room. He was sitting up in bed, rubbing his eyes. I burst in upon him.

"What's that noise?" he demanded. "I thought I heard a shot. What's the matter?"

For answer I seized his dressing-gown from the bed-rail and flung it at him.

"There's been an accident—Railton—and a pistol."

He was out of bed in a flash, and followed me from the room.

"Where?" he inquired.

"Gun-room." I indicated curtly, and watched his fat figure disappear along the corridor. For a moment I hesitated, and then followed him very slowly.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

There's no longer any question!

Women no longer ask themselves, "Should I use a hair remover?" The simplest frock has now joined the formal evening gown in its frank disclosures. There can be only one answer: The underarm must be smooth and free from any suggestion of unpleasant hair. Also the forearm, the neck, the expanse of dainty skin disclosed by gossamer hose.

Del-a-tone makes this new daintiness as easy to attain as it is delightful. For fifteen years fastidious women have demanded this old reliable, scientific hair remover, Del-a-tone.

Always quick, sure, safe! Just spread on in smooth paste; rinse off in a few minutes—and marvel at the wonderful difference in your appearance. No need to hesitate—Del-a-tone is perfectly harmless and will not make hair return thicker or coarser. Be sure to insist on

The Depilatory for Delicate Skin

DEL-A-TONE

Removes Hair

At drug and department stores, or sent prepaid in plain wrapper for $1.00

THE SHEFFIELD COMPANY
Dept. 26, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

Freckles Removed

Secretly and Quickly

NO matter how freckled, muddy or blotchy your complexion may be, it is naturally clear and white.

One jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream will prove it to you. Freckles, tan, sallowness, vanish away under the magic of this cool, fragrant cream. It has a double action. Freckles are gently bleached out and at the same time your skin is whitened, softened and refined. Safe, harmless and can be applied secretly at night. The fact that it has been used the world over for 35 years is its best recommendation.

Fair skins constantly grow worse unless something is done. Freckles are caused by strong summer light which tends to age and wrinkle the complexion as well as discolor it. Stillman's Freckle Cream will make you look younger, more radiant, and restore that peachbloom look.

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You were not born with freckles—why put off regaining the milky white skin that nature gave you? Stillman's Freckle Cream is guaranteed to remove freckles or money refunded. Two sizes, $1 and 50c at druggists and department stores.

Send for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and let us tell you what your type needs to look best. We are giving $1.50 bottle of perfume free to each girl who buys $3 worth of Stillman's toilet articles in 1925, other than freckle cream. Mail coupon now.

Stillman's Freckle Cream Double Action
REMOVES FRECKLES
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First thing people notice are your freckles.

Socially, freckles hurt a girl's popularity.

Pretty clothes can't conceal your freckles.

This $1.50 bottle of perfume given free to each girl who uses $3 worth of Stillman toilet articles in 1925, other than freckle cream.

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Please mail me "Beauty Parlor Secrets" in plain wrapper.

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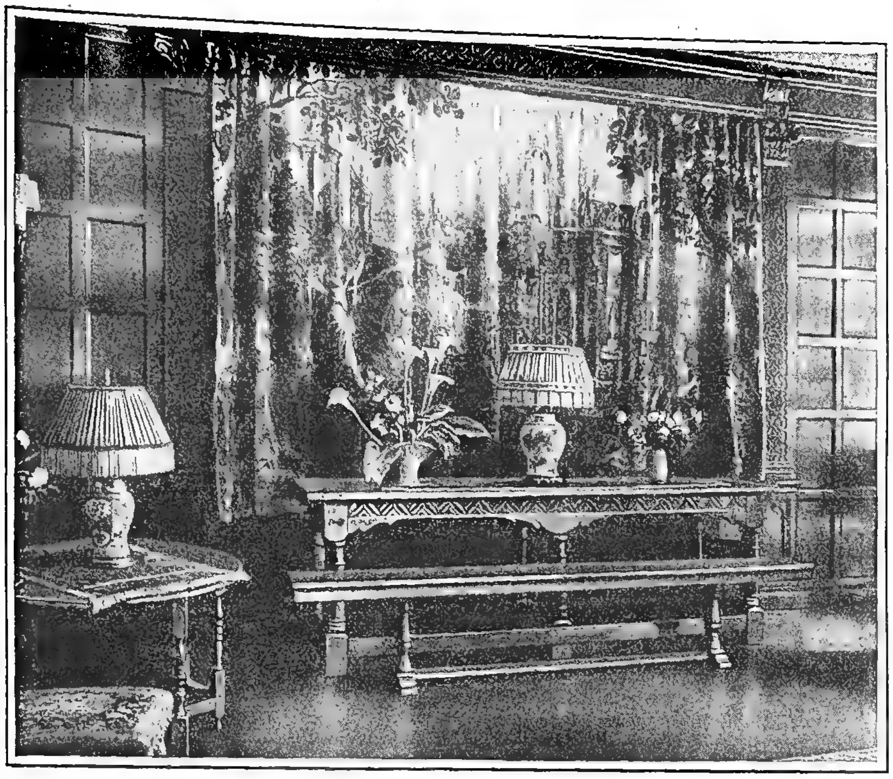

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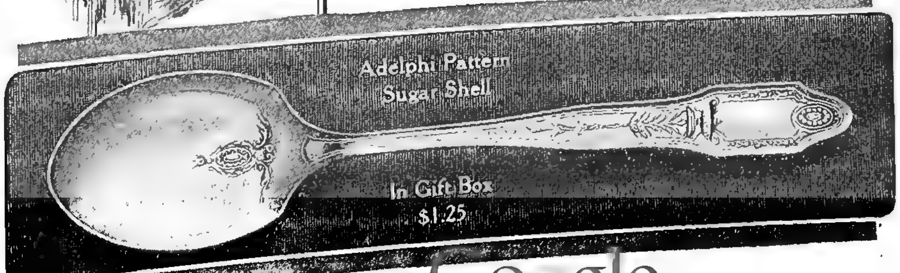

The Man Between

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

When I reached the gun-room the General and Chuffleigh were bending over Railton's body. Near them, on the floor, lay the pistol and—the note written by Chuffleigh to Frances. I picked up the latter, carefully tore it up into small pieces, and as carefully placed them on the fire. Subconsciously, and for no reason that I can explain, I then picked up the pistol and placed it on the mantelpiece behind a great bronze group of statuary.

"Dead!" exclaimed the General, "dead as a door-nail!"

They straightened up and stared at each other: the General inquiringly; Chuffleigh blank and shaken, with fine beads of perspiration on his brow. I stood at the fireplace, looking at them both, my mind racing round the old man's pronouncement: "Dead!" My shot had saved Chuffleigh, but killed Frances's husband!

I WENT to the table where lay the whisky-decanter and our empty glasses, and poured out a stiff dose. On the same table lay one of the books Frances had been reading earlier in the evening, and on it a little crumpled ball of fine linen—her handkerchief. I put down the decanter, and picked up the handkerchief, its faint perfume stealing to my nostrils. I thrust it suddenly in my pocket, and looked across at Chuffleigh.

"Here, Chuffleigh," I called harshly. "You'd better drink this, —— you!"

And turning my back on them, leaving my whisky untasted, I walked slowly over the polished floor, up the staircase, and along the corridor, to seek Frances.

I met her emerging from her room, slender and beautiful in a pale-silk wrap.

"Captain Harding!" she exclaimed. "Have you only just finished bridge? I was just coming down to the gun-room to fetch my book. For some reason or other I have not been able to sleep, but"—with a sudden realization of the oddity of my appearance in that particular part of the corridor—"is there anything the matter?"

I looked at her in silence for nearly half a minute before answering: "Yes, there is."

"Is it as important as that?" she smiled. "You can tell me as we go down-stairs."

"No! I will tell you in your room, if you don't mind."

For a moment she gazed at me questioningly, and then for the first time perceived something abnormal in my face or attitude, and exclaimed:

"What is it? What's the matter?"

"Frances, which is your sitting-room?" I asked quietly.

Without another word she led the way to a door a few yards back along the corridor, and opened it. Switching on the light, she stood in the center of the blue carpet and faced me.

"What is it?" she demanded, imperious in her sudden anxiety.

"Sit down," I said, "and I will tell you."

"No," she answered, "I would rather stand. It is something serious, I know. Is it Payne?"

I stepped a little closer to her. "Frances," I began, "an accident has happened."

"An accident!" she repeated. "What sort of accident? Tell me quickly."

"A serious accident. Frances, you must prepare yourself for a shock."

"Deryk," she cried sharply, in her alarm addressing me by my first name. "Do not treat me as if I were a child. Tell me at once what has happened. It's Payne," she asserted quietly. "It must be."

"Yes, it's Payne," I admitted. "He is—very badly—hurt."

She stared at me with widening eyes, and a sudden intuition of the truth brought horror to their blue depths.

Ever so slightly she swayed, and she put out her two hands in instinctive search for support.

"You mean," she added in a very small voice, "Payne is—he is——"

I placed my hands on her shoulders. "Frances, one expects nothing but the best from you—courage—fortitude—and one is never disappointed. Keep a stiff lip."

Gently she removed my hands. "Deryk," she said in the same small voice, "I must go to him—at once. Please take me."

"Frances," I said slowly, "no! I came up here to—prevent your going down—yet. And—there is more—that you must know—first."

She checked her movement toward the door, and again regarded me with wide eyes as I silently sought for words.

"More!" she breathed. "What?"

"Frances, the—accident—was with a revolver. You must be prepared to find your husband—with—bullet-wound."

She quivered as if struck. For half a minute she did not speak, and then she turned swiftly toward the door. As I took a stride after her, she stopped suddenly, and gripped me by the sleeve of my dinner-jacket.

"Deryk!" she cried with a sudden break in her self-command. "It is terrible that he should do that! How have I failed him?"

At the bitter note of self-condemnation and horror in her voice, born of her obvious assumption that her husband had shot himself, and that she was to blame, I removed her fingers from their grasp.

"Frances," I commanded, "listen to me. You are wrong. Your husband has not shot himself. I—shot him."

"Deryk! What are you saying? Deryk!" From her face ebbed the last vestige of color.

"I am saying, Frances," I answered slowly, "that Railton did not kill himself, but—that I killed him, and that you have nothing—*nothing*—to reproach yourself with."

Incredulity, bewilderment, and a dawning terror showed in her. "You—killed—Payne?" she murmured in an agonizing whisper. "You?"

"Yes," I assented with a naked brevity that marked my consciousness that my act would destroy even her friendly regard for me.

FOR a few moments she was speechless. Then, without any warning, she commenced to laugh with sudden hysteria.

Forgetting that she might loathe my touch, I took her again by the shoulders, and this time shook her.

"Frances! Stop that at once! At once! Do you hear? Stop it!"

She responded with a heartrending sob, shook herself free, and flung herself on the couch.

Then, quite as suddenly, she got up again and faced me, dry-eyed, brave, and thoroughbred.

"Please tell me—all. How this—happened," she demanded.

"Your husband was about to shoot Chuffleigh—when I appeared on the scene. It was a question of who shot first. If you are feeling up to it we will go down now."

She stared at me for a full minute in dead silence and immobility; then, still with the same wonderful restraint, she asked:

"Why was Payne going to shoot Chuff?"

It was a question I could not answer. Her good name must remain beyond suspicion, and I knew her well enough to be sure that if she were told the truth she would not keep that knowledge to herself when the legal consequences of my act had to be faced. She would not accept any such sacrifice.

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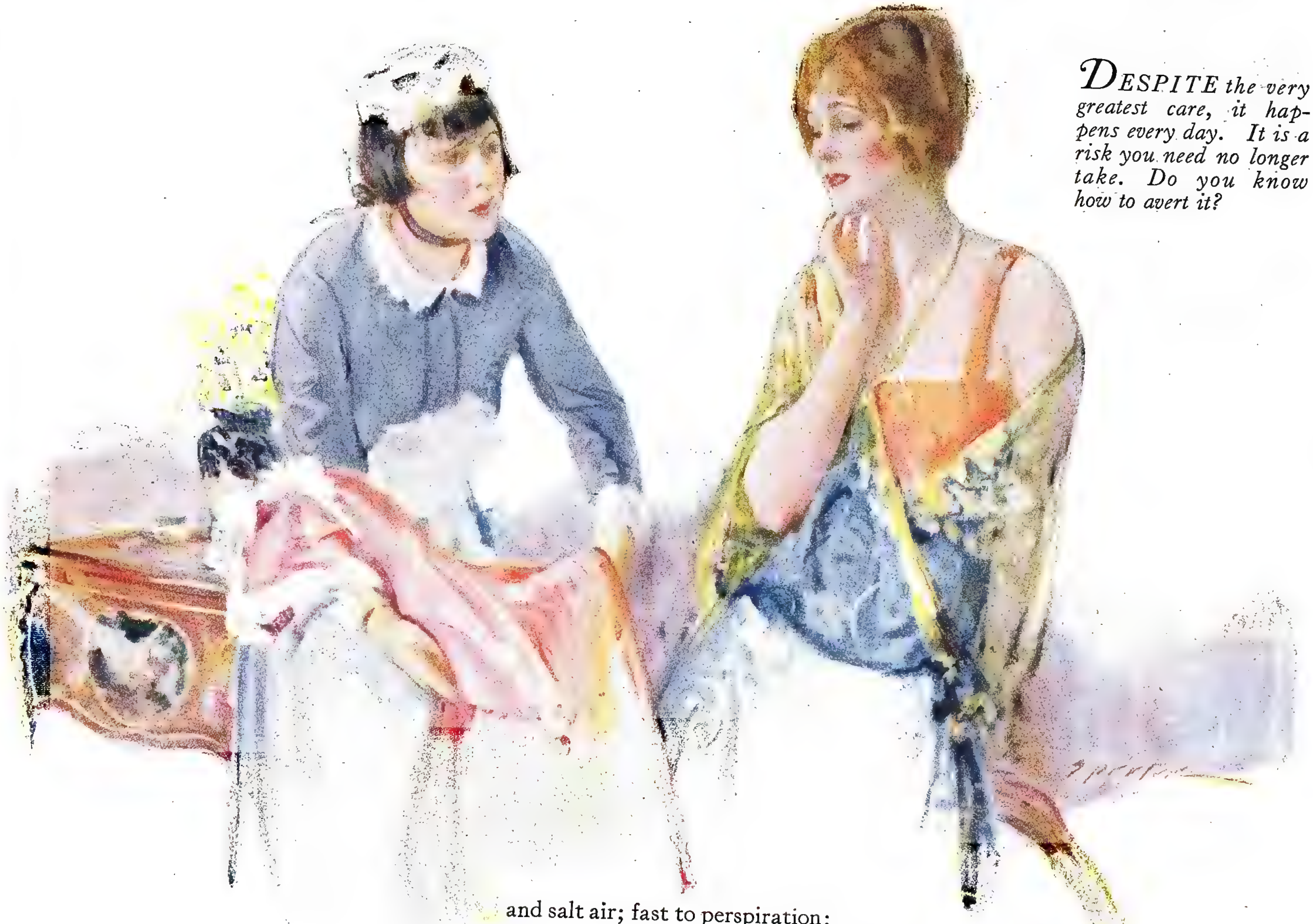
Was she *really* to be blamed?



DESPITE the very greatest care, it happens every day. It is a risk you need no longer take. Do you know how to avert it?

OF COURSE, even competent Marie should not have been trusted with it. But the stunning little frock was soiled, and simply had to be washed. Now it was faded—ruined—and Marie heartbroken.

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The colors are almost irresistible. For those who prefer bright hues and designs there are gay pinks, greens, yellows, blues—striking checks, modish plaids and stripes. But the lovely pastel shades are just as alluring to many—exquisite grays and heliotrope, orchid, lavender, and others too numerous to name.

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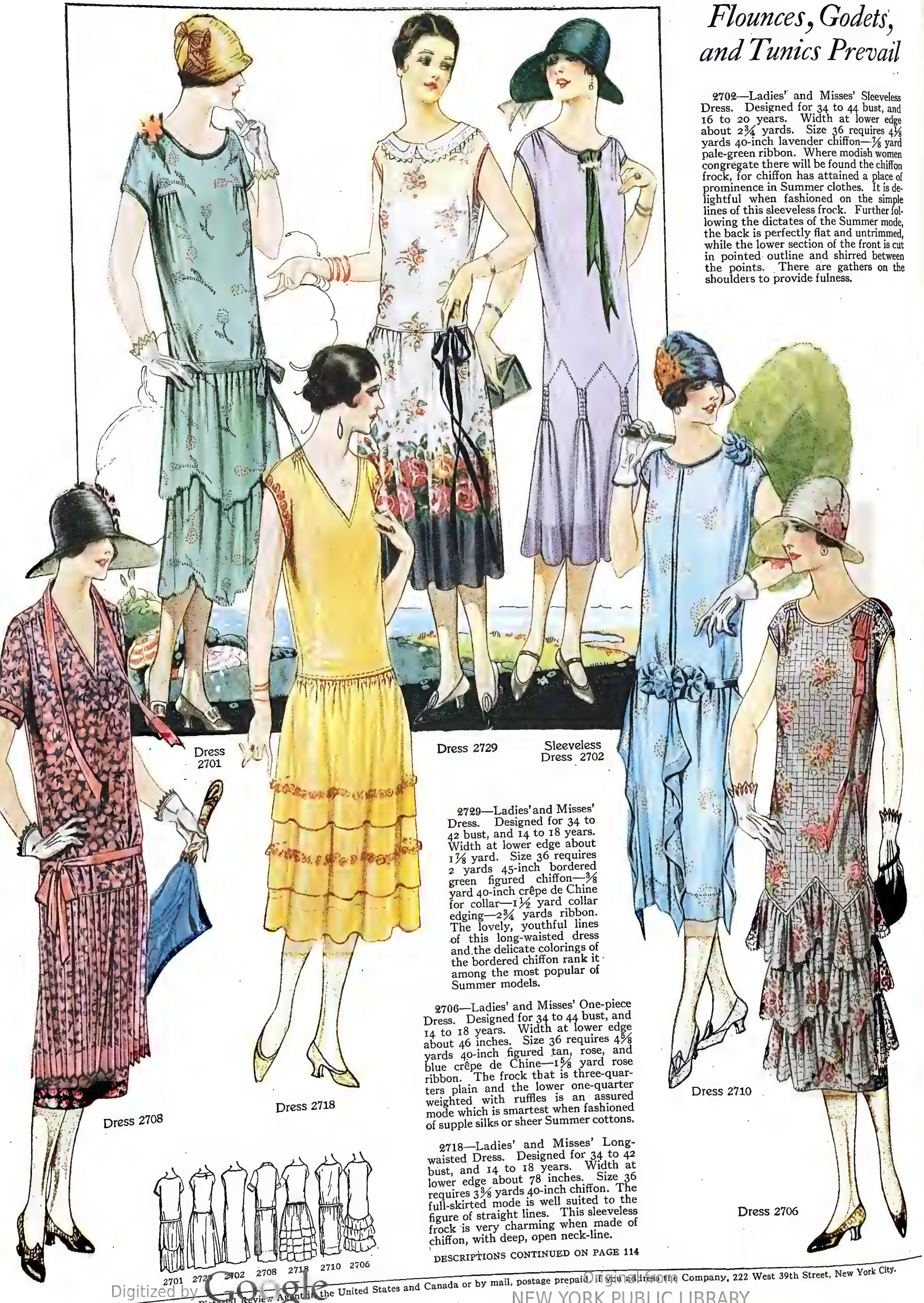
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Flounces, Godets, and Tunics Prevail

2702—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch lavender chiffon—⅞ yard pale-green ribbon. Where modish women congregate there will be found the chiffon frock, for chiffon has attained a place of prominence in Summer clothes. It is delightful when fashioned on the simple lines of this sleeveless frock. Further following the dictates of the Summer mode, the back is perfectly flat and untrimmed, while the lower section of the front is cut in pointed outline and shirred between the points. There are gathers on the shoulders to provide fulness.



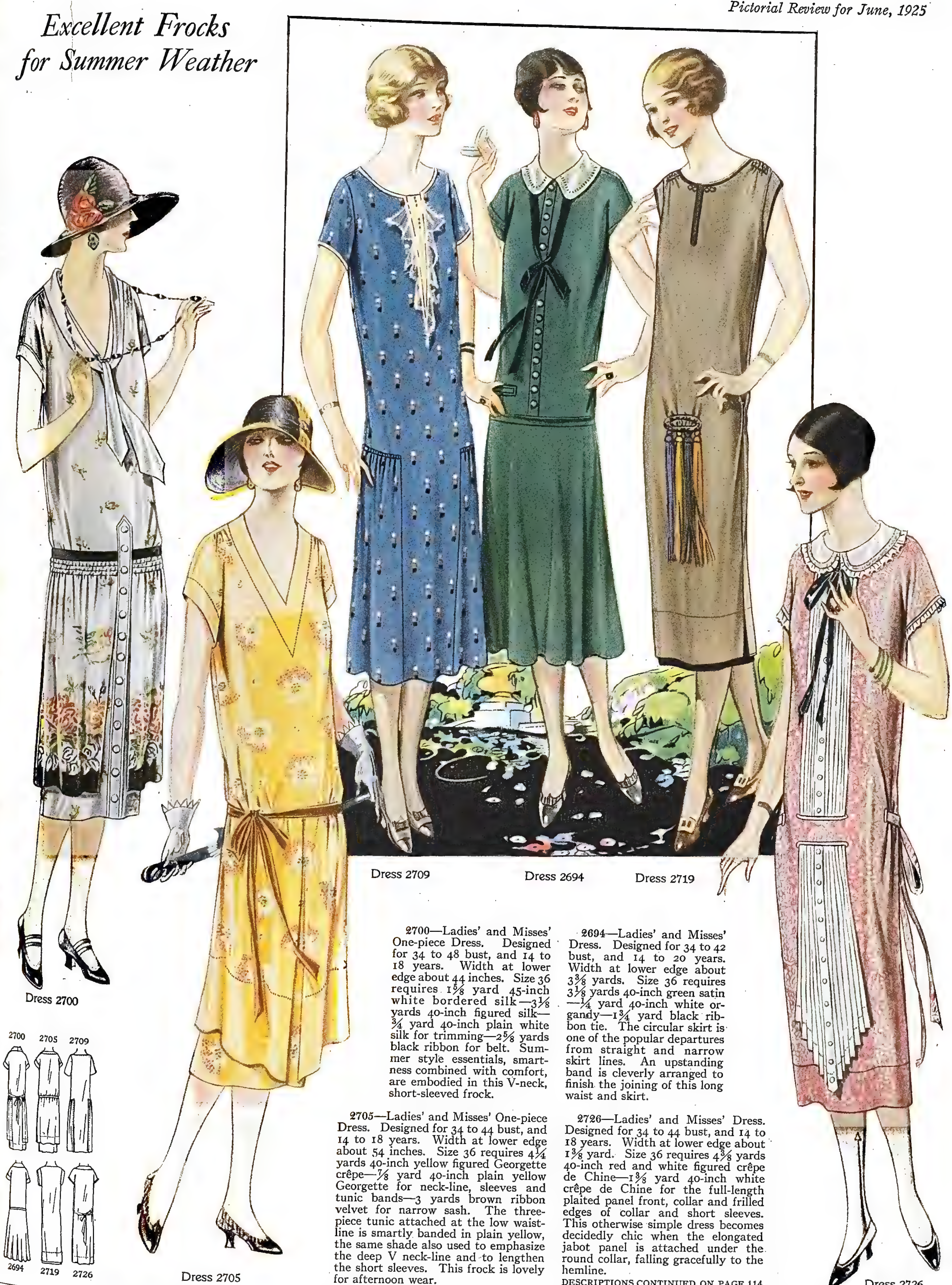
2729—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Size 36 requires 2 yards 45-inch bordered green figured chiffon—⅜ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for collar—1½ yard collar edging—2¾ yards ribbon. The lovely, youthful lines of this long-waisted dress and the delicate colorings of the bordered chiffon rank it among the most popular of Summer models.

2706—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 46 inches. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch figured tan, rose, and blue crêpe de Chine—1⅝ yard rose ribbon. The frock that is three-quarters plain and the lower one-quarter weighted with ruffles is an assured mode which is smartest when fashioned of supple silks or sheer Summer cottons.

2718—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 78 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch chiffon. The full-skirted mode is well suited to the figure of straight lines. This sleeveless frock is very charming when made of chiffon, with deep, open neck-line.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

Excellent Frocks for Summer Weather



Dress 2700

Dress 2705

Dress 2709

Dress 2694

Dress 2719

Dress 2726

2700—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 44 inches. Size 36 requires 1⅛ yard 45-inch white bordered silk—3⅛ yards 40-inch figured silk—¾ yard 40-inch plain white silk for trimming—2⅝ yards black ribbon for belt. Summer style essentials, smartness combined with comfort, are embodied in this V-neck, short-sleeved frock.

2705—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 54 inches. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch yellow figured Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 40-inch plain yellow Georgette for neck-line, sleeves and tunic bands—3 yards brown ribbon velvet for narrow sash. The three-piece tunic attached at the low waistline is smartly banded in plain yellow, the same shade also used to emphasize the deep V neck-line and to lengthen the short sleeves. This frock is lovely for afternoon wear.

2694—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 3⅜ yards. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch green satin—¼ yard 40-inch white organdy—1¾ yard black ribbon tie. The circular skirt is one of the popular departures from straight and narrow skirt lines. An upstanding band is cleverly arranged to finish the joining of this long waist and skirt.

2726—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch red and white figured crêpe de Chine—1⅜ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine for the full-length plaited panel front, collar and frilled edges of collar and short sleeves. This otherwise simple dress becomes decidedly chic when the elongated jabot panel is attached under the round collar, falling gracefully to the hemline.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

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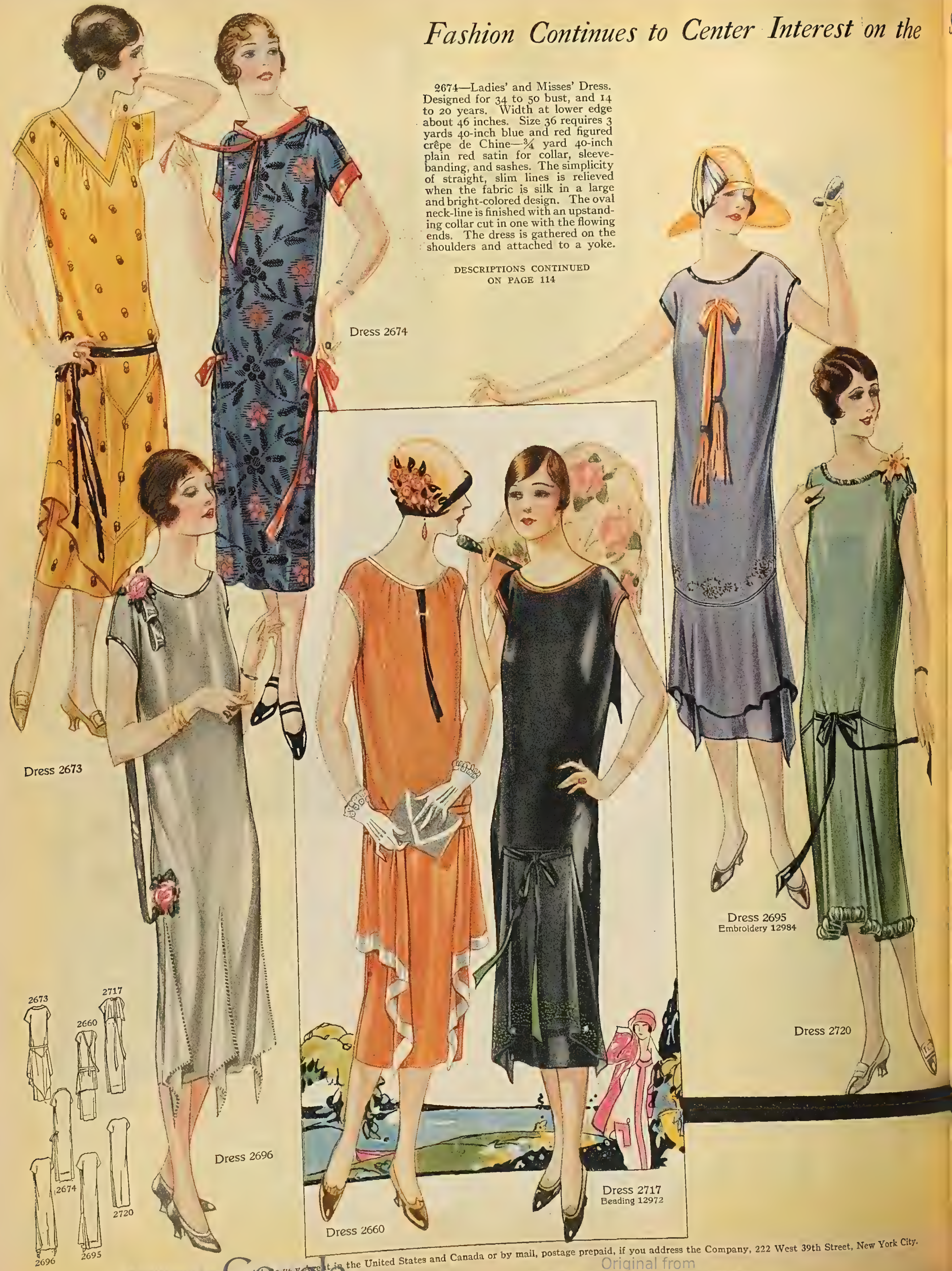
Fashion Continues to Center Interest on the

2674—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 46 inches. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch blue and red figured crêpe de Chine—¾ yard 40-inch plain red satin for collar, sleeve-banding, and sashes. The simplicity of straight, slim lines is relieved when the fabric is silk in a large and bright-colored design. The oval neck-line is finished with an upstanding collar cut in one with the flowing ends. The dress is gathered on the shoulders and attached to a yoke.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 114


Dress 2674
Dress 2673
Dress 2696
Dress 2660
Dress 2717
Beading 12972
Dress 2695
Embroidery 12984
Dress 2720
2673
2717
2660
2674
2720
2696
2695

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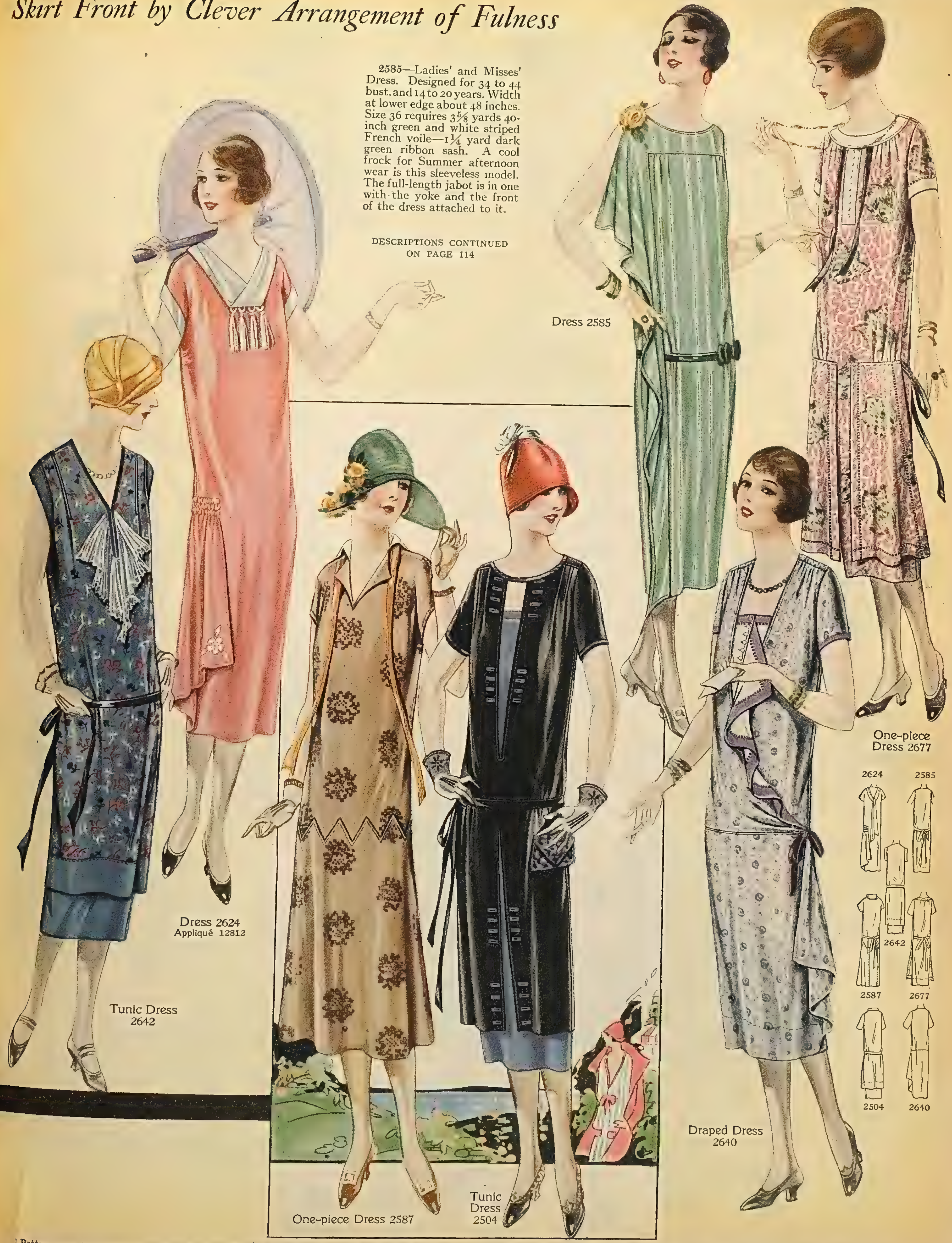
Skirt Front by Clever Arrangement of Fulness

2585—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 48 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch green and white striped French voile—1¼ yard dark green ribbon sash. A cool frock for Summer afternoon wear is this sleeveless model. The full-length jabot is in one with the yoke and the front of the dress attached to it.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 114



Dress 2585

Dress 2624
Appliqué 12812

Tunic Dress
2642

One-piece Dress 2587

Tunic Dress
2504

Draped Dress
2640

One-piece
Dress 2677

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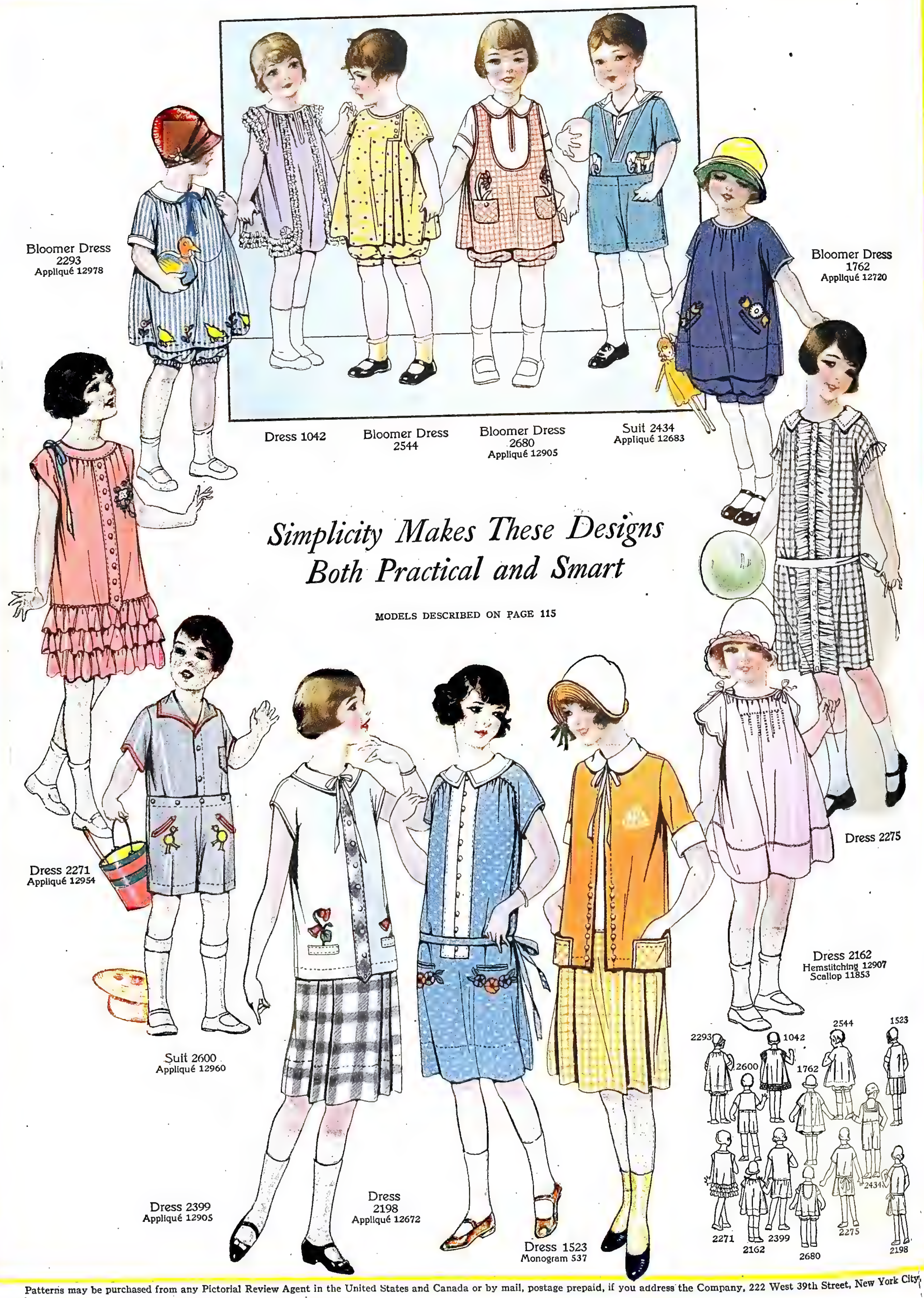
Simplicity Makes These Designs Both Practical and Smart

MODELS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 115



Bloomer Dress 2293
Appliqué 12978

Dress 1042

Bloomer Dress 2544

Bloomer Dress 2680
Appliqué 12905

Suit 2434
Appliqué 12683

Bloomer Dress 1762
Appliqué 12720

Dress 2271
Appliqué 12954

Dress 2275

Dress 2162
Hemstitching 12907
Scallop 11853

Suit 2600
Appliqué 12960

Dress 2399
Appliqué 12905

Dress 2198
Appliqué 12672

Dress 1523
Monogram 537

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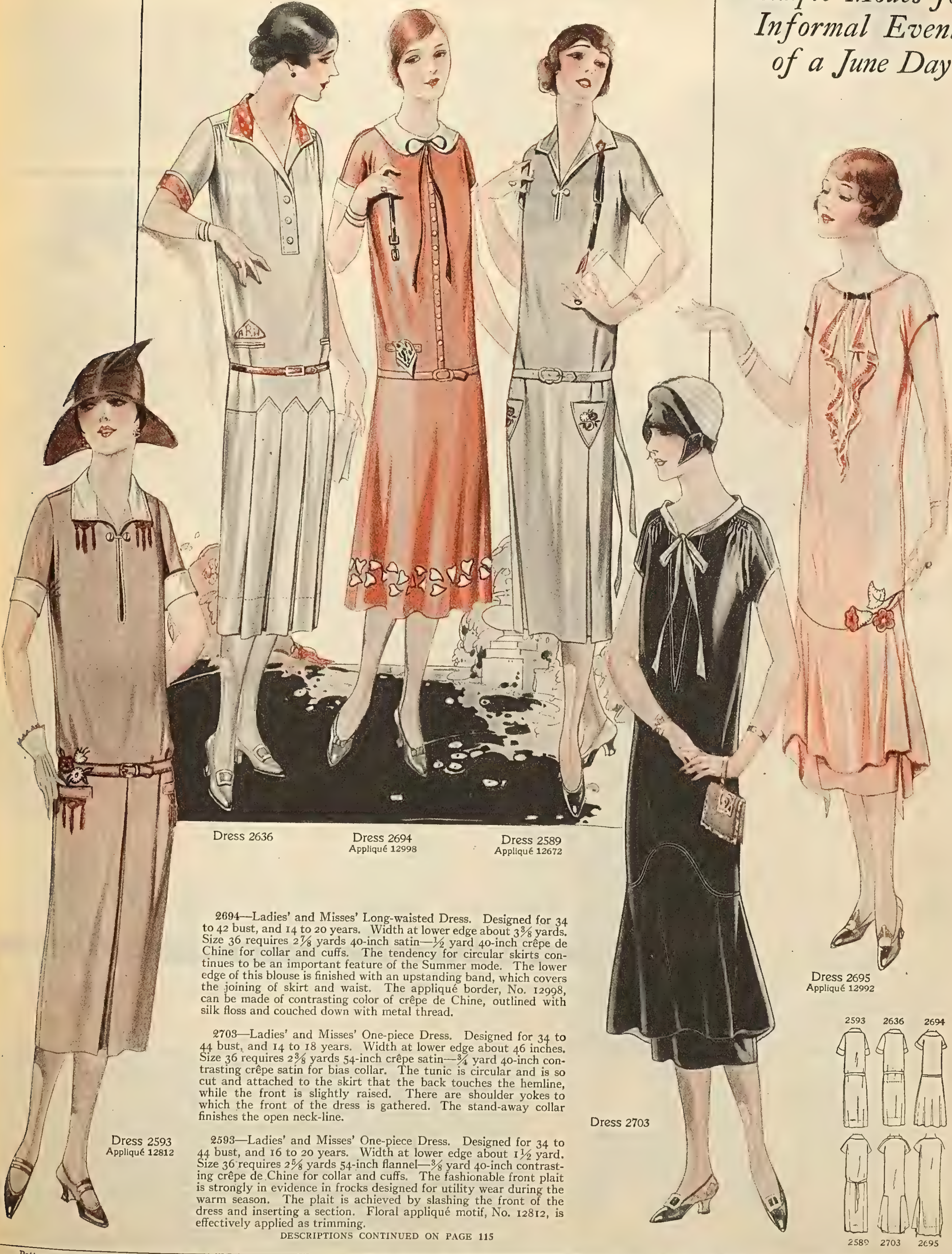
Simple Modes for Informal Events of a June Day



Dress 2636

Dress 2694
Appliqué 12998

Dress 2589
Appliqué 12672

Dress 2695
Appliqué 12992

Dress 2703

Dress 2593
Appliqué 12812

2694—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 3⅜ yards. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch satin—½ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for collar and cuffs. The tendency for circular skirts continues to be an important feature of the Summer mode. The lower edge of this blouse is finished with an upstanding band, which covers the joining of skirt and waist. The appliqué border, No. 12998, can be made of contrasting color of crêpe de Chine, outlined with silk floss and couched down with metal thread.

2703—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 46 inches. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch crêpe satin—¾ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe satin for bias collar. The tunic is circular and is so cut and attached to the skirt that the back touches the hemline, while the front is slightly raised. There are shoulder yokes to which the front of the dress is gathered. The stand-away collar finishes the open neck-line.

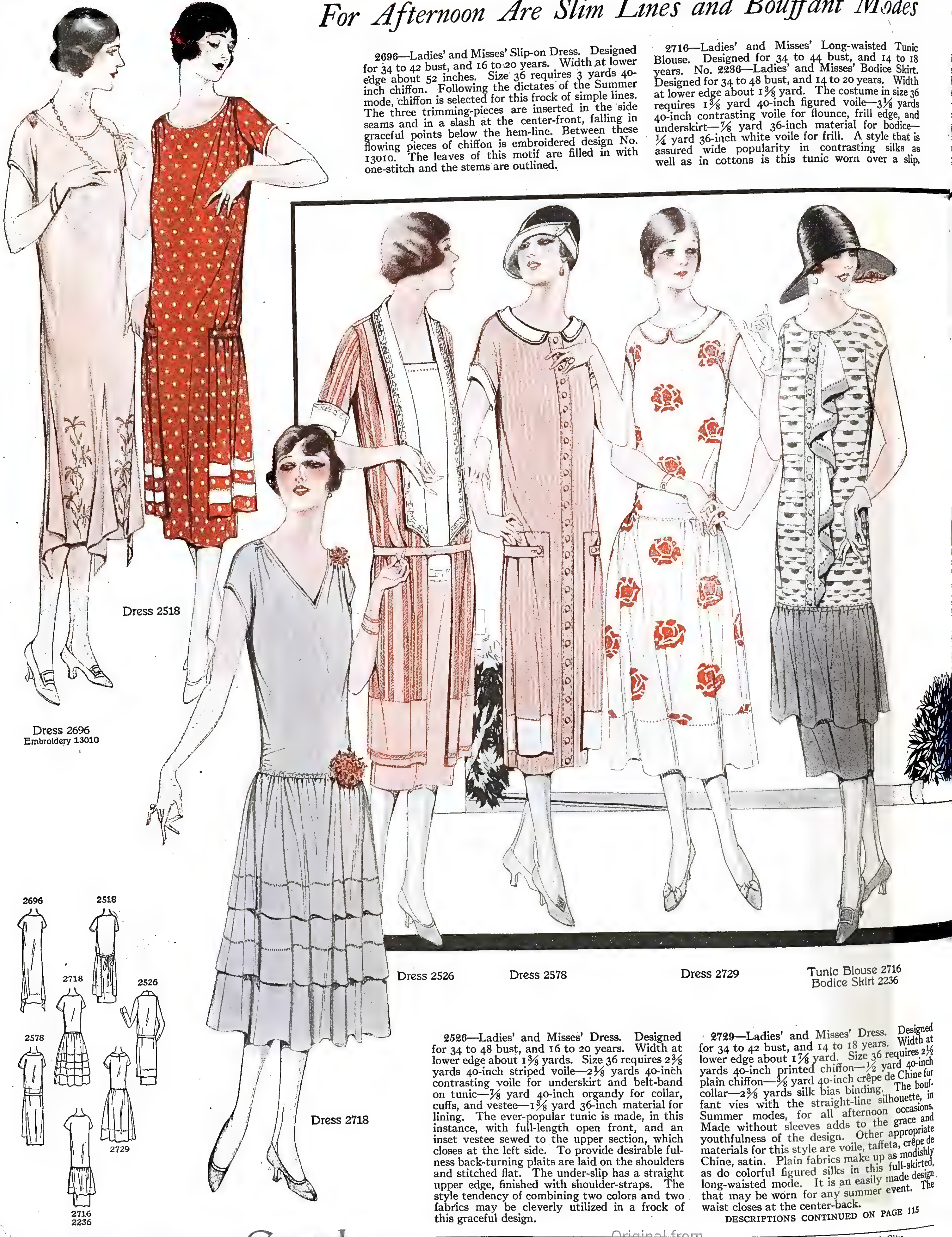
2593—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch flannel—⅜ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine for collar and cuffs. The fashionable front plait is strongly in evidence in frocks designed for utility wear during the warm season. The plait is achieved by slashing the front of the dress and inserting a section. Floral appliqué motif, No. 12812, is effectively applied as trimming.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

For Afternoon Are Slim Lines and Bouffant Modes

2696—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 52 inches. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch chiffon. Following the dictates of the Summer mode, chiffon is selected for this frock of simple lines. The three trimming-pieces are inserted in the side seams and in a slash at the center-front, falling in graceful points below the hem-line. Between these flowing pieces of chiffon is embroidered design No. 13010. The leaves of this motif are filled in with one-stitch and the stems are outlined.

2716—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. No. **2236**—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch figured voile—3⅛ yards 40-inch contrasting voile for flounce, frill edge, and underskirt—⅞ yard 36-inch material for bodice—¼ yard 36-inch white voile for frill. A style that is assured wide popularity in contrasting silks as well as in cottons is this tunic worn over a slip.



Dress 2518

Dress 2696
Embroidery 13010

Dress 2526

Dress 2578

Dress 2729

Tunic Blouse 2716
Bodice Skirt 2236

Dress 2718

2526—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yards. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch striped voile—2⅛ yards 40-inch contrasting voile for underskirt and belt-band on tunic—⅞ yard 40-inch organdy for collar, cuffs, and vestee—1⅜ yard 36-inch material for lining. The ever-popular tunic is made, in this instance, with full-length open front, and an inset vestee sewed to the upper section, which closes at the left side. To provide desirable fulness back-turning plaits are laid on the shoulders and stitched flat. The under-slip has a straight upper edge, finished with shoulder-straps. The style tendency of combining two colors and two fabrics may be cleverly utilized in a frock of this graceful design.

2729—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch printed chiffon—½ yard 40-inch plain chiffon—⅜ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for collar—2⅜ yards silk bias binding. The bouffant vies with the straight-line silhouette, in Summer modes, for all afternoon occasions. Made without sleeves adds to the grace and youthfulness of the design. Other appropriate materials for this style are voile, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, satin. Plain fabrics make up as modishly as do colorful figured silks in this full-skirted, long-waisted mode. It is an easily made design that may be worn for any summer event. The waist closes at the center-back.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

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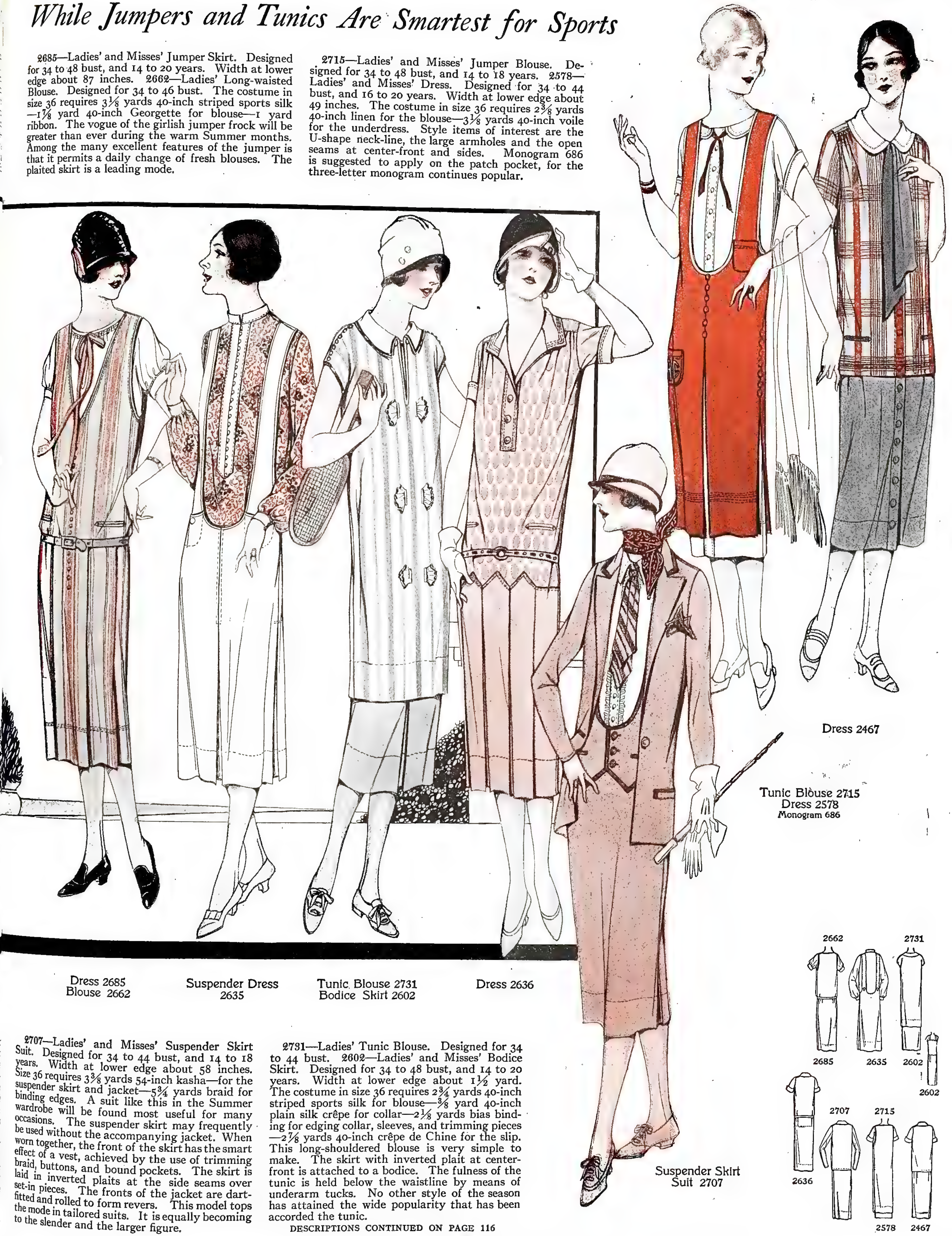
While Jumpers and Tunics Are Smartest for Sports

2685—Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 87 inches. 2662—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. The costume in size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch striped sports silk—1⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette for blouse—1 yard ribbon. The vogue of the girlish jumper frock will be greater than ever during the warm Summer months. Among the many excellent features of the jumper is that it permits a daily change of fresh blouses. The plaited skirt is a leading mode.

2715—Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 18 years. 2578—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 49 inches. The costume in size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch linen for the blouse—3⅛ yards 40-inch voile for the underdress. Style items of interest are the U-shape neck-line, the large armholes and the open seams at center-front and sides. Monogram 686 is suggested to apply on the patch pocket, for the three-letter monogram continues popular.



Dress 2467

Tunic Blouse 2715
Dress 2578
Monogram 686

Dress 2685
Blouse 2662

Suspender Dress
2635

Tunic Blouse 2731
Bodice Skirt 2602

Dress 2636

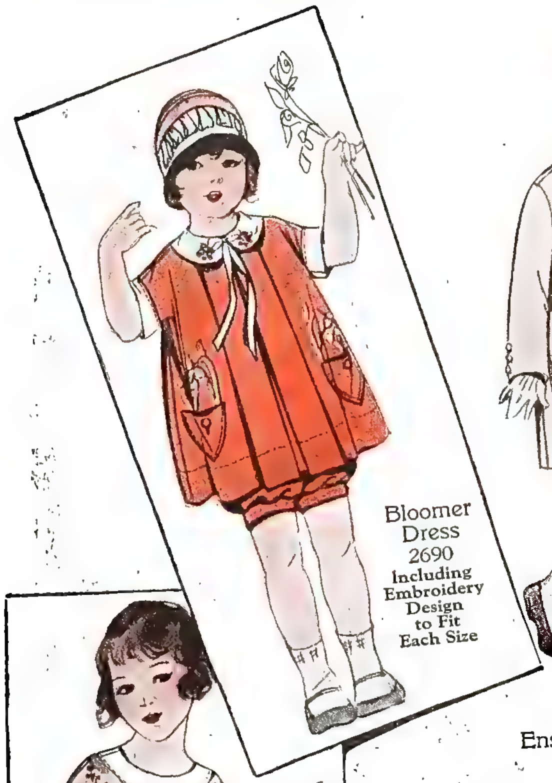
Suspender Skirt
Suit 2707

2707—Ladies' and Misses' Suspender Skirt Suit. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 58 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch kasha—for the suspender skirt and jacket—5¾ yards braid for binding edges. A suit like this in the Summer wardrobe will be found most useful for many occasions. The suspender skirt may frequently be used without the accompanying jacket. When worn together, the front of the skirt has the smart effect of a vest, achieved by the use of trimming braid, buttons, and bound pockets. The skirt is laid in inverted plaits at the side seams over set-in pieces. The fronts of the jacket are dart-fitted and rolled to form revers. This model tops the mode in tailored suits. It is equally becoming to the slender and the larger figure.

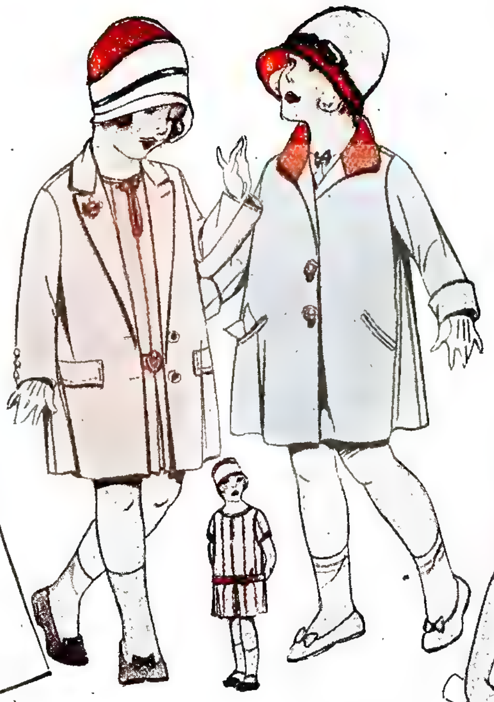
2731—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 2602—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch striped sports silk for blouse—⅜ yard 40-inch plain silk crêpe for collar—2⅛ yards bias binding for edging collar, sleeves, and trimming pieces—2⅞ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for the slip. This long-shouldered blouse is very simple to make. The skirt with inverted plait at center-front is attached to a bodice. The fulness of the tunic is held below the waistline by means of underarm tucks. No other style of the season has attained the wide popularity that has been accorded the tunic.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

Lovely Frocks for Graduation and
Reflect All the Popular

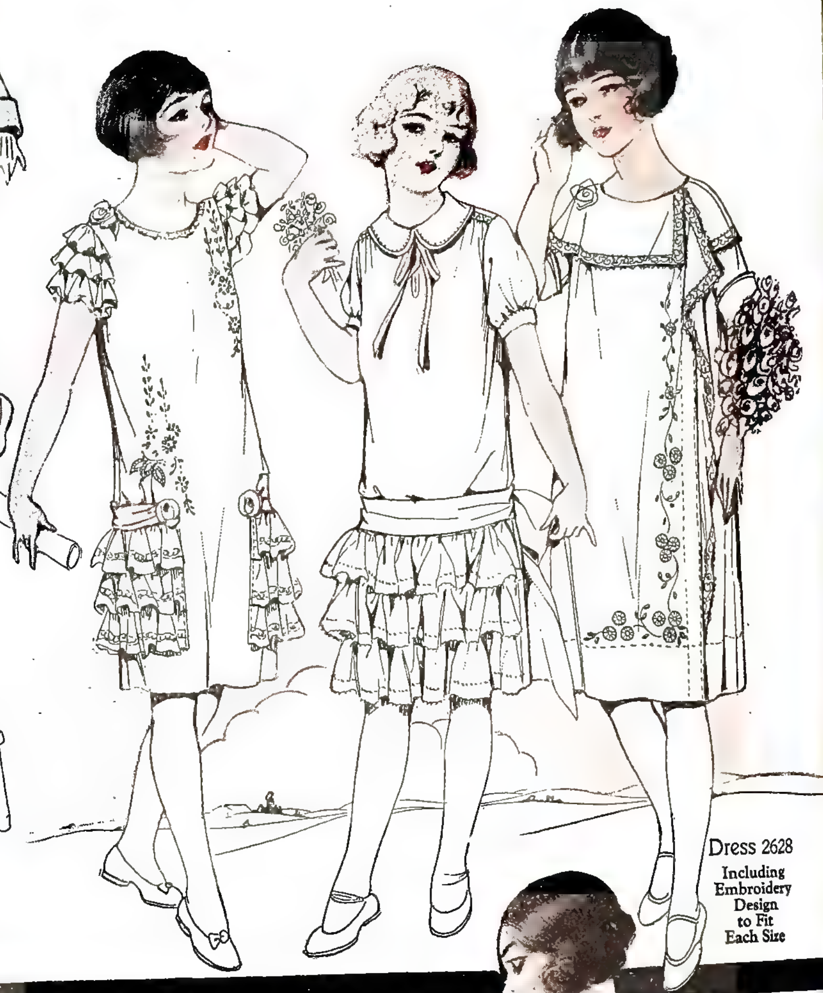


Bloomer Dress 2690 Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size



Ensemble Costume 2713

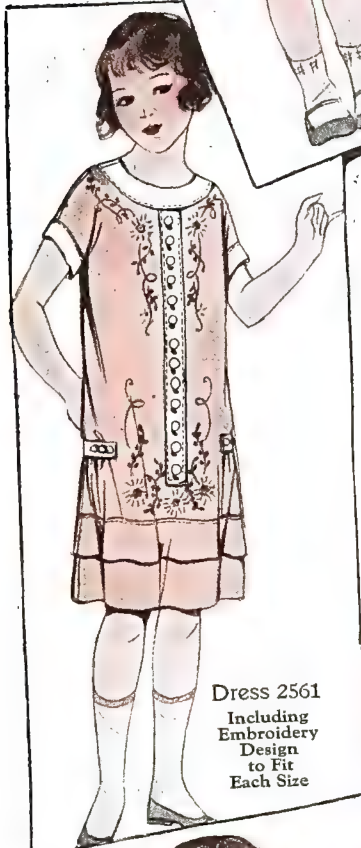
Coat 2678



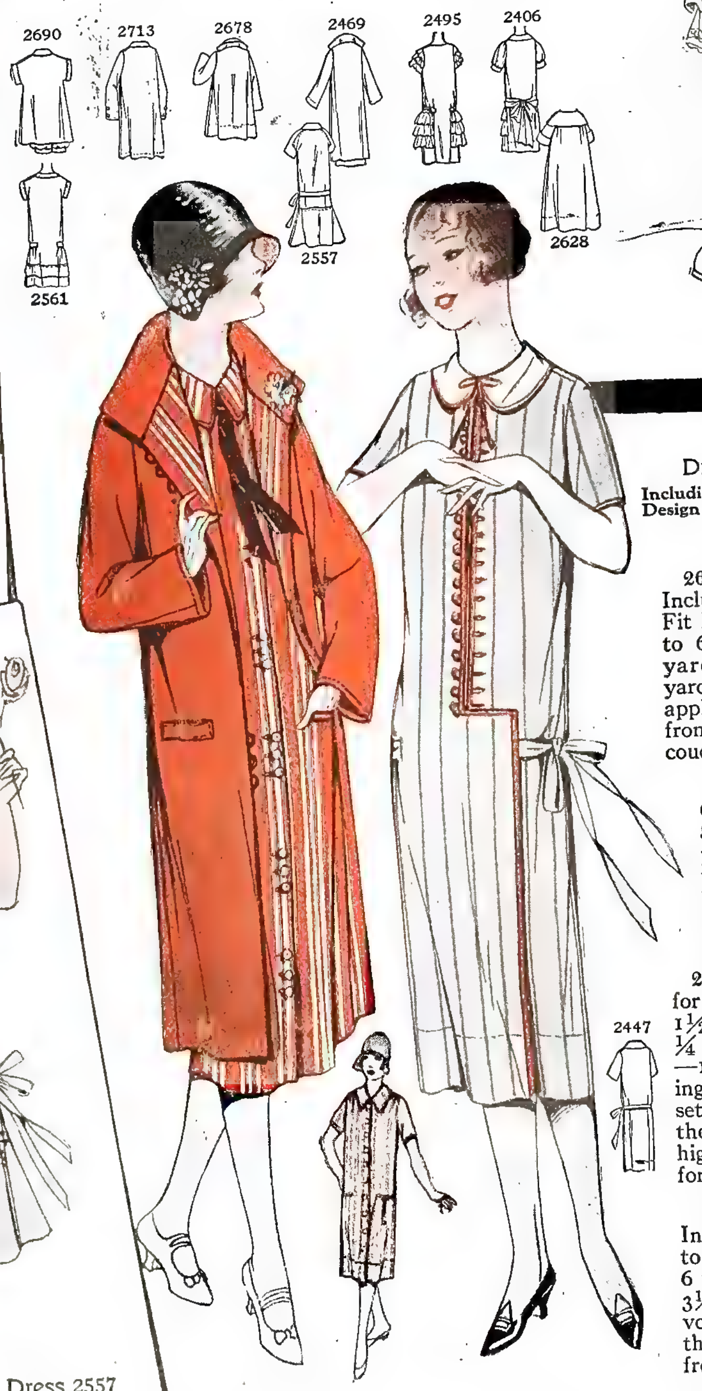
Dress 2628 Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size

Dress 2495 Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size

Dress 2406

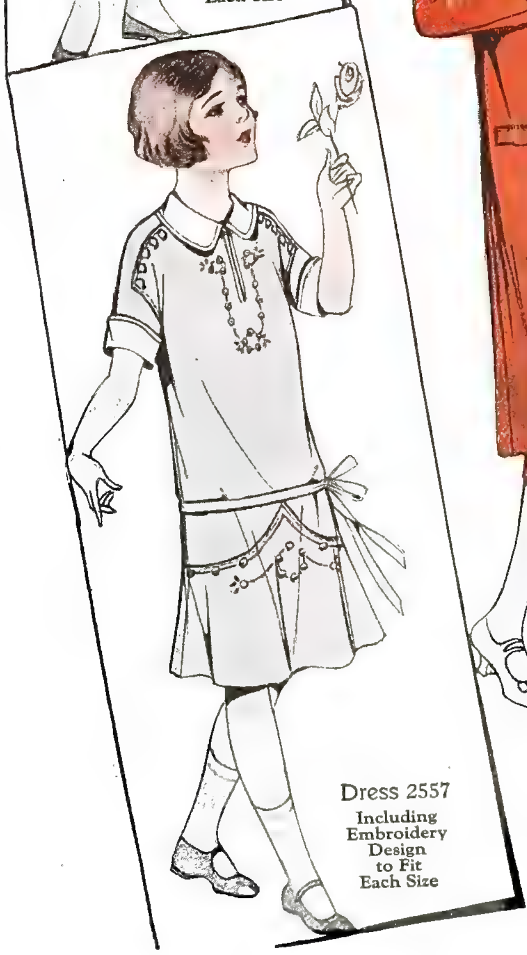


Dress 2561 Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size

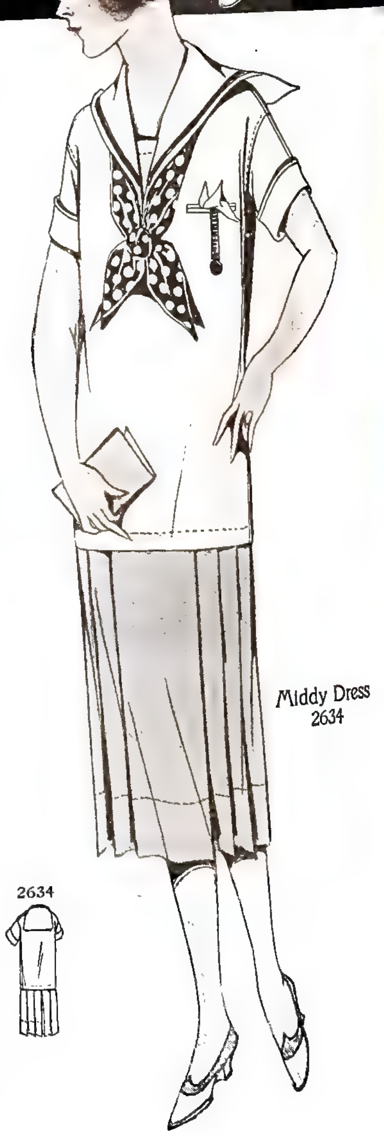


Jacket Costume 2469

Dress 2447



Dress 2557 Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size



Middy Dress 2634

2690—Child's Bloomer Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 3 yards 32-inch chambray—⅜ yard 36-inch white linen. The appliqué design may be cut from contrasting chambray and couched down in blanket stitch.

2713—Child's Ensemble Costume. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch flannel—1¼ yard 36-inch silk for lining. This smart little ensemble costume consists of a long-waisted dress and a coat.

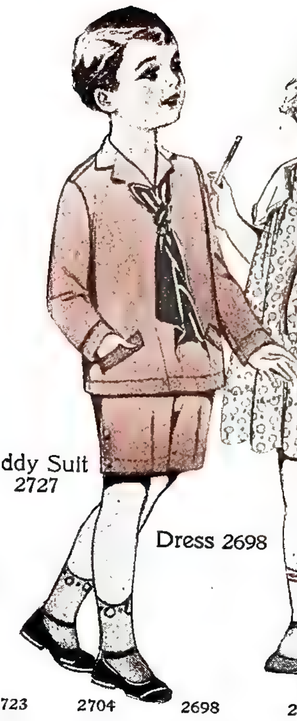
2678—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 54-inch broadcloth—¼ yard 36-inch velvet for collar—1½ yard 36-inch silk for lining. This simple model has inset sleeves with turn-back cuffs, the fronts underfaced and closed high to the neck or rolled to form revers.

2495—Girls' One-piece Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch indestructible voile—5 yards lace insertion. For the young graduate this dainty frock is very effective.

2447—Juniors' One-piece Dress. Designed for 13 to 19 years. Size 15 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch striped flannel—3¾ yards bias binding—¼ yard 36-inch contrasting silk for collar.

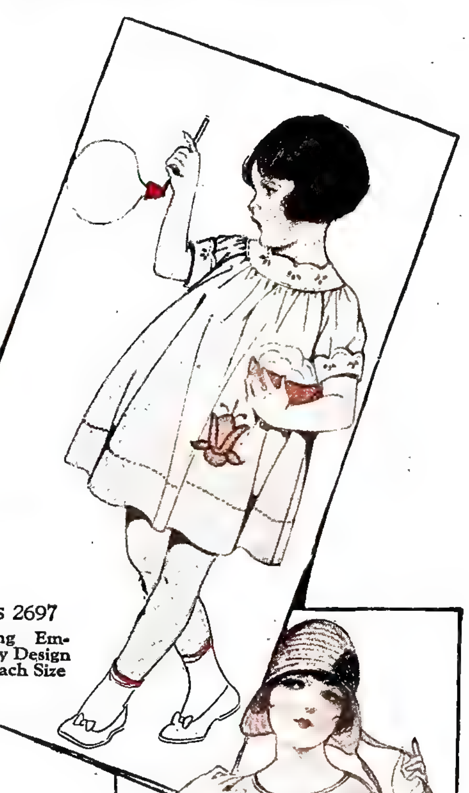
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

Practical Modes for Every-day Wear
Style Features of the Season

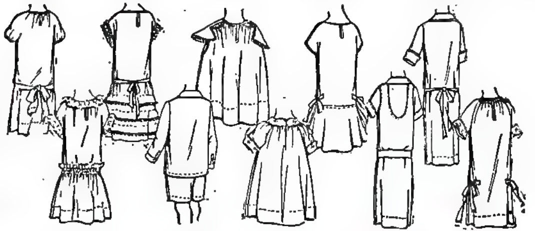


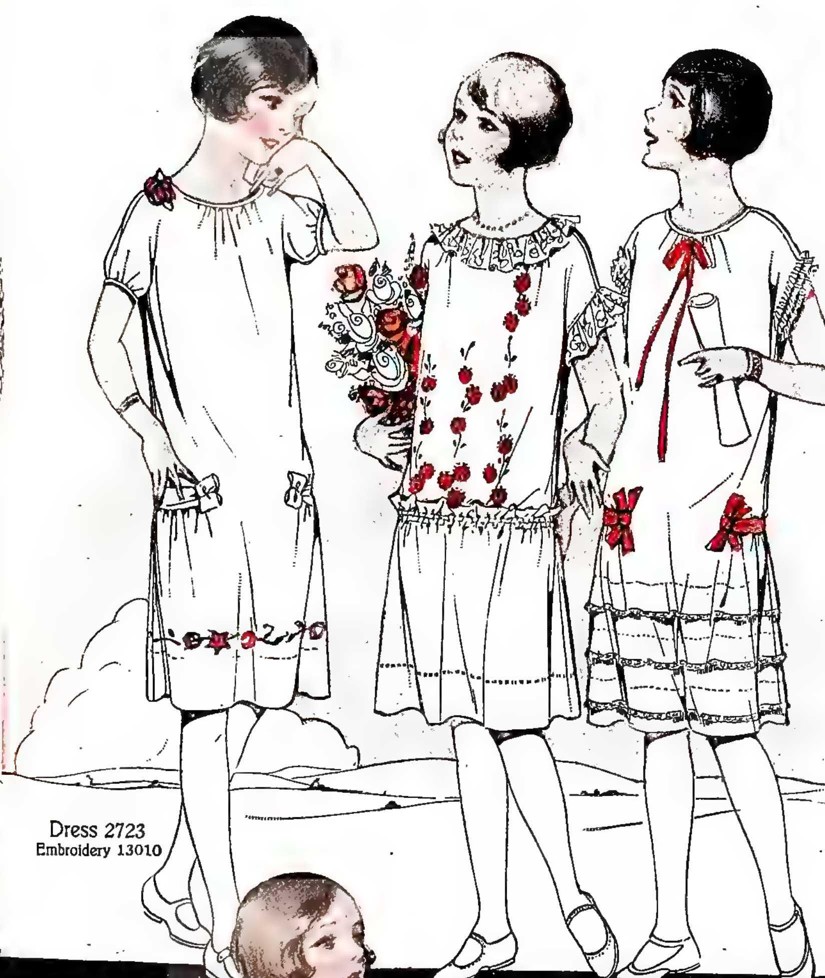
Middy Suit 2727

Dress 2698



Dress 2697
Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size

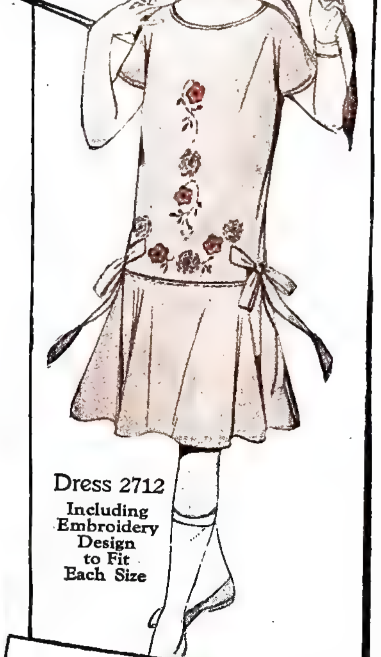




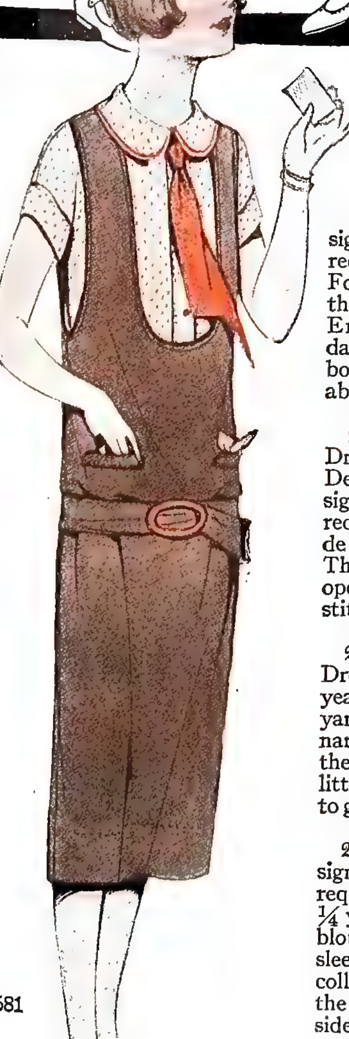
Dress 2723
Embroidery 13010

Dress 2691
Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size

Dress 2704



Dress 2712
Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size



Dress 2681

2723—One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch voile. For party or graduation dress this model is equally suitable. Embroidery, design 13010, a dainty floral spray, forms a neat border at the bottom of the dress above the hem-line.

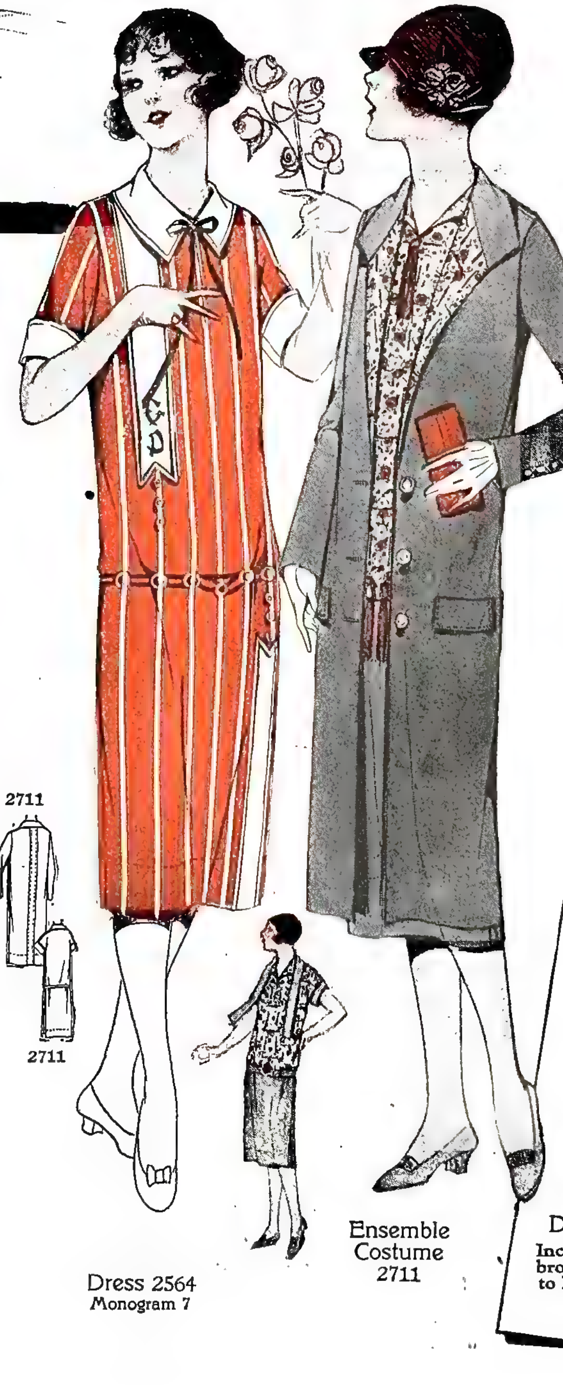
2691—Girls' and Juniors' Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2½ yards lace ruffling. The embroidery may be developed in lazy-daisy and outline stitches.

2704—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch batiste—9 yards narrow frilling. Frillings form the only trimming on this simple little frock and it is applied so as to give a tiered effect on the skirt.

2727—Boys' Middy Suit. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch linen—¼ yard 36-inch white linen. The blouse of this little suit has long sleeves finished with cuffs, and a collar of white linen rolled with the revers. Buttons trim the sides of the straight trousers.

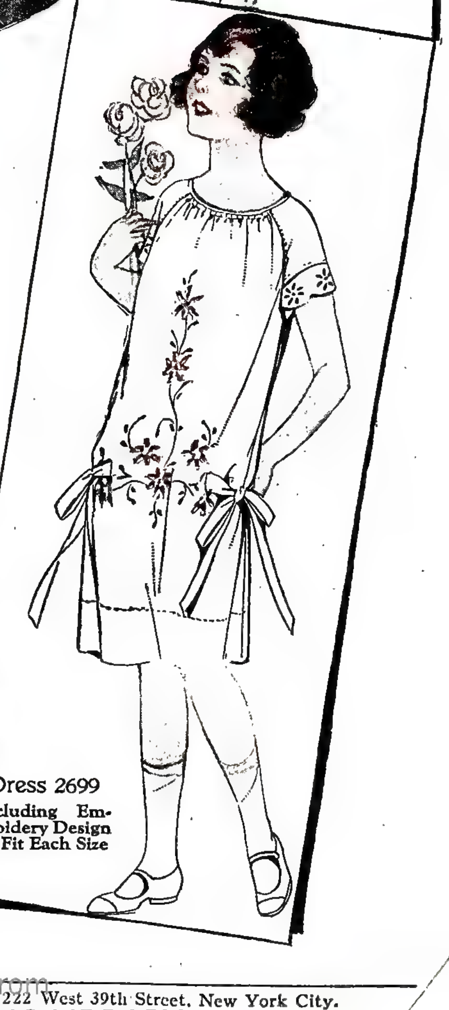
2699—Girls' One-piece Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch voile.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 116



Dress 2564
Monogram 7

Ensemble Costume 2711



Dress 2699
Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size

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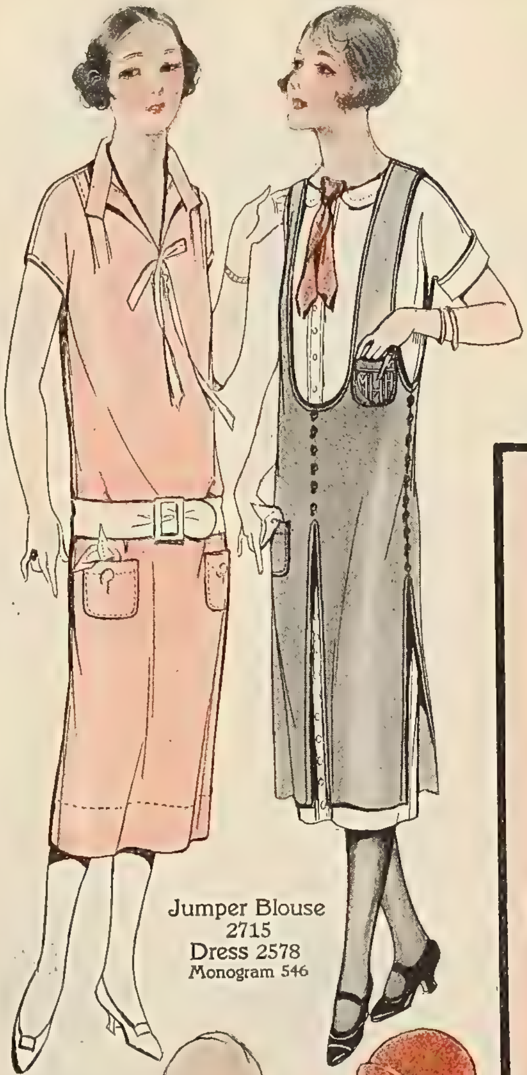
A Charming Array of Frocks That

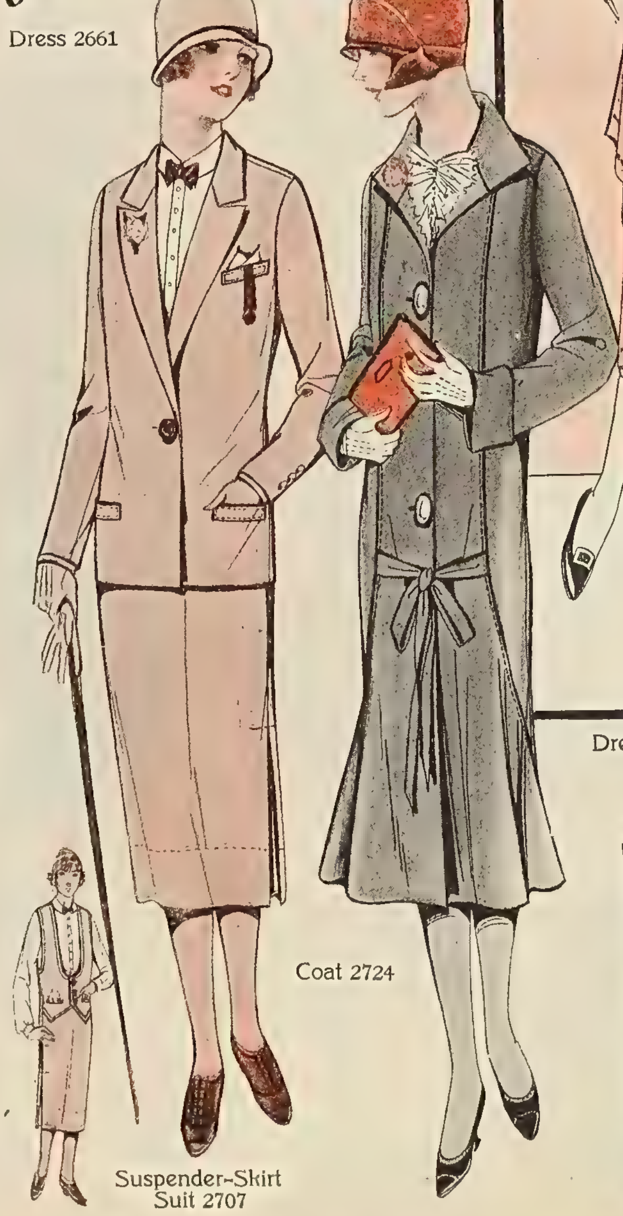
2661—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 47 inches. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—¼ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine for belt. The extended shoulder line forms sleeves and the tucks on the shoulder provide fulness. This is smartly practical and even an amateur need not hesitate to make it, since it involves but little work to finish.

2715—Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Blouse. Designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 48 bust. No. 2578—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 46 inches. The costume in size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch satin for the blouse—2⅛ yards 40-inch organdy for the dress. A practical selection of materials is to purchase a washable fabric for the underdress and satin, silk crêpe, kasha, or jersey for the blouse. Monogram 546 is effectively used.



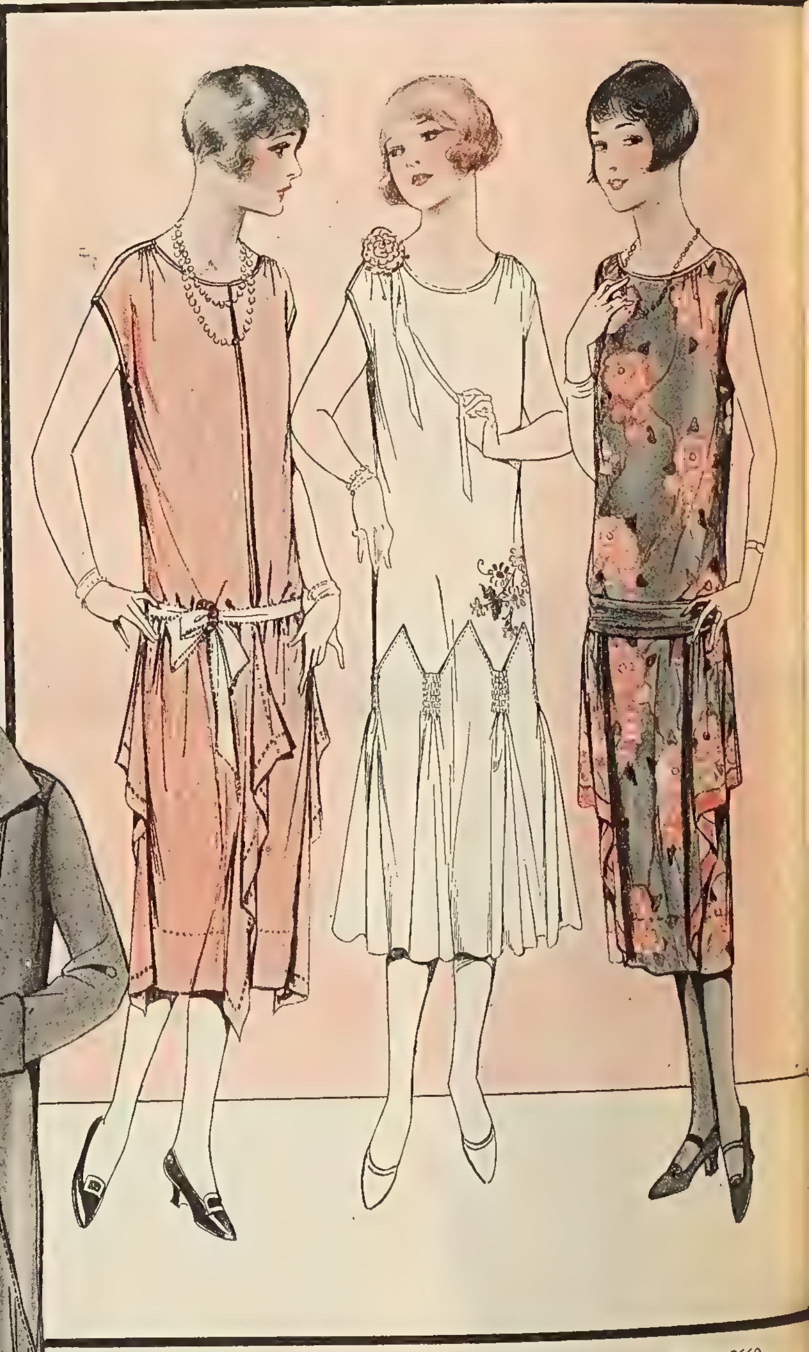
Jumper Blouse 2715
Dress 2578
Monogram 546

Dress 2661



Coat 2724

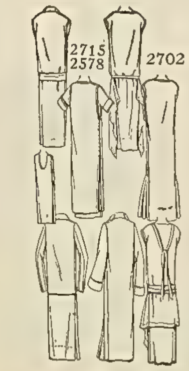
Suspender-Skirt Suit 2707



Dress 2710

Dress 2702
Embroidery 12912

Dress 2660



2710—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 79 inches. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch dotted voile—2 yards ribbon for sash. The extended shoulders achieve the effect of sleeves. The inverted plait on the front of the blouse breaks the flat front line. Cascade drapes trim front and sides of the three-piece skirt.

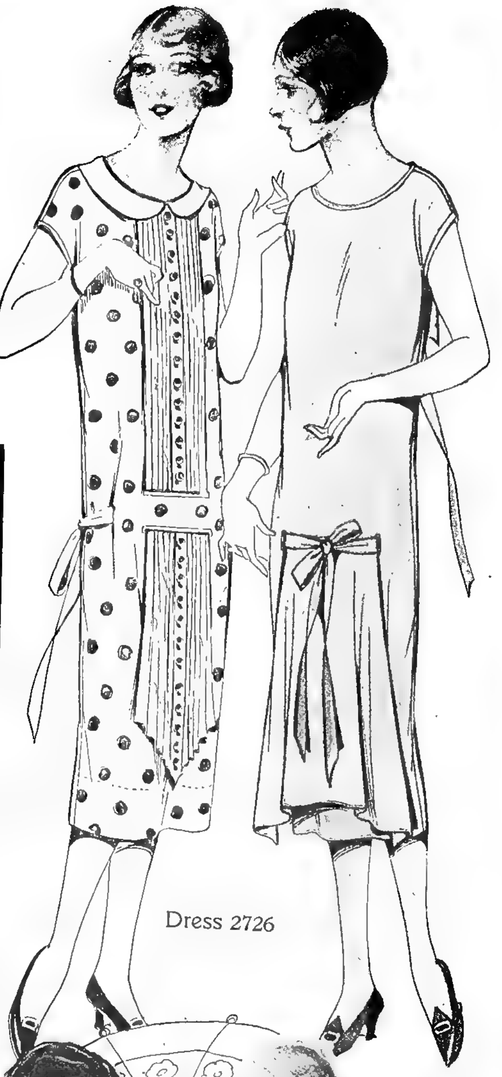
2702—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch chiffon. The sleeveless mode continues to be much in evidence. The lower part of this dress is cut in pointed outline and shirred between the points. A simple, girlish design which is suitable for Summer afternoons or for evening wear. Embroidery design No. 12912 is used.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

Point the Way to Youthful Slimness

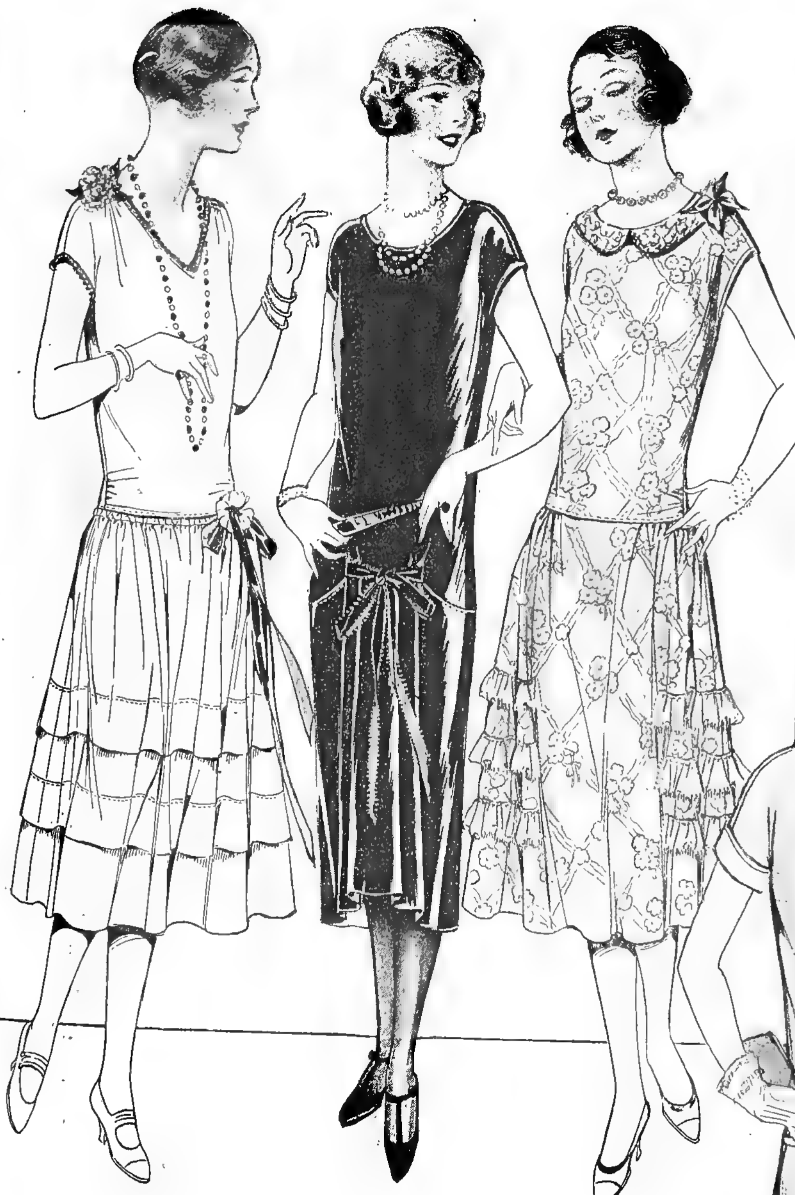
2718—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yards. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch taffeta—2¼ yards ribbon for trimming. A full gathered skirt is attached to the snug-fitting waist which has a V neck and short kimono sleeves. A flower is placed on the right shoulder while a cabochon of silk and ribbon bow and ends trims the waist at the left side.

2717—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 18 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch satin—1¾ yard grosgrain ribbon for binding—4 yards ribbon for tie-strings. For informal or afternoon wear this is a stunning frock. The circular panel falls in soft folds in the front while the back shows a short cape. A ribbon tie-string is slipped through slashes and ties in a bow, accenting the front fulness.



Dress 2726

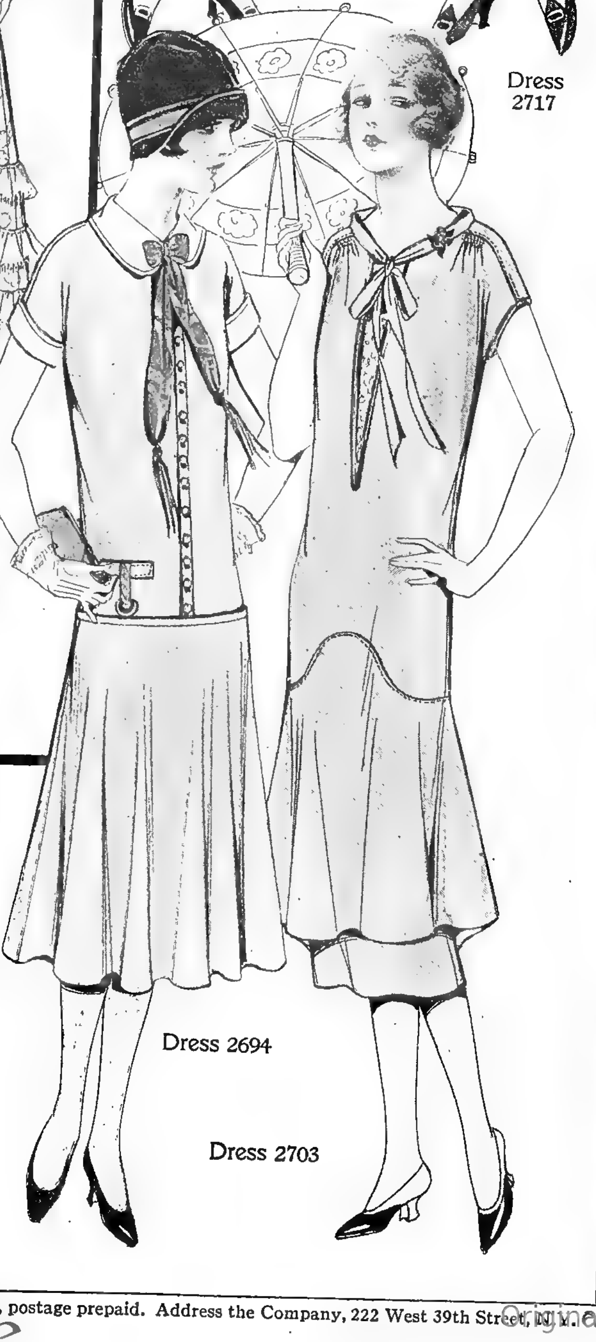
Dress 2717



Dress 2718

Dress 2720

Dress 2729



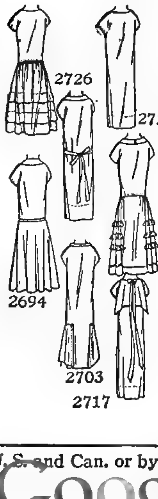
Dress 2694

Dress 2703

2720—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 o 18 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge bout 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch igured indestructible voile—½ yard 40-inch contrastng voile for ruffles. Quite picturesque is this youthful nodel which is so appropriate for the afternoon tealance or any informal occasion. Frilling trims the ides of the full skirt and the oval neck is finished with collar of self-material.

2694—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Deigned for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at ower edge about 3⅜ yards. Size 16 requires 2⅛ yards 4-inch flannel—⅜ yard 54-inch white flannel for collar nd cuffs. This practical street model fashioned of flanel has a long waist, buttoning at the center-front, and n attached circular skirt which is in two sections. A ribon bow with tasseled ends finishes the collar closing.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 116



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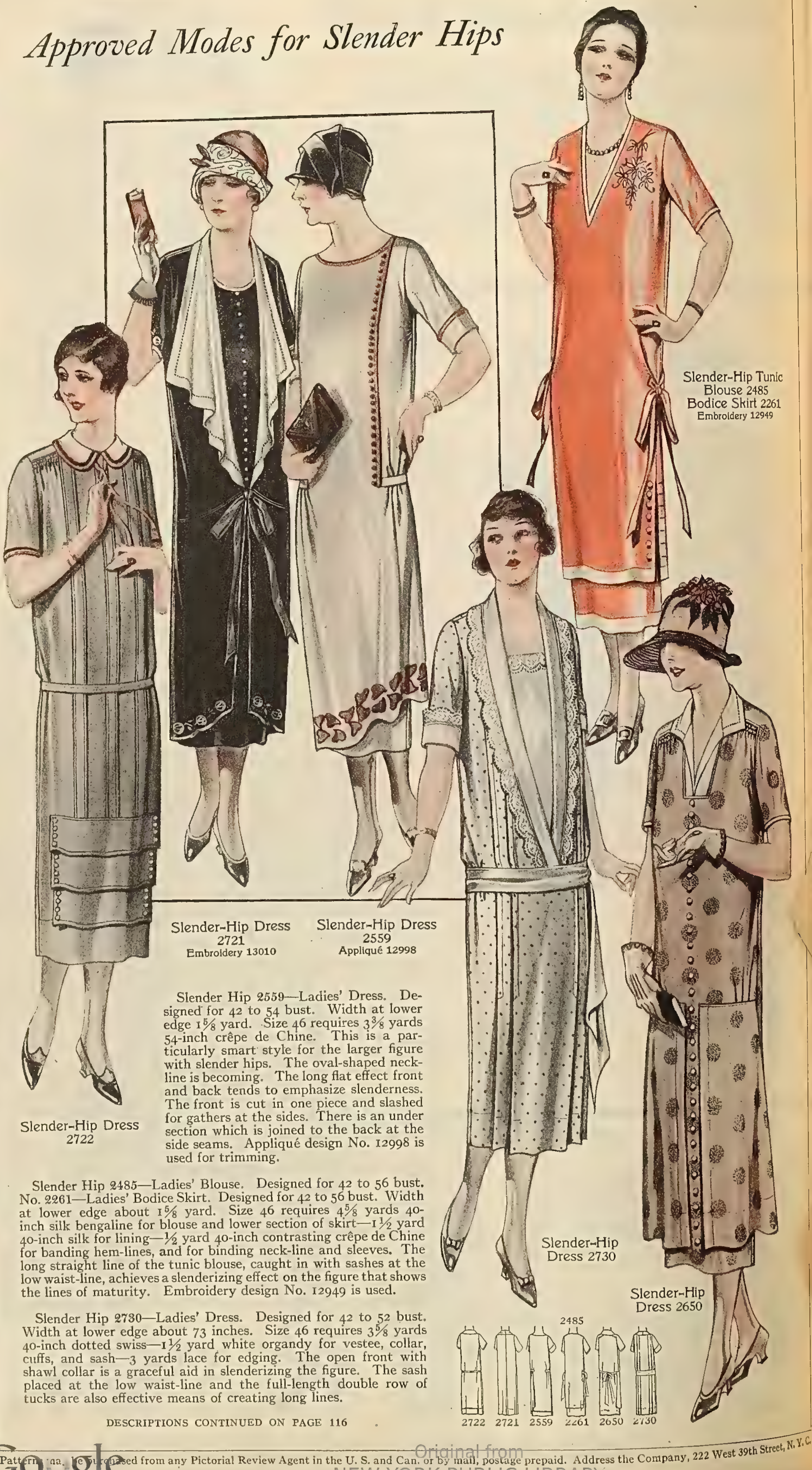
Approved Modes for Slender Hips



Slender-Hip Tunic
Blouse 2485
Bodice Skirt 2261
Embroidery 12949

Slender-Hip Dress
2721
Embroidery 13010

Slender-Hip Dress
2559
Appliqué 12998

Slender-Hip Dress
2722

Slender-Hip
Dress 2730

Slender-Hip
Dress 2650

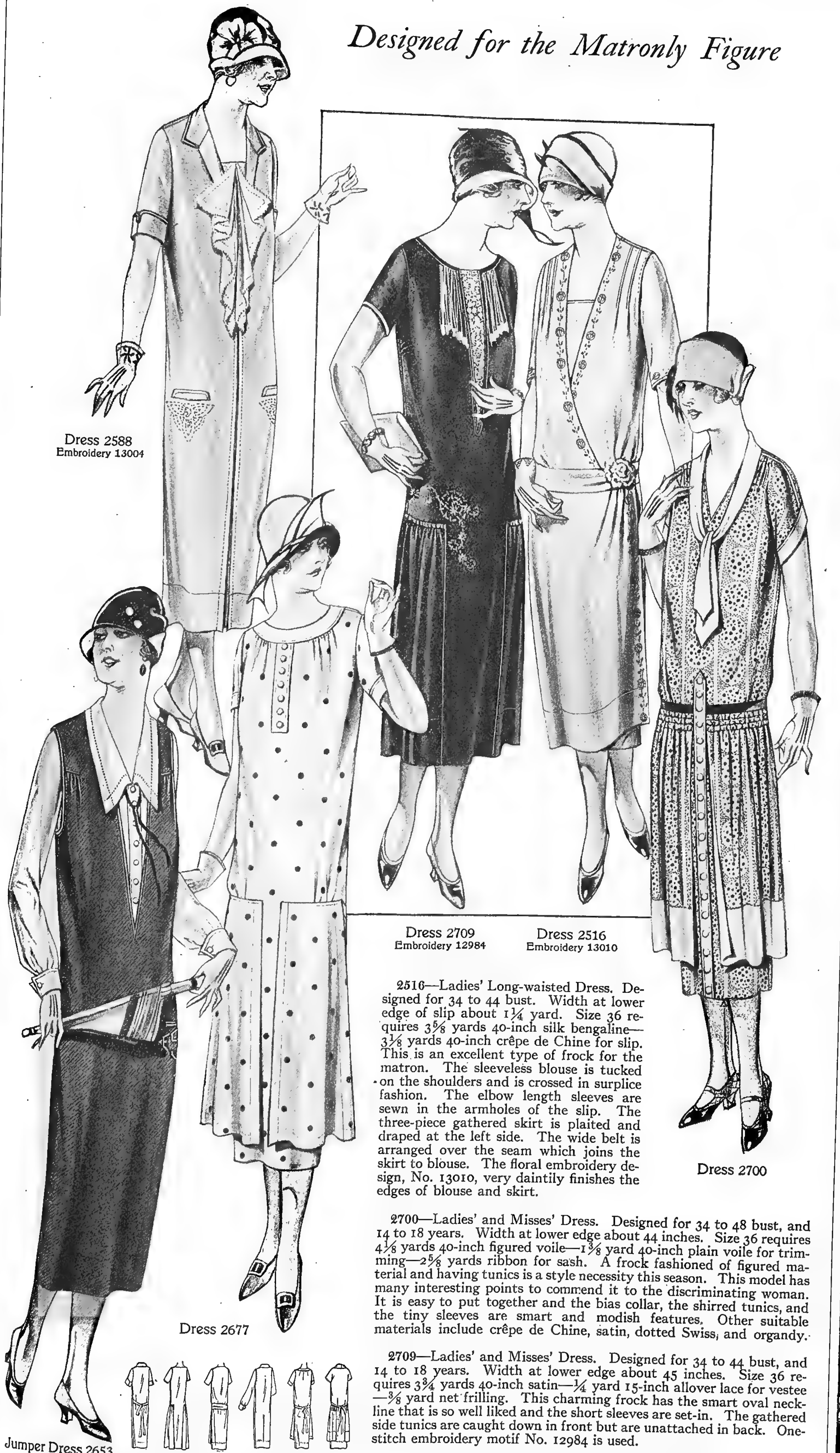
Slender Hip 2559—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 54 bust. Width at lower edge 1⅝ yard. Size 46 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch crêpe de Chine. This is a particularly smart style for the larger figure with slender hips. The oval-shaped neck-line is becoming. The long flat effect front and back tends to emphasize slenderness. The front is cut in one piece and slashed for gathers at the sides. There is an under section which is joined to the back at the side seams. Appliqué design No. 12998 is used for trimming.

Slender Hip 2485—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. No. 2261—Ladies' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 46 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch silk bengaline for blouse and lower section of skirt—1½ yard 40-inch silk for lining—½ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine for banding hem-lines, and for binding neck-line and sleeves. The long straight line of the tunic blouse, caught in with sashes at the low waist-line, achieves a slenderizing effect on the figure that shows the lines of maturity. Embroidery design No. 12949 is used.

Slender Hip 2730—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 73 inches. Size 46 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch dotted swiss—1½ yard white organdy for vestee, collar, cuffs, and sash—3 yards lace for edging. The open front with shawl collar is a graceful aid in slenderizing the figure. The sash placed at the low waist-line and the full-length double row of tucks are also effective means of creating long lines.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

Designed for the Matronly Figure



Dress 2588
Embroidery 13004

Dress 2709
Embroidery 12984

Dress 2516
Embroidery 13010

Dress 2700

Dress 2677

Jumper Dress 2653
Monogram 540

2516—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge of slip about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch silk bengaline—3⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for slip. This is an excellent type of frock for the matron. The sleeveless blouse is tucked on the shoulders and is crossed in surplice fashion. The elbow length sleeves are sewn in the armholes of the slip. The three-piece gathered skirt is plaited and draped at the left side. The wide belt is arranged over the seam which joins the skirt to blouse. The floral embroidery design, No. 13010, very daintily finishes the edges of blouse and skirt.

2700—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 44 inches. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch figured voile—1⅜ yard 40-inch plain voile for trimming—2⅝ yards ribbon for sash. A frock fashioned of figured material and having tunics is a style necessity this season. This model has many interesting points to commend it to the discriminating woman. It is easy to put together and the bias collar, the shirred tunics, and the tiny sleeves are smart and modish features. Other suitable materials include crêpe de Chine, satin, dotted Swiss, and organdy.

2709—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 45 inches. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch satin—¼ yard 15-inch allover lace for vestee—⅜ yard net frilling. This charming frock has the smart oval neckline that is so well liked and the short sleeves are set-in. The gathered side tunics are caught down in front but are unattached in back. One-stitch embroidery motif No. 12984 is used.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

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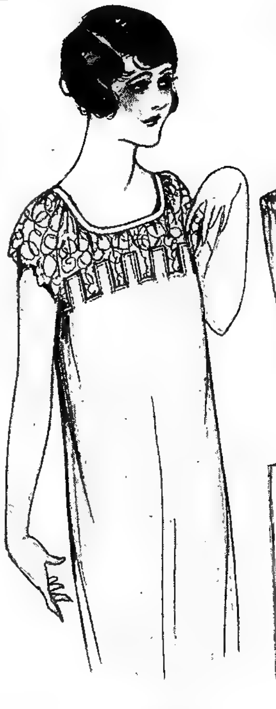
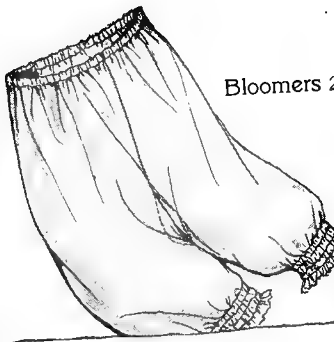
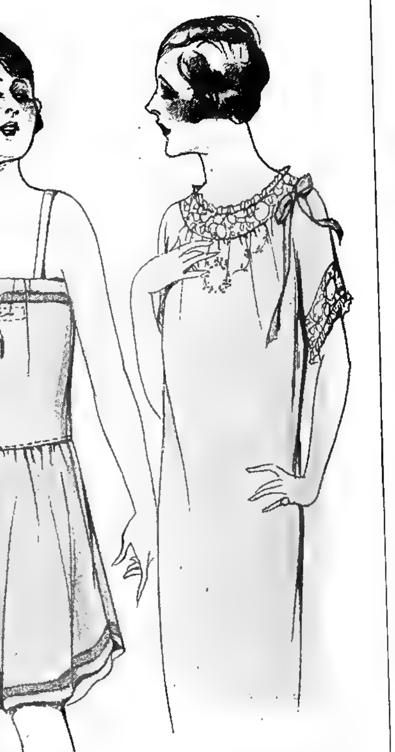


Nightgown 2455



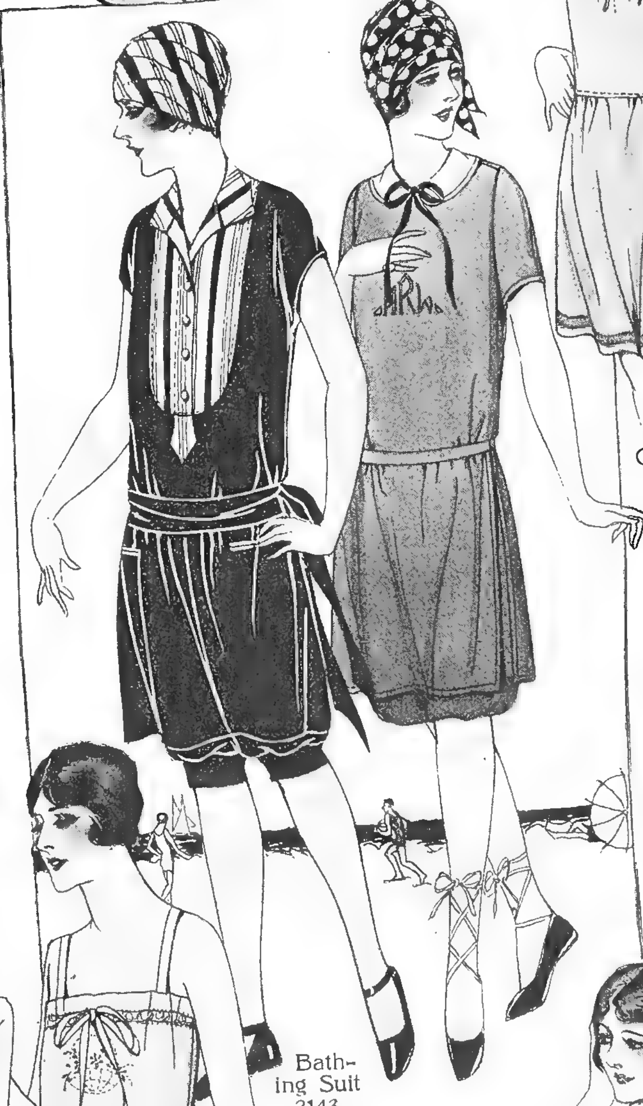
Bloomers 2687



Combination 2728
Embroidery 12799

Nightgown 2486
Embroidery 11569

2143—Ladies' and Misses' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch black sateen—½ yard 36-inch striped sateen—1⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The one-piece part of this smart bathing suit has an inset front-closing bosom and a tab of striped sateen. The bloomers are attached to an underbody.



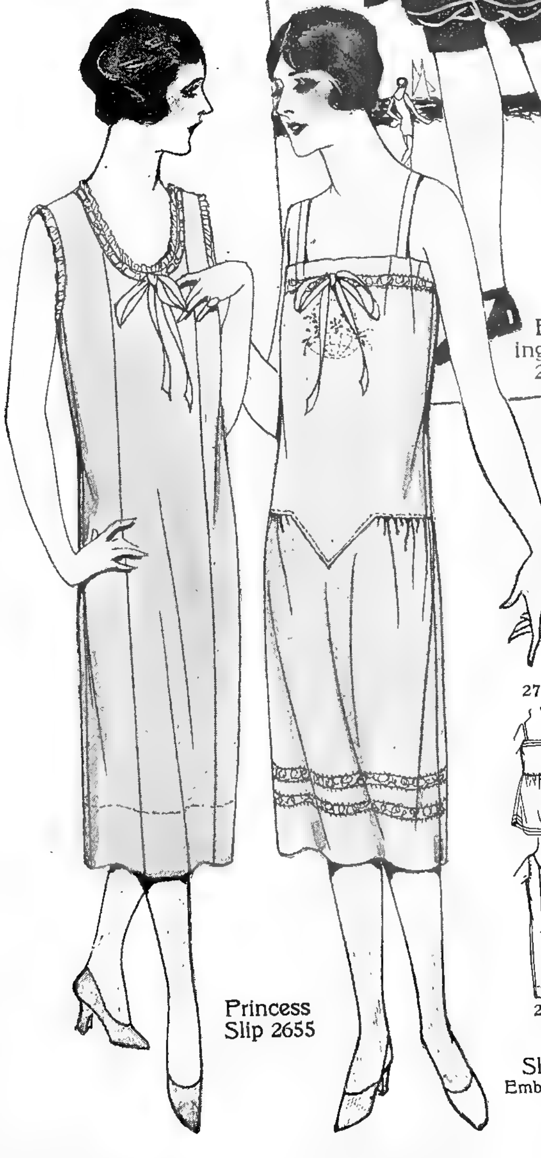
Bathing Suit 2143

Bathing Suit 1619
Monogram 537

1619—Ladies' Long-waisted Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—⅜ yard 36-inch sateen for collar. The attractive three-letter monogram, design 537, may be carried out in satin stitch, using embroidery wool.

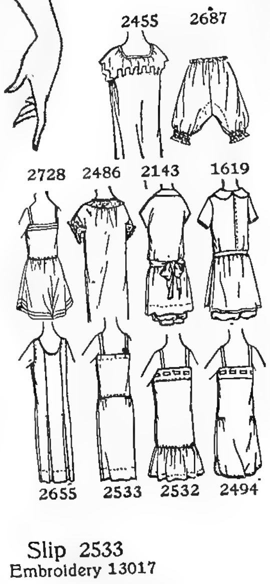
2532—Ladies' and Misses' Step-in Combination. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 1 yard 36-inch handkerchief linen—1¼ yard 3½-inch lace for yoke—2⅛ yards 11½-inch flouncing—1¼ yard ribbon for shoulder straps.

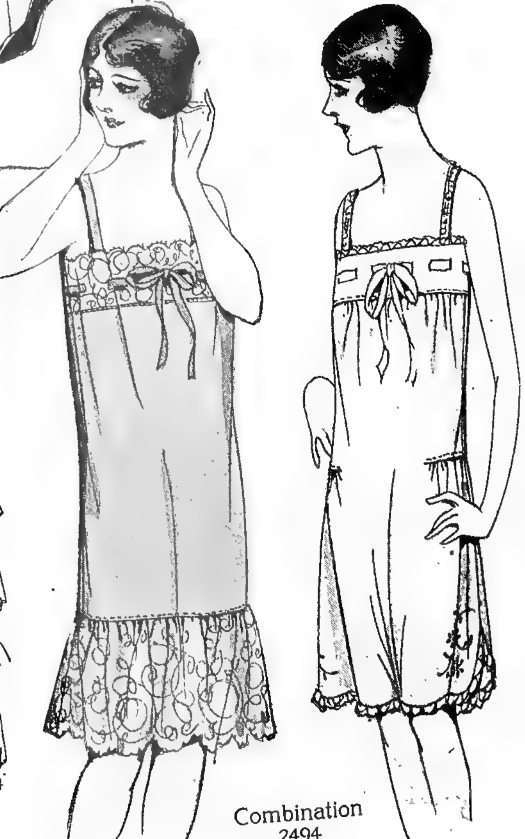
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 116



Princess Slip 2655

Slip 2533
Embroidery 13017





Combination 2494
Embroidery 13017

Combination 2532

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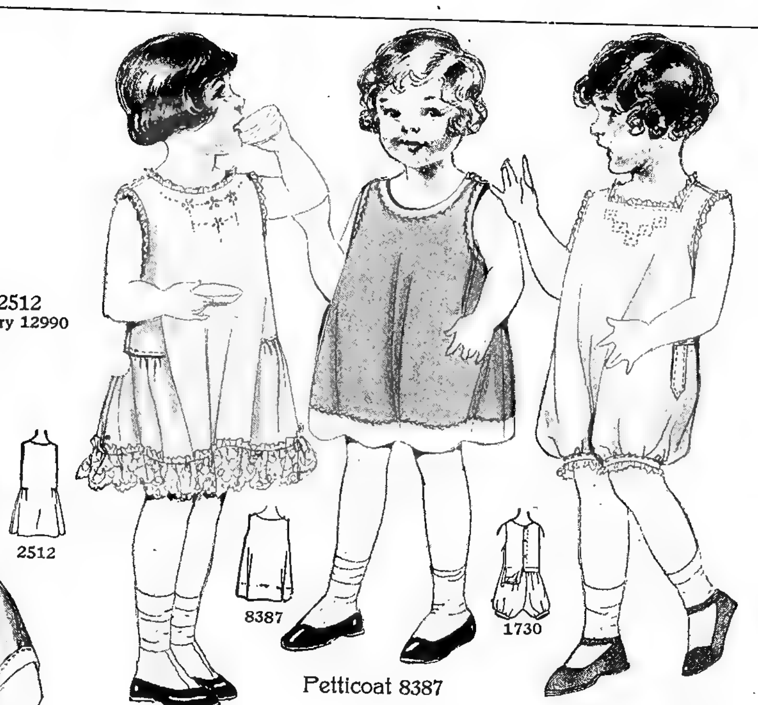
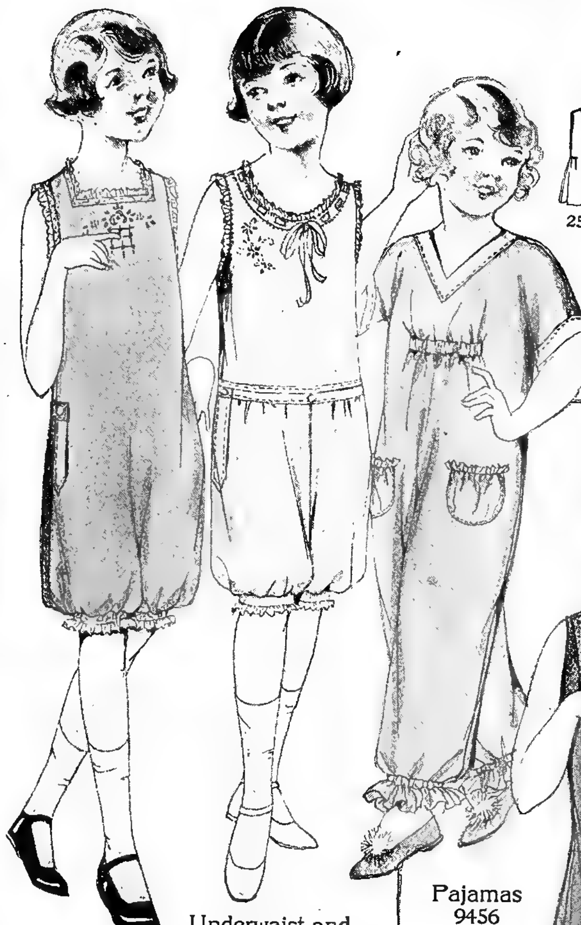


Slip 2512
Embroidery 12990

Petticoat 8387

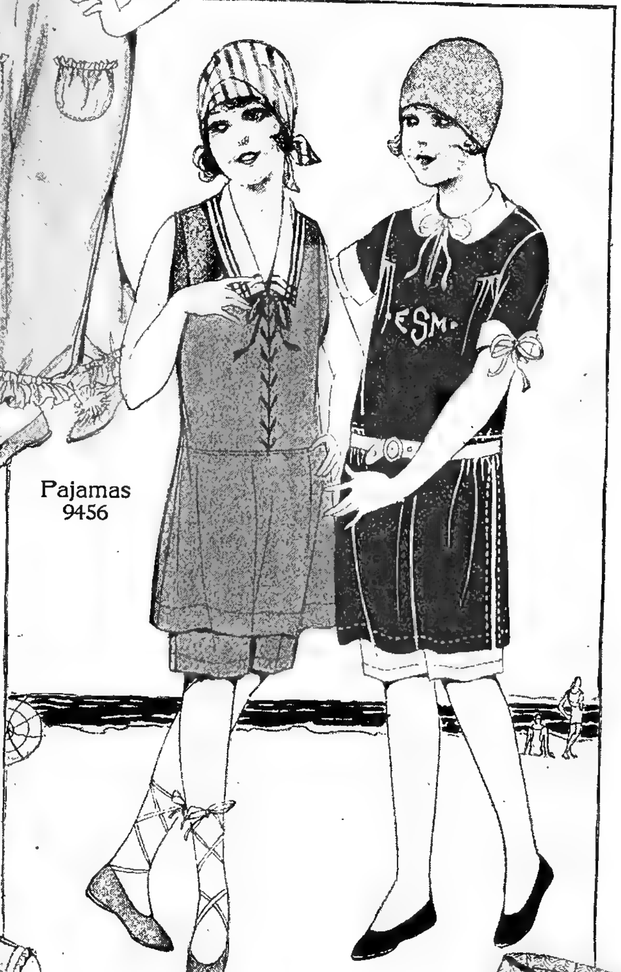
Combination 1730
Embroidery 13006



Combination 1728
Embroidery 12984

Underwaist and Drawers 1717
Embroidery 12949

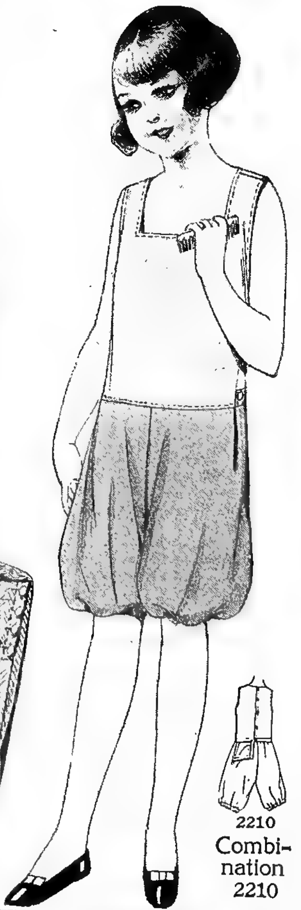
9418—Misses' Bathing Suit. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 14 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—⅜ yard 36-inch sateen for collar—2⅜ yards braid. The front of this bathing suit is slashed to the waist and laced.



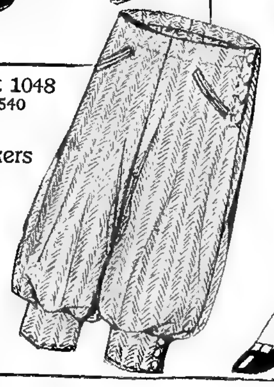
Pajamas
9456

1048—Girls' Bathing Suit. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch black sateen—1⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting sateen for collars, cuffs, and pantalets—1 yard 36-inch lining for underwaist. The monogram, design 540, may be carried out in raised satin stitch using rope silk. A leather belt is worn.

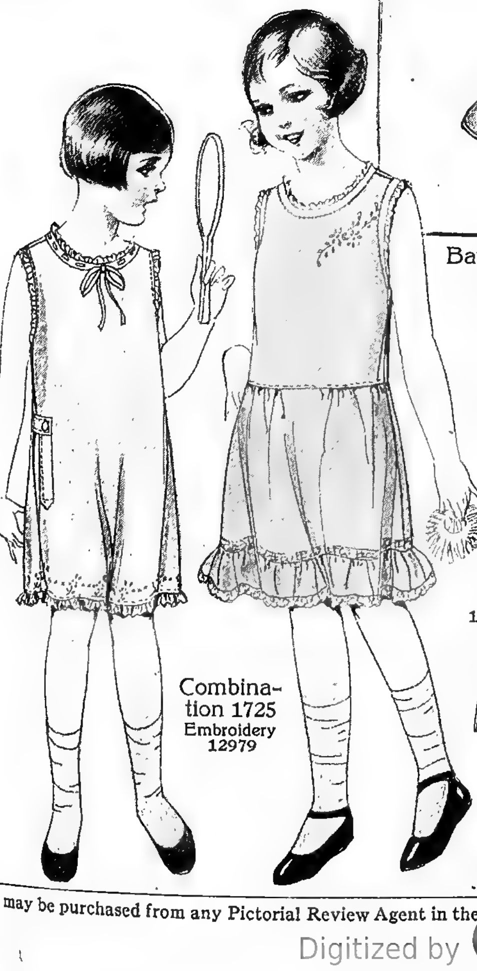
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 116



Combination 2210

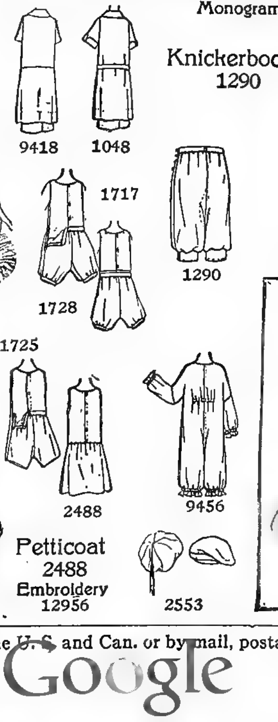


Knickerbockers
1290

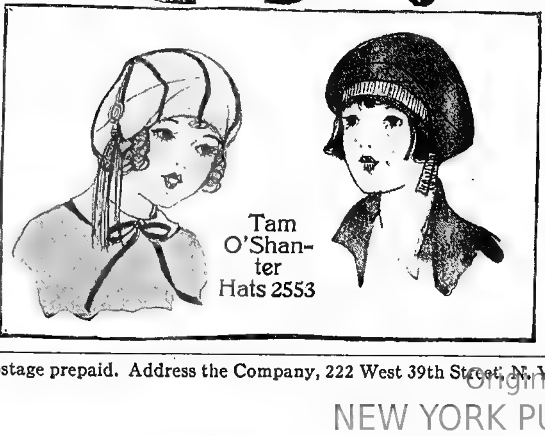


Combination 1725
Embroidery 12979

Bathing Suit 9418 Bathing Suit 1048
Monogram 540



Petticoat 2488
Embroidery 12956



Tam O'Shanter Hats 2553

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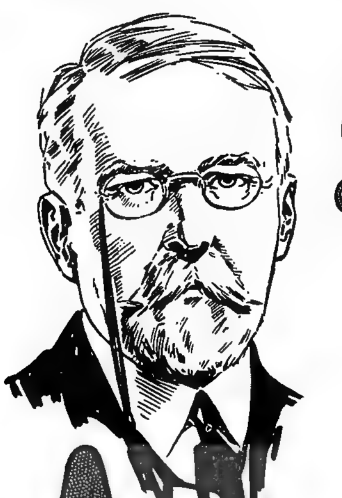

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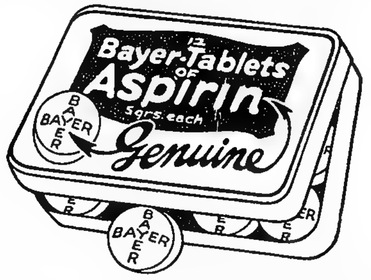

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

2708—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 43 inches. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch rose figured chiffon—⅞ yard 40-inch plain rose silk trimming.

2701—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 51 inches Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch figured green crêpe de Chine—1¾ yard bias binding to edge neckline and sleeves.

2710—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 83 inches. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch figured blue Georgette crêpe—3 yards ribbon for belt.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

2709—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 45 inches. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch French blue figured silk crêpe—⅜ yard 40-inch tan silk for vestee and binding.

2719—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch tan satin—¾ yard 40-inch black satin for band sewed under hem and to bind neck-line and sleeves.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

2673—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 55 inches. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch yellow figured crêpe—⅞ yard 40-inch plain crêpe for banding neck, sleeves, and tunic—3¼ yards ribbon.

2696—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch gray chiffon—1½ yard darker ribbon for binding—1½ yard ribbon.

2660—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch orange crêpe satin—½ yard 40-inch white silk for trimming.

2717—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch black satin—1⅞ yard three-color ribbon for trimming—2⅜ yards double-faced ribbon for tie-strings. Very attractive is the embroidery design, 12972, which trims the circular front panel.

2695—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch lavender silk—1⅞ yard black bias binding—1 yard yellow ribbon. Rope silk in pastel shades may be employed for carrying out the embroidery design 12984.

2720—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅜ yards. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch green satin—2¼ yards dark green ribbon.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

2642—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch blue figured silk crêpe—3 yards 40-inch plain blue crêpe—⅝ yard frilling,—3⅕ yards ribbon for sash.

2624—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 41 inches. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch rose crêpe satin—1⅜ yard 40-inch white crêpe satin. The little appliqué motif, design 12812, may be made of white satin and couched down in buttonhole stitch.

2587—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch brown figured silk crêpe—⅜ yard 40-inch white silk—1⅝ yard brown ribbon.

2504—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch black satin—2¾ yards 40-inch light blue satin for slip.

2640—Ladies' and Misses' Draped Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 55 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch gray

CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

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Alice laid aside the magazine. Spare time? School was out every day at 3:30. Well, there was no harm in finding out about it, anyway.

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

figured voile—⅜ yard 40-inch lavender voile for trimming—½ yard 40-inch white voile for frill and vest.

2677—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 48 inches. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch mauve and white figured Georgette crêpe—½ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine for trimming —3 yards black ribbon.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 102

2293—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2⅞ yards 32-inch blue and white chambray—¼ yard 32-inch white chambray. Appliqué motifs No. 12978 are used.

1042—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch lavender voile—10½ yards white frilling—1¼ yard white bias binding.

2544—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch Zephyr print—1¾ yard white bias tape.

2680—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch red and white check gingham—1 yard 32-inch white chambray. Appliqué motif No. 12905 is used.

2434—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 36-inch green Pamico cloth—¼ yard 36-inch white Pamico cloth. Appliqué motif No. 12683 is used.

1762—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 32-inch Meadow Lane. Appliqué motif No. 12720 is used.

2271—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 15 years. Size 8 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch rose check gingham. Appliqué motif No. 12954 is used.

2275—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yards 32-inch black and white check—2½ yards ribbon for sash—2½ yards white frilling.

2600—Boys' Suit. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 6 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch gray Pamico cloth—1½ yard red bias tape. Appliqué motif No. 12960 is used.

2399—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch black and white gingham —1⅜ yard 36-inch white linen. Appliqué motif No. 12905 is used.

2198—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch dotted Swiss—¾ yard 40-inch white organdy. Appliqué motif No. 12672 is used.

1523—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch orange and white check flannel—⅞ yard 54-inch orange flannel. Monogram No. 537 is used.

2162—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch pale pink voile. Hemstitching design No. 12907 and Scallop design No. 11853 are used to trim the dress.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

2695—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 48 inches. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch crêpe de Chine—1¾ yard bias binding for neck-line and sleeves—½ yard Georgette crêpe frilling—2½ yards ribbon to edge frill. Appliqué 12992

2636—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40 inch handkerchief linen —⅜ yard 40-inch contrasting dotted swiss.

2589—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 62 inches. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch flannel—2¼ yards bias binding for collar and sleeves. Appliqué design No. 12672 is used.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

2718—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 79 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch taffeta.

2518—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch dotted voile—2½ yards 2-inch ribbon for trimming bands —2 yards bias binding.

2578—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

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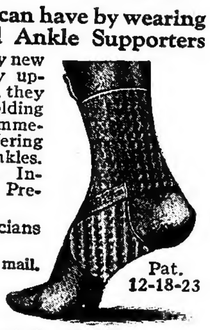

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

Width lower edge about 49 inches. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch sport silk—⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting silk.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

2635—Ladies' and Misses' Suspender Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width lower edge about 67 inches. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch linen—1¾ yard 40-inch figured voile.

2636—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width lower edge about 62 inches. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 40-inch figured voile—2¼ yards 40-inch plain voile.

2467—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch plaid flannel—1 yard 54-inch plain flannel—⅞ yard 40-inch silk—¼ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine to trim—1 yard silk for tie.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

2406—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch silk.

2628—Girls' Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch chiffon—3¼ yards lace.

2561—Girls' Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch linen.

2557—Girls' Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch linen.

2469—Juniors' Jacket Costume. Designed for 13 to 19 years. Size 15 requires 2½ yards 54-inch striped flannel—1⅞ yard 54-inch plain flannel—2⅝ yards 36-inch silk.

2634—Girls' Middy Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch white drilling—2⅜ yards 36-inch contrasting drilling for skirt—1⅞ yard braid—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underwaist.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

2698—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 40-inch voile—⅜ yard 40-inch plain voile—1⅞ yard lace.

2697—Child's Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 40-inch organdy.

2681—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch flannel—1⅜ yard 36-inch dotted Swiss.

2564—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 12 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 1½ yard 54-inch striped flannel—½ yard 54-inch plain flannel. Monogram No. 7.

2711—Girls' Costume. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 3½ yards 54-inch homespun—4½ yards 40-inch figured silk.

2712—Girls' Long-waisted Kimono Dress Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch linen.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

2660—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, 34 to 44 bust. Width lower edge about 48 inches. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch crêpe.

2707—Ladies' and Misses' Suit. Designed for 14 to 18 years, 34 to 44 bust. Width lower edge about 58 inches. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch cheviot.

2724—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 18 years, 34 to 44 bust. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch bengaline—2⅞ yards 36-inch lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

2726—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 18 years, 34 to 44 bust. Width lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 40-inch dotted crêpe de Chine—1¼ yard 40-inch plain crêpe.

2720—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 18 years, 34 to 44 bust. Width lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe satin.

2703—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 18 years, 34 to 44 bust. Width lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch bengaline—¼ yard 18-inch lace—1¼ yard ribbon.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

Slender-Hip—2721—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 46 requires 4⅛ yards 54-inch satin—⅞ yard 40-inch chiffon—2 yards ribbon—3½ yards bias binding. Design 13010.

Slender-Hip—2722—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 46 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch voile—⅜ yard 40-inch contrasting voile—1¾ yard ribbon to trim.

Slender-Hip—2650—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width lower edge 1½ yard. Size 46 requires 5⅛ yards 40-inch figurêd voile—⅜ yards 40-inch organdy.

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2588—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width lower edge about 1⅜ yards. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch linen—½ yard 40-inch voile—1¾ yard bias binding. Design No. 13004.

2653—Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width lower edge about 44 inches. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch jersey—2 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Monogram 540.

2677—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width lower edge about 48 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch dotted silk crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch plain silk.

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2455—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—⅜ yard 36-inch lace.

2687—Ladies' and Misses' Bloomers. Designed for 26 to 40 waist, 16 to 20 years. Size 26 requires 2 yards 40-inch satin.

2728—Misses' Combination. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch silk. Design 12799.

2486—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—⅜ yard 18-inch allover lace—1 yard lace banding—2⅝ yards edging. Design 11569.

2655—Ladies' Slip. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch sateen—2¾ yards edging—1¼ yard beading—1⅝ yard ribbon.

2533—Ladies' Slip. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch silk—4⅜ yards lace—1⅛ yard ribbon for straps. Design 13017.

2494—Ladies' Step-in. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch satin—3¾ yards edging—1 yard ribbon for straps. Design 13017.

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1728—Girls' and Juniors' Combination. Designed for 6 to 15 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards 36-inch nainsook—3⅜ yards insertion—4⅞ yards edging. Design 12984.

1717—Girls' and Juniors' Drawers. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 36-inch longcloth—3 yards frilling. Design 12949.

9456—Girls' Pajamas. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch cotton crêpe—⅜ yard 36-inch crêpe.

2512—Child's Slip. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch batiste—1⅞ yard 4-inch lace. Design 12990.

8387—Child's Petticoat. Designed for ½ to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 36-inch flannel—½ yard 36-inch contrasting.

1730—Child's Combination. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch nainsook—4¾ yards edging. Design 13006 is used to trim.

1725—Child's Combination. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch batiste—4¼ yards lace. Design 12979.

2488—Girls' Petticoat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch longcloth Design 12956.

1290—Girls' and Juniors' Knickerbockers. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅛ yards 54-inch tweed.

2553—Girls' Tam O'Shanter Hats. Designed for 2 to 12 years. Size 8 requires ½ yard 54-inch flannel for hat at left—⅜ yard 54-inch broadcloth—1⅛ yard ribbon for hat at right.

2210—Girls' and Juniors' Combination Bloomers. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch sateen—¾ yard 36-inch lining for waist.

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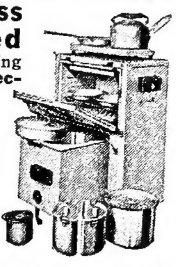

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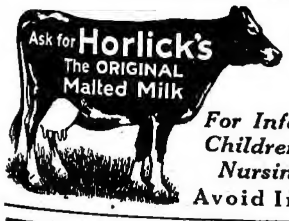

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The Man Between

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

"It was a quarrel of some sort. Railton got mad. This morning—a specialist gave him two months to live—he was not responsible for his actions."

"Two months—a quarrel," she repeated slowly. "What could such a dreadful quarrel be about—except—was it—no—" Her voice ceased abruptly; her lips went quite white, and, looking at me as if for the first time, she seemed to shrink within herself.

"Oh, God!" she cried. "You! What will happen? You must go! Oh, God!" And she suddenly crumpled up on the floor.

I picked her up and laid her gently on the couch. She was quite unconscious. And I bent down and kissed her. It was a mean thing to do, but I was getting tired of being a hero. And I had loved her all my life.

Then I left the room. Outside, in the corridor, I met the Surgeon-General and Chuffleigh. The former seized me by the arm. "Railton," he began.

"—— Railton!" I said; "Frances is in there. She knows. See to her. Chuffleigh, I want you." And leaving the old man to see to Frances, I forced Chuff back the way he had come.

"Frances?" demanded Chuffleigh. "How has she taken it?"

"With pluck, of course. How would she take it?" I answered curtly. "And the rest is now up to you."

"My God!" he said, "what a night! Poor Frances!"

"Any of the servants about?" I asked sharply.

He looked at me and replied: "No. I was going to rouse 'em after we had

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The Man Between

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

been to Frances. But what's the matter with you? Where are you making for?"

"My room. But shut up. I am trying to do a little clear thinking."

In silence we traversed the other corridor to my quarters.

"Now, Chuff," I questioned, as we closed the door, "what have you told the General?"

He stared at me. "What have I told the General? What do you mean?"

"About to-night, of course," I retorted impatiently. "We have got to keep Frances's name out of this business."

"Frances's name?" he exclaimed. "Why, what do you know about it?"

"—— it, man! Pull yourself together. I heard everything. What have you told the old man?"

He jumped out of his chair. "I had no idea of this, Deryk. I never saw you. Where were you?"

"What have you told the General?" I repeated for the third time.

"Nothing. At least, I merely explained that Railton went off his rocker, and just missed shooting me."

"That's all right. Now we must fabricate some story for the police—cards or something—to account for Railton's attempt to shoot you."

"Police?" said Chuffleigh. "Why should they come into it? The General is a man of discretion, and there is no need to tell any one what happened before Railton died."

"Of course there's need, man. I have not much interest in life at the moment, but I don't intend to pose as an ordinary murderer. I shot Railton to save your infernal skin, and we've got to produce some reason for the shooting."

Chuff stared at me in blank amazement. "You shot Railton? Deryk"—sharply—"what the devil's wrong with you? Railton wasn't shot; he died. Went out suddenly just as he took a shot at me."

For a moment I looked at him incredulously. "Wha-a-t?"

He commenced to repeat the statement but I turned and made my way rapidly down to the gun-room, Chuffleigh after me.

The butler and another man servant, white of face, were preparing to move Railton's body up-stairs. They stood silent and awkward as I looked at him. There was no visible mark of any kind.

"Carry on," I ordered them gently. And as they obeyed, I walked to the chair where Railton had been sitting at the moment of my shot. In the paneling above was a small neat hole.

Pointing to it, I turned to Chuffleigh, who was at my elbow. "That," I said, "was the shot you heard. Poor old Railton!"

Chuff said nothing, but his grip nearly broke my fingers.

"Now," I added curtly, "you'd better go and see Frances."

"*You* had better go," cut in a voice. It was the old Surgeon-General, who had joined us unnoticed.

We both swung round.

"Lady Frances is in a most hysterical condition," he answered wearily, "most surprizing in a woman of her type. It's shock. She wants you, Harding. She imagines you are in some imminent peril. You'd better go up at once and see if you can steady her nerves. Humor her."

"Lady Frances wants me?" I repeated stupidly. "She can't want me. You mean she wants Chuffleigh."

"I don't mean anything of the sort," he returned impatiently. "She wants you."

He was right. She did want me—not Chuffleigh.

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